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A NON-PARTISAN MAGAZINE OF FREE DISCUSSION. IT AIMS TO INTERPRET THE NEW AMERICA THAT IS ATTAINING CONSCIOUSNESS IN THIS DECADE. THE FORUM GIVES BOTH SIDES. WHATEVER IS ATTACKED BY CONTRIBUTORS THIS MONTH MAY BE PRAISED IN LATER ISSUES

WILHELM HOHENZOLLERN

A Biography in Six Instalments—I

EMIL LUDWIG

Translation by Ethel Colburn Mayne

THESE pages present a portrait of William the Second — no more: they present neither his epoch nor the whole story of his life. In the seven years since his abdication the pace of events has brought to light a greater quantity of relevant documents than seven decades would hitherto have furnished us. In these years some twenty volumes of German memoirs, together with the remarkable series of German Foreign Office papers, have laid bare the greater part of what had been formerly kept secret. Of William the Second we know in these days not too little, but too much. His chronicler must forget the full extent of his own knowledge, — the details seen and heard by him, as a contemporary; he must sacrifice a hundred anecdotes of which historians in the future will assuredly make use. For fairness' sake, at any rate, we here design to let no adversary of the Emperor bear witness, but to construct our portrait wholly from his own deeds and words, together with the reports of those

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who stood in close relation to him, who, to the psychical questions involved, all give surprisingly similar answers. In the following pages neither Socialist nor alien voices will be heard, — only the voices of the Emperor, his relatives and friends, his chancellors, ministers, and generals, his courtiers and officials.

In short, this is an attempt to trace from the idiosyncracies of a monarch the direct evolution of international political events; from his essential nature, the course of his country's destiny. Hence there is a twofold purpose in this presentation of the story of one human being's life: first, the realization of what may befall a mentally gifted, physically disabled young man, inspired by the best intentions, when after an adolescence fruitful in stern experiences he suddenly attains to power, and finds no one who will speak the truth to him; second, it will be seen that for thirty years this monarch's own opinions, own volitions, decided all great national problems for his country, that no vital question, whether in peace or war, was ever answered without consulting him, — no, nor ever answered against his will.

Then there will stand before us the figure of a man with whom an able family came to perdition, — only because he never met with such resistance from his people as in time would have matured him.

I

Panic swept through the room of travail; women gathered round the new-born child in perturbation and dismay. The first rejoicings in the Crown Prince's Palace at Berlin, — rejoicings that it was a boy, and the succession thus assured to the third generation, — had died out, for there lay the eighteen-year-old-mother, a mere girl, in deathlike unconsciousness, and here lay the child, to all appearances lifeless. The efforts of doctor, nurse, and waiting-woman to animate it by swinging and slapping were long unavailing; destiny hesitated for an hour and a half before deciding to turn the motionless substance into a human being.

At last it stirred; but in the confusion and anxiety about mother and child, in the excitement borne on the thunder of salvos into the hushed sick-room, nobody thought to examine closely the person of this royal heir. Not until the third day was it perceived that the left arm was paralyzed, the shoulder-socket

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torn away, and the surrounding muscles so severely injured that in the then state of surgical knowledge no doctor dared to attempt the re-adjustment of the limb. Moreover, it at first appeared to be more than a local disability: the left leg reacted but slightly, and the child suffered pain in the left ear and corresponding side of the head.

For this physically disabled boy, named Friedrich Wilhelm Victor Albert, and called Fritz until he was six years old, Nature seemed to have designed a private life; and as a brilliant intelligence was soon made manifest, that life might well have been an intellectual one in which he would have been distinguished and happy, sheltered from fear of humiliations. But he had been born in the Palace of Potsdam, christened in the historic wooden cradle, — a Prussian Prince, and more, for as the future ruler of the land he was irrevocably destined to one calling: a soldier he must become, — that was demanded of him by the secular tradition of his fathers.

Who can refuse his sympathy to the boy, as he duly sought by self-discipline, and under the stern tutelage of his teachers, to do his utmost towards supplying that which Nature had denied him? His crippled arm was subjected to electric treatment, which caused him extreme torture, until the attempt to strengthen the paralyzed limb was abandoned, and the boy constrained to simulate some use of it. Cleverly did he learn to support his left arm in his belt or pocket, to let the reins slip into his left hand from his normal right one, to handle his horse in every sense without the aid of a groom; but in this way the right arm became so over-developed and heavy that frequently, when riding, the poor boy slid off his mount. "An incurable disability in the left arm," writes his tutor, Hinzpeter, "was a very particular hindrance to his physical and psychical development, and one which the utmost skill and care would have been powerless to remove, had not the child himself coöperated with an unusual energy of resolution. He was confronted with the task of overcoming a natural sense of bodily helplessness and the timidity inseparably connected with it."

Thus did a boy grow up who could not but be beset, by reason of an infirmity for which he was in nowise to blame, with a dread of those who were stronger than he, and a corresponding tend-

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ency to seclusion; and it was this boy who was obliged to display, instead, the courage and intrepidity which are the virtues of a soldier, — who must, moreover, make a greater show of energy than most officers, since he would have to stand one day before the people, unabashed, unruffled, the chief personage on all occasions, "every inch a King." How should a child undergo a training such as this, entirely directed to false show, without some spiritual risk? The only way to save him would have been for him to make a drastic separation between the show and the reality, and while cynically flaunting the purple, build himself an inward realm wherein there should be no dishonor in bodily weakness.

But to such an issue the boy's character was strongly opposed. "While he was still a remarkably handsome but very girlish-looking lad," continues his tutor, "one was struck by the resistance called forth in him by any sort of pressure, any attempt to form his deeper nature"; it was only by the aid of etiquette and an unwearied zeal that something had been achieved in externals, and this contributed to make the direction of the boy's more personal self supremely difficult.

Like his great ancestor, Frederick, William experienced a father's harshness; and to this was added the cold-heartedness of a despotic mother from whom he inherited too much of self-will and frigidity to be able to bear with her. The ambitious Victoria, daughter of the powerful Queen of England and her sagacious consort, could not forgive the imperfection of this child, and the more because she regarded her husband's blood as less illustrious than that of her father. Never through all his life does a child forget a slight of this nature, especially when inflicted before those who are his inferiors in rank. Sooner or later it will be avenged.

In years to come, his defiance deepened the estrangement, but the boy's heart was originally embittered through the mother's own shortcoming; his impressionable young mind was poisoned, his political ideas were inevitably colored by an instinctive opposition to those of his parents.

The strong-minded mother led her weak husband whither she would; and though the external suggestions were highly favorable to the father, the boy's heart, thus repulsed, was obdurate

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against them. For just as he was learning his drill at Potsdam, the palace and the town, the land and all Europe were ringing with the swift and overwhelming conquests of his father and grandfather, marching on to Paris. When Prince William, then twelve years old, opened out a newspaper or an illustrated journal, on every page he beheld his father *in excelsis*, throned on his horse, the handsome, somewhat effeminate head bowing from the lofty saddle; and the glowing boy would read of, would see depicted, the scene in the Hall of Mirrors at Versailles, when his father sank on one knee before his grandfather, doing homage to him as the new-made Emperor. True, that ever at their side would stand the adamantine figure of Bismarck, the Chancellor; but as nobody told the children what malignities and insults were being perpetrated in those French Palaces, their imaginations were inevitably peopled with heroic figures such as those in the old sagas and ballads. War and Victory, vanquished France and the German Empire, were as a picture-book in this little soldier's eyes, and he called the principal personages in it by the titles of Father and Grandfather.

Thus, misled by a romantic example, he early learned to regard the history of his land as that of his family alone, and even as a boy could not be insensible to the gulf between ruler and subject, as he looked down from the balcony where he stood between mother and grandmother, and saw father and grandfather ride up the Linden in dazzling procession, acclaimed by a people inherently less liberty-loving than submissive, who now could adulate not only their liege lords, but the lords of battle. And when, soon afterwards, a fifteen-year-old-boy, he went with his brothers to live at Wilhelmshöhe, how could he help but people the lofty apartments with the figures of Napoleon and his last devoted followers, who had languished here six months in imprisonment, bereft of power through the genius of the King of Prussia? Who was there to point out to the youth that all this had sprung from the brain of a Junker out of Pomerania, and was due entirely to the strength and sacrifice of a courageous people? The grace of God lay visibly upon his grandfather's brow, and in the boy's ears resounded the intoxicating music of "To arms! To arms!"

From England came a change of wind. Victoria, resolute to

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bring up her sons after the precepts of her father, broke for the first time in history through the Prussian régime, and sent them from their cadet-drill to the Lyceum at Kassel, where they would sit in the class room with civilians' sons, and see life out of uniform. The plan proved abortive. Prince William needed only to perceive such an intention, and he at once set himself to disappoint it; the more "liberal" his parents would have him, the more unapproachable he became. At Kassel he was soon "quite the future Emperor. . . . This overbearingness," said Caprivi later, "would never have set in if he had been brought up in the good old fashion with a few companions."

From Hinzpeter we have only a private observation on those two years at Kassel; he wrote to his patron, who had recommended him to the Court: "You have no conception of what an abyss I have looked into!" Later, he said that the Emperor had "never learnt the first duty of a ruler, hard work." When the Prince left at eighteen, he was awarded, though he was distinctly more gifted than the majority of his companions, only tenth place out of seventeen in the school-examination, with the laconic comment: "Satisfactory."

And yet his master emphatically extols him. For what distinguished the Prince, especially as an officer, was the struggle against his infirmity. Here lay all his ambition, all his achievement. When he for the first time rode at the head of his Hussars before his formidable grandfather and the uncle who was so renowned a horseman, both were amazed; and when the old man said: "Well done! I could never have believed you could do it!" the Prince was inspired with an instant confidence in his ability to overcome his infirmity, and be as strong and valiant as his elder relatives and his brother-officers. "Never," writes Hinzpeter, "was a young man enrolled in the Prussian Army who seemed so physically unfitted to become a keen and brilliant cavalry-officer. The few who then could estimate the significance of this victory of moral force over bodily infirmity, felt justified in their proudest hopes for this royal personage."

In reality, the moral victory over his physique was his destruction. If this was the greatest of days for the youthful Prince, riding in glittering uniform upon a galloping horse under the morning sunlight at the head of his Regiment before his aston-

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ished elders, it was but the prelude to countless parades and processions, resounding orations and threatening gestures, whereby he endeavored for a decade to impose upon his inmost consciousness.

In his father the Prince could have studied, though in a very modified degree, some kindred characteristics; and that the two had a suspicion of this affinity in their weaknesses was from the first a reason for mutual distrust. When the young man of twenty-one returned to his parental home from his Potsdam garrison, the antagonisms in the family became sharply apparent. The Prince now looked with clearer vision on his parents, — what did he perceive in them?

Nobody ever sustained the tragi-comic part of all Crown Princes for a longer time and in a more powerless position than did this Frederick William, who now, at fifty, still without serious occupation, languished in semi-thraldom, with no control over his time and finances, and even in his ideas continually checked by the octogenarian father and his oldest Minister. And were even these ideas truly his own? This not wholly Prussian Hohenzollern, fond of display, despotic of temperament, his Cæsarean tendencies aggravated by long inactivity, this Prince who held the doctrine of the Divine Right of Kings, felt obliged to entertain Liberal opinions because they were urged on him by a passionate and vehement consort, as the higher conception of a man's, a prince's, duty. He was proud to have for a wife the interesting daughter of a powerful Queen, mortified because she was unpopular; and while his victorious father extolled him in public as a "great general", he knew well enough that he had never been any such thing, and sought oblivion of his state in frequent absences abroad.

"The Crown Prince," remarks Waldersee at this time, "one of the keenest observers at Court, is naturally disappointed at having to wait so long for the throne. Ten years, — nay, fifteen years ago, he thought it unfair of Providence to let his father live so long. Influenced by an ambitious consort, he made many plans for the future, which were much inspired by Liberal ideas. . . . The Chancellor, whom the Crown Princess cannot bear, and whom the Crown Prince therefore may not bear, gains in prestige daily. . . . In this way the Crown Prince's position is made very

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difficult. The intellectual superiority of the Princess has proved a great misfortune. She has turned a simple-minded, gallant, honorable Prince into a weak-minded man, without self-reliance, no longer open-hearted, no longer Prussian in his ideas. Even of his steadfast faith she has robbed him. . . . His grown-up children have no illusions about the true state of affairs. . . . The father's weakness will be the measure of the son's self-will . . . If the Emperor lives much longer, the Crown Prince will be altogether done for. Even as it is, he has attacks of profound depression, and no confidence in the future."

The military relations between father and son (who in the meantime, at twenty-five, had been promoted Major) sharpened the conflict between them. "Often," writes Waldersee of the manœuvres in '84, "[the Crown-Prince] displayed great vehemence, for the most part over unimportant matters, things which were chiefly personal; unfortunately he imagines that the rightful deference is purposely withheld from him. . . . The fact that Prince William has been called to the command, which means his father's command, was completely ignored. The Crown Prince never once asked me, 'Where is my son?' or 'What is he doing?' When the latter, as constantly happened in the course of the manœuvres, returned to my headquarters, his father behaved as if he scarcely knew he was there, but took much notice of Prince Henry, who was on his staff. Prince William, however, allowed no one to see how much he felt this unfriendliness from his father."

Is it surprising? This forcible-feeble man was possessed with the foreboding, frequently expressed, that he had not long to live; it was intensified by the more than patriarchal longevity of a still vigorous father, who might well see a hundred: how could he escape the thought that his might be the generation to be skipped? Must not the ancient grudge against his own heir be sharpened by the sense that *his* would in all human probability be a much shorter probation?

When his father's long life exacerbated him beyond endurance, he revenged himself on his son. At a Guards' dinner in the beginning of '85, he took occasion, "rather, he let himself go and represented his son to all the officers and guests as an immature and injudicious person. The Prince controlled himself, but was

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infuriated. The universal opinion is that he behaved very well, and the Crown Prince incredibly ill. . . . The parents are now intent on getting up a scandal and provoking an open rupture."

Yet for the humiliated Prince it was a matter for rejoicing when he had only his father to contend with. "With my father alone, everything goes well enough. But now for the change of wind!" he said to Waldersee, when his mother was expected home after a visit to England.

Victoria, acclaimed in Berlin when she arrived as a bride of eighteen, in twelve years saw nothing but mistrust all round her. Now, after the war of 1870, Court and Society, imbued with exaggerated patriotism, complained that she spoke English in her household, called herself Vicky, her son William, associated with English scientists; that her cookery, her servants, her table appointments were English. As though averse from everything Old-Prussian, North-German, she encouraged those democrats whose views assorted with her English outlook — Virchow, Helmholtz; it was looked upon as anti-military, calculated intrigue against the Court of the hide-bound old monarch. A dilettante, with her finger in everyone's pie, telling the artists how they were to paint, scenting from afar the New Century, but never going deeply into any social or even feminist questions, — she was all for show, just as her son was, and for that very reason was his enemy.

"A combination of remarkable intelligence and Coburg cunning, with a fine education and iron will, together with covetousness and a lack of Christian faith"; this judgment of Eulenburg's is too severe, for it says nothing of energy and pride, her best qualities; nothing either of the difficulty of a position between two countries which was in time to embarrass even her son. The long exclusion from the throne, the succession to which would not mean for *her* the loss of her father, must have been the more irksome to this imperious nature, her hostility against this (to her ideas) barbarian country the keener, because it had taken the bloom of her years and had given her nothing in return. "If your father should die before I do," she said to her son, "I shall leave at once. I will not stay in a country where I have had nothing but hatred, and not one spark of affection."

The son had long known that his mother was unchangeably an

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Englishwoman; but from the 'eighties onward he was convinced "that she consciously worked for English against Prussian and German interests." Immediately all his defiance and hostility were concentrated on everything that she loved and cherished; at twenty Prince William, out of opposition to his mother, first became definitely hostile to England. About that time he made a particular study of the war in the Sudan, and showed "a strong prepossession against England". Prince Herbert Bismarck, especially, summed him up well on this point when he said: "Prince William can never hear enough against England. . . . If his mother comes to the throne, it is all up with Germany anyhow." But at the same time the Minister Lucius perceived behind this parade of dislike "a great unconscious attraction towards England".

For a decade his heart vacillated between these emotions of aversion, admiration, and jealousy: for a lifetime it thrilled with this personal hate and love for his mother's country, the outcome of which was to decide the destiny of his nation.

The first open quarrel was kindled by this flame. The father and mother, instigated by the aging English Queen, whose interests were anti-Russian, were set upon their daughter's betrothal to the Prince of Bulgaria; it had even come to an exchange of rings between the girl and this Battenberg Prince, when Bismarck interposed on the Tsar's behalf, and instantly found Prince William on his side. A violent scene between mother and son ensued at the beginning of '85; it was thought desirable to remove him from Potsdam. "If the Crown Prince were suddenly to become Emperor, there would be nothing for it but to transfer the Prince to a distant garrison."

Meanwhile the Prince honestly tried to win his parents over by various achievements. He was now in the middle twenties, he was even himself a father, for at two-and-twenty he had taken to wife the Holstein Princess who had been assigned him. After this he was twice sent to Russia, and on his return "most warmly received in all quarters, even by his parents. They had been obliged to hear too much approval of him, to be able any longer to treat him as a spoilt ungrateful son. They are jealous of him."

About this time there fell some terrible words from Victoria's lips. "You can scarcely imagine," she said to an Austrian noble-

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man, "how I admire your handsome, intelligent, and graceful Crown Prince when I see him beside my uncouth, lumpish son William." Spoken by a woman brought up as a Princess, spoken to a foreigner, in full consciousness that her words would be repeated in Vienna, and from Vienna would penetrate into all the Courts of Europe. So deep in the mother's heart lay the unnatural antipathy for her partly deformed son.

Frederick's liberal opinions were not to his son's taste, the anti-democracy of Bismarck's sphere was congenial; in a book about him, William at that time underlined all Bismarck's most royalist pronouncements, and everything against England. To the passage in Bismarck's speech of that same year '63, in which he alluded to the birthday of "our youngest Prince", and emphatically told the Landtag that the Kingdom of Prussia was not yet prepared to form a mere decoration in the constitutional structure, the Prince appended, "and it never will be if that 'youngest Prince' can prevent it."

Thus his earliest political ideas were biased by his hostility towards his parents; that was why he made himself the mirror of Bismarck. And had not "Blood and Iron" prevailed against England's Liberal dogmas? The Prince delighted in hearing from eye witnesses how his proud father had to bend his will to that of his grandfather, or of how Bismarck had asked the sullen Crown Prince why he held aloof from the sessions of a Government which after all would "in a few years" be his own? Whereupon the Crown Prince, even then embittered, drew himself up most haughtily, suspicious that the evil genius of Prussia was intent on paving his way to serve the new King also. "Even to-day," wrote Bismarck thirty years afterwards, "I seem to see the head flung back, the cheek reddening, the look at me over the left shoulder. I controlled my own wrath, thought of Carlos and Alba, and answered that I had spoken in an access of dynastic emotion. . . . I shall never be [his servant]."

One seems to see the pair at the end of a coldly-glittering palatial room, or perhaps already at the door, this Minister, now nearly fifty, colossal, already nearly bald, scarce two years at the helm of affairs, as yet unrenowned, the best-hated man in Prussia and proud to be so, and nevertheless in full assertion of genius,

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upborne by the arrogance which attributed the salvation of this dynasty to himself. Near by, no less gigantic, a man in the early thirties, blonde as can be, and very dandified, the heir to the throne, his opponent, and yet possessed by the same thought: "When will the sceptre change hands?" The Minister, a stranger, wishes the King who trusts him a long life; the son and heir is torn by the old conflict in a Crown Prince's feeling, — indeed for him there is no longer any conflict.

"Is it possible!" reflects Son William, when he hears such stories. To-day, after more than twenty years, can these be the same three men who, in the selfsame places, actuated by the same suspicions and predilections, watch one another unceasingly, trustful and malevolent, recalcitrant and submissive? The old master still obeys the same counselor, the master's son still hates him; but in the interval the power of that stranger, who rules the destinies of Royal Houses and divides them against themselves, has secretly and uncannily waxed to an autocracy; in his brain is shaped the fate of Europe, his renown has reached from pole to pole, and he, whose might no law pronounces to be permanent, is fixed more firmly on his throne than are the members of a family protected by the Law of Succession!

Obscure emotions, compounded of pride and fear, contend in the young Prince's heart when he is in the presence of the Chancellor. Amid the conflicting currents which distract the Royal House, this stranger is the only man whom none dares to assail.

"In view of the immaturity as well as the inexperience of my eldest son, together with his tendency towards overbearingness and self-conceit, I cannot but frankly regard it as dangerous to allow him at present to take any part in foreign affairs."

With these words the Crown Prince sought, in the autumn of '86, to veto the appointment of his son to the Foreign Office, which Bismarck had caused the old Emperor to ordain. But what had he to take as the Chancellor's reply? That in the Royal Family the paternal authority must yield to the monarchical. Once again he knew himself defeated, — he who might succeed to the throne to-morrow, and the day after dismiss this paid official!

For he knew well that Bismarck's will alone had inspired the order which would reveal State secrets to the Prince, and prepare

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him for every contingency of the future. Was the old man trying to put the Prince under an obligation, to turn the unfavorable situation between father and son into one favorable to himself? Did it not look as if the aim was to relegate him, the Crown Prince? And here he was on the Riviera, in perfect health, a man approaching sixty, hailed as a Prince by all the world, the heir to one of the most powerful of Kingdoms; yet, for all that, prevented by this eternal Minister from forbidding to his own unripened son the thing that seemed to him a danger!

Nevertheless it was precisely then that Bismarck and the Crown Prince seemed to make some *rapprochement*. Since with every added year, every indisposition of the aged ruler, the sceptre seemed more likely to change hands, these two men had to consider coming events which were already the topic of Court-gossip. When at this time the Crown Prince asked the Chancellor if in case of a change he would remain, he was answered by the condition: no parliamentary government, and no foreign influence in policy. Despite the unmistakable allusion to England, the Crown Prince answered, with a gesture corresponding to his words: "Of course not."

Prince William saw all this at close quarters; we know what he thought of it, for Waldersee, his personal friend, records the deliberations of this group with constant reference to the young Prince's rôle: "I consider the Chancellor and the Crown Princess together simply an impossibility, so long as we are not openly allied with England. How is the Chancellor to conduct foreign policy, when the future Empress, initiated in all these matters by the weakness of her husband, is English at heart? But on the other hand, whom can the Crown Prince take for Chancellor? There is no one available! . . . It could not last a month; then would come collapse and chaos. . . . I am convinced that his fall would mean complications at home and abroad, probably war. The great game of intrigue grows more transparent every day. It is a question of who is to be master in the Imperial Court of the future. The Bismarcks, father and son, propose to rule alone, and flatter themselves they can manage the Crown Princess. . . . If the Crown Prince comes to the throne [Bismarck] will easily make a pretext of, or actually force on, such differences of opinion as will enable him to resign. His son will go with him,

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— to resume office under Prince William, on whom everyone is calculating."

Uncanny, — this conviction in those around him of the early death or abjuration of a man who has been waiting thirty years, who is in perfect health, and not yet sixty!

All these calculations and desires find their way to the ears, to the heart of the Prince; and sooner than with other heirs to a crown his fancy begins to hover round the thought of his father's death. This draws him into yet closer relation with the powerful Chancellor, who plays with him in masterly fashion. The old Minister knows how the jealous father watches every visit paid him by the son. He personally initiates him into foreign affairs, calls him his most important coadjutor, for the whole Foreign Office was in fact no more than Bismarck's workshop; and only at one name does the Chancellor hesitate. "When the name of Privy-Councillor Holstein fell between us," the Prince wrote afterwards, "I seemed to hear in his tone a sort of warning against this man. He called him later on the man with the hyena-eyes, from whom I should do well to hold aloof."

But the Prince's zeal quickly faded; he visited but fitfully the Ministry now open to him, "ready for anything exciting, but with no liking for continuous work, for real knowledge." And again: "It was thought unfitting for the Prince, now in command of a regiment, to be so often and so long absent from Potsdam"; of this the old Emperor, too, disapproved. For the most part he was shooting or abroad, in Vienna, in Scotland, and again in Vienna.

Soon his adherence to the House of Bismarck began to waver, at first not by his own fault. In the beginning of '86 the Chancellor had certain reasons for approaching the Crown Prince, and consequently Victoria, whom at heart he despised. "She is no Catherine," he said; "put to the test, she shows cowardice. She wants to be popular . . . to seem Liberal, to perplex people with paradoxes — no more. About twenty years ago she told me that the Prussian nobility were servile because they were poor, that in Birmingham alone there was more silver-plate than in all Germany . . . and that she believed I should love to be a King or the President of a Republic. I answered: 'Doubtless England is much richer; but Prussia, in compensation, has many valuable

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qualities. And as to the danger of a Republic, that is still far from Germany. Possibly our children and grandchildren may see it, — but only if the Monarchy abandons its own cause."

Prophetic, stinging words! When he spoke of abandoning its own cause, he was alluding to the Crown Princess' Liberalism, for not then could he have dreamed by what a diverse course the coming generation was to verify his phrase. For the moment his aim was, for international purposes, to win over the ruling spirit of Potsdam. Now that his policy was inclining towards England, his mistrust of the Englishwoman necessarily decreased, since he could make direct use of her correspondence with London for the furtherance of his aims.

Every means to that end he pressed into his service. "The Chancellor is now on the best of terms with the Crown Prince and Princess. . . . The consequence is that she, bent as she is on attacking and humiliating her son, claims the Chancellor's coöperation to this end. It will be a bitter disillusionment for him, but perhaps a useful experience."

The Prince's disillusionment was severe. In the vortex of intrigue, standing between the hostile Courts, and dependent on the moods of the enigmatic, and even more inflexible than enigmatic Chancellor to whom he had hitherto reverentially adhered, and sought to please above all others, he now saw once for all that he, too, was no more than a pawn in the master's game, and felt himself pushed aside in favor of his detested mother. This young man would have had to be an expert in the art of diplomacy, an initiate in the shifting sphere of high politics, the confidant of Bismarck's soaring schemes, if he were not to be confounded by such an experience. But as he was, young and inexperienced, no less sensitive than unstable, he could see in this *chassez-croisez* nothing but a revulsion of the Chancellor's, and on Herbert's side particularly, a kind of betrayal. Bismarck's enemies did their part in confirming these views. For in truth everyone suffered and groaned under the yoke of the omnipotent man; and with smiles of glee they wrote and whispered to each other that at last Prince William was getting over his craze for Bismarck. When at that time it was one day rumored that Bismarck was dead, and the Prince, hastening to Berlin, heard from the Minister von Scholz the joyous *démenti:* "No; he is still with us," very

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coldly did the Prince rejoin: "No one is irreplaceable. Of course he will be needed for some years. After that, his functions will be divided; the monarch must himself take a larger part in them."

From his twenty-third to his twenty-eighth year the Prince's life was divided between three circles. He was a husband, was yearly made a father, and on the birth of his first-born son expressed the hope that he might follow in the footsteps of his great-grandfather. Rumors and reports of conjugal infidelity in those years are contested not only by his friends, but by the psychologists, for to the Prussian virtues of which he was so proud, that kind of fidelity peculiarly belongs, and though Bismarck ascribes to him a strong vein of sensuality, this is but scantly attested beyond his domestic relations.

One thing only is certain, — that even in that youthful period he preferred the society of men to that of women, and liked to amuse himself in the Guards Club with his Potsdam brother-officers. Bismarck looked with disapproving eyes on this way of life and desired other influences for him; for, as he says, an heir to a throne, consorting with young officers, of whom the most gifted have probably a keen eye to their official future, is only in very rare instances likely to find such an environment a good preparation for his future calling. "I deeply deplored the limitations of this early intercourse." The attempt to transfer him to Berlin proved abortive, despite Bismarck's pressure, by reason of the old monarch's parsimony, which refused to allow him a fitting establishment. So did a Prussian virtue prevent the Prussian heir-apparent from undergoing the discipline appropriate to his situation.

What his brother-officers admired in him was the energy with which he had surmounted his infirmity and taught himself to be a fine horseman and a fine shot. For he was urgent to outdo them all. Only those who can appreciate this life-long struggle against the congenital weakness will be fair to him when the future Emperor is seen to strain too far, or lose his nervous energy. The perpetual struggle with a defect which every newcomer must instantly perceive and he, for that very reason, the more ostentatiously ignore, — this hourly, life-long effort to conceal a congenital, in no sense repulsive stigma of nature, was the decisive

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factor in the development of his character. The weakling sought to emphasize his strength; but instead of doing so intellectually, as his lively intelligence would have permitted, tradition and vainglory urged him to the exhibition of an heroic, that is to say, a soldierly personality. And everything combined to strengthen the delusion: his forefathers' martial glory, his parents' depreciation, his opposition to their Liberal ideas; and above and before all, the innate vanity inherited from his father, and frequently characteristic of the family, — this and these it was which drove him all his life to seem what he was not.

The Prince preferred the third group, — that of his brother-officers, — to the other two. Whom did he choose for friends? Hinzpeter, his tutor, was his adviser but he was too old, and socially too far-removed to be called his friend. Even General Waldersee, in the middle fifties, could not be the bosom-friend of a young man in the middle twenties; but the choice of him as confidant is significant. Among the Generals of the previous generation, who had held the highest Prussian commands in three victorious campaigns, Count Waldersee was perhaps the only one who was deficient in the virtues of Moltke, Roon, and Blumenthal, — straightforwardness, reticence, austerity; and who, because of this, was given over to intrigue, political wire-pulling, and consuming ambition, all of which were in accordance with his crafty nature. His diary, invaluable as an indication of Prince-Williamism, rich in a malign sort of knowledge of the world, yet for all that wearing a sanctimonious mask, particularly in evidence on birthdays and in illness, is the earliest document of a type of Prussian officer which originated with him, and was in the next thirty years to be summoned to decisive power, — that is to say, to the Cabinet of the monarch.

This first Court-General, who was also the originator of "aide-de-camp politics", very swiftly gained a pernicious influence over the Prince. His policy was ruled by Bismarck's, — which means that he was always on the other side. Thus when old Moltke wants to retire and appoints Waldersee, his protégé, as Quarter-master-General, Bismarck desires someone else for the position. What was the result for Waldersee? A deadly enmity with the Bismarcks. When, on the other hand, Bismarck discovered that Waldersee was playing up to the Prince for the future Chan-

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cellorship, what was the result for the Bismarcks? A deadly enmity with Waldersee.

Hence Waldersee concentrated all his energy on embroiling Herbert Bismarck with Prince William, Herbert being Foreign Secretary and on good terms with the Prince. Again, Waldersee suggested hostility towards Russia, because Bismarck's plans were pro-Russian; at the same time systematically undermining the Prince's confidence in Bismarck's greatness as a statesman. Yet simultaneously he struck up a sudden friendship with Privy-Councillor Holstein, whom shortly before he had designated as "one of Bismarck's sorriest tools"; but this was a critical moment, and he divined that Holstein was beginning to revolt against the Chancellor.

His bosom-friend was entirely different from this one. Prince William had a stern adolescence behind him; native cold-heartedness had been reënforced by his early experience. Neither father nor mother, neither brothers nor sisters, had shown him that warmth of affection which calls forth the best attributes of youth; in his extremely uninspiring marriage he had later found no sedative against the hell of the home-life he knew. It is certain that he never was in love. Whether his nature was inherently incapable of devoted affection for a woman, or whether, fearing out of egotism to abandon himself to feeling, he followed the fashion of his time and group, wherein there was abundance of male friendships, not necessarily perverted, — certain it is that at twenty-seven Prince William for the first time lost his heart.

Having from his childhood up obeyed the strictest Prussian ordinances, in his horror of betraying any physical inferiority, and possessed by the constant fear of not truly shining as an officer, the passive side of his nature now demanded its compensation, suppressed sentimentality needed a field for ardor, fancy yearned for an artistic friendship. Music and song, lyric poetry and mystic speculations, nordic sagas and southern sunlight, the lofty presentation of heroic figures, draped in glittering mantles: all, in short, that Richard Wagner gave him, he now sought among his fellowmen. And he found it all in Count Philip Eulenburg, to whom he was most fervently attached for thirty years.

This remarkable, many-sided man, whose nature is more plainly revealed to us in his memoirs than he would have de-

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sired, was above all else an actor. His powers of adaptation were so great that he himself records the caustic comment of a friend: "If all his dear pals were to be brought together at one time, there would be a big fight." And speaking of his father and uncle, he adds: "I was like both in the exercise of my social talents, but I was an actor and they were sincere." Even his gifts were those of an effeminate nature, vacillating in half a dozen directions; and having been as a young man uncertain whether to decide for music, painting, architecture, or poetry, he finally realized that all his talents, combined as they were with rank and training, could find no more dazzling field for display than in diplomacy.

"During those agitated years of inward conflict and overflowing productiveness, stimulated by the artistic life of Munich. . . . I would flee in desperation to the lake, leap from the boat into the azure flood, or ply my fishing-rod for many a dreamy hour, until, remote from strife, I drew from Nature's greatness, from the blue-green waters, from my poetical and musical projects and fancies, a kind of tranquillity." And it is not only the dilettante, but the actor, who writes as it were with guilelessly uplifted eyes: "Even as a child I was possessed by measureless compassion . . . to help was ever my dearest joy." The man who, with an appearance of complete naïveté, can so depict himself in memoirs written decades later, is looking back upon a life in which the false note was unheard by others, and finally even by himself.

A tall supple figure, indefinite features, eyes which in Bismarck's opinion were enough to spoil the best breakfast, large soft hands, a narcissus-like grace of bearing, alike in diplomatic uniform and Guards' full-dress, brilliantly witty, a storehouse of anecdotes, told in a beautiful slightly-veiled voice, able to improvise gracefully at the piano, to turn a rhyme, mimic a fellow-creature, put style into a letter; above all, so pliant that any friction with other natures was precluded . . . a personality imbued with no less sagacity than insincerity, its glitter at the same time oxidized by an unconquerable dread of responsibility, — here is the seductive picture of an aristocratic Cagliostro, formed to englamour the young Prince, twelve years his junior, as the embodiment of all human graces, the epitome of all artistic achievement, set forth before his eyes in the person of a living man.

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Such was the first impression. And when we delete the superlatives without which such natures can neither exist nor write, there remains a great deal of truth in Eulenburg's statement: "The Prince's affection for me was an ardent one . . . my musical performances drove him into almost feverish raptures." To the Nordic ballads and roseate songs of sentiment, — twin products of the Eulenburgian Muse, — it would delight the Prince to hearken "by the hour together . . . always sitting beside me and turning the pages . . . and he loved to greet me, when we met on shooting-mornings in the forest, with turns and phrases from my verses. I have had many a ravished listener to my performances, but hardly ever have I inspired such ravishment as in Prince William. And as at the same time I familiarly frequented Bismarck's house, was an officer in the Prince's adored Guards, and (alas!) was profoundly initiated in the byways of politics, I can understand that the young Prince should have felt as if looking deep into a cup filled with a draught whose ingredients were delightful to his palate."

It is in a like enervating atmosphere that the vanity of the idolized tenor, and the folly of his idolizing devotee, will thrive and grow. And yet we cannot be angry with this Count who was the first to open the gates of the garden of romance to the young man who had been forced into the part of hard-bitten Prussian Prince, and now was taking leave of an adolescence poor alike in love and in the dreams of youth.

TO BE CONTINUED

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HAS YOUTH DETERIORATED?

YES:

YOUNG people to-day are like a herd of calves, enclosed in a wide pasture. Leaderless they rush in an impetuous, juvenile stampede, not knowing what lies ahead. They have hurled aside all conventions; accepted standards are "nil". They are as bald and as intrinsically uninteresting as a plucked ostrich. "Liberate the Libido" has become, through them, our national motto.

NO:

THE revolt of the Younger Generation is the natural and wholesome reaction to an age which evaded reality, a revolt against the patent absurdities of Victorianism. Beauty and idealism, the two eternal heritages of Youth, are still alive. It is a generation which is constituting the leaven in the rapid development of a new and saner morality.

I—REAPING THE WHIRLWIND

ANNE TEMPLE

IT is a sort of unwritten law that where human beings are concerned one must be unquenchably optimistic; and this optimism must stand invincible, even though it be out of keeping with the facts of the case. Whenever it has been possible, we have refused (and probably always shall refuse) to face disagreeable realities. If evil deposits its refuse on our front doorstep, we go out the back door; if it collects at the back door, we climb out the windows. But always we smile stubbornly, and try to find a way out somehow.

It is interesting, therefore, and amusing, to analyze the course that public opinion has taken in its attitude toward my generation. Not so very long ago, I can recall sermons and editorials on the subjects of rolled stockings, liquor, cosmetics, — and the uncomfortable heat conditions in Hell. The last, far from being a weather report, was a warning that those of us who indulged in the first three sins would undoubtedly be subjected to this Infernal torridity. We were counseled and admonished; we were cajoled, and finally threatened.

The very intensity of these attacks against us, however, made a

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reaction inevitable. It could not help but take place. It did take place; with the result that hardly a week goes by, nowadays, but someone enunciates the amiable platitudes that "everything is for the best", that "God's in His Heaven", and that, coming down to the brass tacks of this article, "our young people are not so bad, after all."

But if people have reached so satisfactory a conclusion about us, why is their curiosity still so avid? If it is their honest opinion that we are not such a very bad lot, why are we still so decidedly in the limelight? The answer seems fairly obvious. This tremendous interest in the younger generation is nothing more nor less than a preoccupation with the nature of that generation's sex life. What people really want to know about us, if they are honest enough to admit it, is whether or not we are perverted, whether we are loose, whether we are what they call immoral; and their curiosity has never been completely satisfied. Deny it or not, this concern comprises our primary interest for the general public. For surely there can be no discussion of our intelligence, our talent, and all that sort of thing. Intelligence has always been of about the same order and in the same ratio among human beings. The functioning of our minds changes very little from generation to generation, from century to century. The interest taken in us, therefore, is mostly, after all, the sort of interest which comes from grave suspicions. We are suspected of being a pretty wild lot, morally, and as such we are watched apprehensively, curiously, wistfully, according to the nature of the onlooker.

Let it be understood, beforehand, that I am making no attempt to estimate the moral worth of this generation. Frankly, I should not know how to go about doing so. I am not a philosopher, a sociologist, or a psychiatrist. I do not feel that it is my place to theorize about my generation; and exhaustive theorizing never gets one anywhere in a discussion. I can, however, present certain facts about the young people of to-day. They are facts about conditions which I myself have seen. Once in command of such facts, the reader himself should be able to do his own theorizing and to draw his own conclusions about my generation.

A well-known neurologist of New York City commented on the great number of pregnancies among young, unmarried college graduates. Instead of being alarmed over such conditions, he dis-

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missed the matter with the cheerful and reassuring statement that, after all, it was only human nature, and that things had never been different. Of course, the neurologist may be right in his assertion; it may be true that conditions have always been the same as they are now. But I doubt it. Independence of conventions and of sociological problems has perhaps always existed among a certain ultra-sophisticated class. This may also be true, from ignorance, of the very poor and the illiterate. But the neurologist errs, I think, if he applies his theories and assertions to the immense class between these two extremes. And this in-between class composes the essential part of our population.

For example, I feel fairly certain that fifty years ago, two young people could go "buggy riding", without those who knew them wondering whether the girl would walk back. And if she drove back, winking and light humor were not exchanged. Certainly such is not the case now, though roadsters are more in order. It is generally assumed to-day, that a man and woman who are often seen together are on the most intimate possible terms. And very often such supposition is correct.

I do not feel, either, that the general conditions in colleges to-day are what they were two or three generations ago. At college during my first year, there were ten other girls in my section of the dormitory. Some were Seniors, some Juniors; two were Sophomores, and two Freshmen. Only five of the eleven girls there, on their own verdict, were "pure and undefiled". Of the six strayed ones, one was a post-debutante from New York City, and another, a girl from the West, with prodigious fortune and inclinations. Two others were doctors' daughters. Of the remaining two girls one avowedly earned her pin money by means of her easy-going virtue. The last girl was rather pathetic. Not attractive and not particularly pretty, she nevertheless set out in the most efficacious way she knew to win for herself a share of masculine attention. And she succeeded, in spite of the superior attractiveness of many of her friends.

But college is not the only place where such conditions exist. They are everywhere, admittedly more widespread in cities than in suburbs and rural communities, but even there, overwhelmingly prevalent. In the past ten months, for instance, I have made several fairly intimate acquaintances among girls. Some have

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been in cities, some in a small town. The experiences of five of these girls find counterpart only in Havelock Ellis's six books on *The Psychology of Sex*. Concerning their relationship with men, the girls are quite impersonal. They are only too willing to answer any question one cares to ask; they withhold nothing. I have sometimes even wondered if their most acute pleasure might not lie in their discussion of their adventures, rather in the relationships themselves.

A particularly vivid history was told me last year by a girl of twenty-five. For convenience' sake, let us call her Irene. Irene comes of a fairly prosperous, middle-class Western family. She is a brilliant college graduate and a fine musician. Yet she confesses to four or five lovers and almost twice as many "fancies" over a period of six years. Irene has been pregnant twice. Indeed, it is a sort of game with her to telegraph news of such nature, whether false or true, to the men she knows. It is, as it were, her method of keeping them aware of her existence. In view of the fact that she earns an excellent living (she teaches in a very well known school), and since she seldom accepts money from the men of her acquaintance, she has always been a puzzle to me. Especially since she denies, positively, any eroto-mania in herself.

Still another girl, about twenty-four, with two degrees attached to her name, told me an interesting story. Several months ago she made the decision that to reach the age of twenty-five a virgin, would be disgraceful; something, clearly, must be done about it. She was then teaching in a small college, but at the end of the semester she gave up her position and took immediate steps to overcome the handicap she felt was hers. Now she has become the mistress of a dilettantish young person, son of a Lutheran minister. The young man is poor, so my friend continues to support herself by secretarial work. From having a fairly definite aim in life, she has become, now, an aimless, haphazard person. She is restless, and at heart, bewildered. Her self-sufficiency has flown. Yet she stoutly maintains that what she has done is the only logical thing for a modern woman to do.

The last decade, bringing with it the changes in the "mores" of this generation, has seen the passing of two American landmarks, the old-time rooming-house, and the rooming-house mistress. Seldom, in the rooming-houses of to-day, does one find

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the community parlor, and above, the sacrosanct rooms guarded assiduously by the landlady. Such customs have gone out, as perhaps they should. With their departure has come the "studio room" where one may entertain callers of the opposite sex. There are no questions asked; guests come and go at will; and discretion is the only password.

That such conditions as I have mentioned should be rampant is, of course, small wonder. For it is almost impossible to get away from the subject of sex to-day. It is talked over in polite and impolite salons; it is discussed in Park Avenue hotels and in Child's. There are books about it. There are plays about it. There is even a science about it. Ordinarily, one might say that the life of the present generation is the result of constant suggestion and rumor. But not so in this instance. It is the young people themselves who are the students and advocates of the "new morality". Largely through us, old standards are now being laughed at and called blind; conventions have been dispensed with; obligations are scoffed at; and "Liberate the Libido" has become our national motto. To suggest that a girl may be a bad influence for her mother or a boy for his father, is no longer far-fetched and bizarre.

Let me reiterate, in conclusion, that though I am not personally condemning my generation, deterioration seems to me implicit in these facts. But I have no wish to pass judgment on its moral code. To do so, in the first place, presupposes that one has satisfactorily defined such terms as "morality" and "immorality"; and such definitions as I have heard are very unsatisfactory. Biologists, I believe, argue that without a sex life the human being is incomplete. But I do feel that impulse and lack of balance, rather than cold reason and honest intellectual dissatisfaction, are at the root of this change in our mores. But it is not because of this change that I quarrel with my generation. So far as any of us know it may be but a transient stage toward a fine new development. One cannot tell. My quarrel with the young people of to-day concerns quite another matter, — the loss of a thing which some call innate refinement. We lack a certain dignity of charm and refinement which, despite their silly conventions and their inhibitions, our fathers and mothers are not without. We young people are like a herd of calves, enclosed in a wide pasture. Leader-

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less we rush, in an impetuous, juvenile stampede, toward the farthest pasture gates, not knowing what lies beyond, — more pasture lands, or chasms. We have hurled aside all conventions. Accepted standards are "nil" with us. And now, without precedents, denying all antecedents, we are as bald and as intrinsically uninteresting as a plucked ostrich. We have sowed the wind: we are reaping the whirlwind. True, we have our freedom, our "self expression", and our inhibition-less theories. Even at that, however, I am wondering if the past generations haven't something on us.

II — THE FABULOUS MONSTER

REGINA MALONE

TO every age, the age preceding it represents that halcyon period invariably referred to as "the good old days". A representative member of the old school is heard to pronounce in doleful accents, "Things aren't what they used to be. Now in *my* day. . ." And being about as weary as the lion who asked of Alice: "Are you animal — or vegetable — or mineral?" we register commiseration, lift one eyebrow when they paraphrase the Unicorn: "It's a fabulous monster," and yawn when the inevitable query is propounded, "*What* is our Youth coming to?"

What is our Youth coming to? It is coming, through mistakes, through the unavoidable extremism of any revolt against authority, to a new conception of life, — to a new morality, to new "mores" better adapted to the age than those it has discarded. Beneath our studied superficiality, beneath our cynical nonchalance, our assumed indifference, and apparent ill-breeding, is there not more than a germ of that ageless yearning for improvement which has characterized the youth of every age?

What is our revolt but another chapter in the eternal struggle of mankind for freedom? I do not insist, of course, that these are conscious motivations. Movements of this sort are never conscious

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in the minds of the many, but only in the minds of the few. But out of the revolt of the many, out of its sweeping away of old standards alone can arise the opportunity, the freedom that enables the few to create those new standards which in time, as the revolt subsides, the many will repair.

By this time it has become recognized that the present condition of affairs is not a temporary one: and this threatened permanency strikes a blow at those kindly disposed persons who have acclaimed, "The revolt of our Youth is the aftermath of the War." In one sense the revolt is an aftermath; but it is doubtful if the War did more than precipitate a condition which had been developing for several decades. The thunder had been rumbling for years, and the simultaneous explosions of war and thunderclap were coincident only by chance.

More concretely, now. The syllabus of crimes charged against this "fabulous monster", the Younger Generation, might read as follows: It has exhibited a general independence of thought and action not compatible, according to its accusers, with those ideals and traditions which are the foundation of true family life. It has shown a flagrant contempt for parents and parental guidance. It has displayed, even flaunted, its disregard of morals, — indicated in its lack of manners, its dancing, its drinking, its "petting", and its intimate relationships with men. It has chosen entirely to disregard religion; or, still worse, it has dared to attack the firmly established religious beliefs of its ancestors.

Let us consider these charges in detail.

Is independence a crime? Logically, an age of freedom always follows a period of artificiality and repression, just as an era of romance succeeds an epoch of pedantry and didacticism. Surely our history shows that attempts at religious, political, economic, or other kinds of reform would have been abortive if the dissenting voice of popular opinion had been heeded. Is not this independence of our Youth of to-day little more than a swing of the pendulum from Victorianism, with its laughable prudery and absurd conventions, to an ultra-sophisticated and brutally frank age of Modernism? It is only by juxtaposition and contrast that either age appears exaggerated.

Turning now to our revolt against parental guidance, has not the very nature of that authority made the revolt inevitable?

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Granting, for the sake of the argument, that the standard of conduct set by our parents is so exemplary as to allow the justice of their scandalized attack upon ours, we have the paradox of a Youth, taught beauty and idealism, sent to war; a Youth, taught temperance, inflicted with Prohibition (a paradox within a paradox); a Youth, reared in an atmosphere of rigid morality, forced to see the indifferent morals of its elders flung before its eyes. The only cause for surprise is that the parents who threw the boomerang are amazed when it strikes them in the face. The sin of our parents' age was the mortal sin of evasion, of refusing to face life as it is, of rearing an elaborate, artificial structure designed to create a false Paradise, and to shut out the realities which they regarded as disagreeable.

The revolt of my generation is the natural and wholesome reaction to an age which evaded nearly every reality. It is the revolt against the patent absurdities of Victorianism. We are criticized for dispensing with that old institution — chaperonage. Is it to be wondered at, considering one's instinctive revolt against the espionage system? Here, as in the matter of college examinations, it is the case of the demoralizing "hawk-eye" versus the honor system. Chaperonage is no longer ethical. They criticize our clothes. Consider the spectacle of my maternal grandmother setting out for a trip to Philadelphia and safeguarding her virtue by donning nineteen petticoats! And there was the style of hoopskirts and crinoline set by a French queen. Why? Without them ladies could never appear in "polite society", — for nine months out of every year they were with child. Birth control has not only cut down the extraordinary size of the family; it has done away, to a large extent, with false and unnecessary furbelows. It seems to me that my grandmother's nineteen petticoats were a symbol, the superficial manifestation of the great evasion. One by one the petticoats have been discarded. Now they are all but extinct, gone the way of the "stays" as my grandmother in her evasive manner would have termed them, and all other useless encumbrances. Now it is significant that the superficial aspects of our revolt have worked backwards. Mother, too, has discarded corsets and petticoats in imitation of daughter. She has sought and obtained political freedom. And it follows inevitably that economic and moral freedom will also come.

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Which brings us to a more serious phase of the Youth question: our attitude toward sex. We no longer spell the word with a capital letter; and it is as frankly discussed as automobiles or the advantage of cold storage over moth balls. Why should our elders consider our interest in this subject a sign of unnaturalness or perversion? Should it not constitute the chief concern of those in whose hands the future generation lies? Is not this desire and ability to procreate the primary function of every human being? I am confident that in the opinion of the majority of members of my generation, it is only when a discussion of the subject of sex exceeds the dictates of good breeding that it becomes shocking or unmoral. As for violations of the moral code: it follows logically that the same class of persons who were promiscuous, both in their discussion and in their acts, existed in our parents', our grandparents', and our great-grandparents' day. Temperamental and emotionally unstable persons exist in every generation.

But you raise your eyes heavenward and deplore: "They are all going to the dogs! Why, I know a girl, — she came from a good family, too — " and off you go to tell a story which will gain credence wherever you choose to tell it; — as though a specific instance of a lapse from virtue were proof conclusive of the depravity of the younger generation. May it not possibly be that nervous troubles are on the increase? You quote statistics. What are statistics? What can they prove where human emotions are concerned? To refer to a table of figures giving the comparative immorality of a college student body in the year 1926 as against that of 1886 is like announcing that Cleveland in 1886 was a purer city than it is in this year of our Lord 1926. If you go in for statistics you will find that prostitution is on the wane. Does this mean that practically any girl of normal desires and human inclinations will yield herself to the first man who wants her? Hardly. Rather it means that women are coöperating with men in breaking down those barriers of sex which brought to many a man as wife a woman who blushed at the mere mention of her physiological function in life. A woman is no longer ashamed of passion; but she does not gratify it unless there is justification for it. Personally, I have never known of a girl who gave herself to a man either from curiosity or because she felt it obligatory in order to hold the man's affection. In all cases the girls were in love.

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No. The parents of the present generation have made the distinct error of lending to the most beautiful part of life a secrecy and shame which no youngster of normal intelligence can ever be made to see. That is why the young people of to-day have taken upon themselves the solution of a problem which their elders have either evaded or distorted. And I am willing to wager that they will improve upon their parents' job. Certainly they cannot make more of a mess of it.

Finally we come to religion. The younger members of society have thrown religion overboard, — that is, religion as conceived by their elders. No longer do we believe in a Deity moulded in the form of a police inspector. But our own faith in an Infinite Being possessed of infinite comprehension is too great to leave us stranded high and dry on the rocks of unbelief. As we sought, and are finding freedom in other channels, so will we find it in religious ones.

All the petty things to which you, a generation or two ahead of us, attach so much importance, are mere symbols of a revolt whose object is Freedom, — Freedom, the cry of the ages, — and it is only in this light that they should be regarded. Beauty and idealism, the two eternal heritages of Youth, are still alive. It is only the form of expression which they have assumed that has been mistaken for their death knell. Laugh it off, you who are alarmed at this fabulous monster of Youth! Pay less attention to the surface signs of the revolt and more to the good being accomplished by it. Remember how the expression affected you when your parents cried: "O Tempora! O Mores!" And the funny part is that the young insurgent who to-day inspires your wrath will one day be saying to a group of tolerant youngsters: "Things certainly have changed. Now in *my* day — "

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WHAT IS SUCCESS?

Forum Definitions — Second Series

FROM a general survey of the manuscripts submitted in THE FORUM'S contest for a definition of "Success" it is apparent that this term is less subject to divergent connotations in the public mind than the term "Americanism", which was defined by twenty contributors in the last issue of the magazine. "Americanism" can be argued to mean almost anything you like, and one man's definition of it might almost stand for another man's definition of "un-Americanism". There are fewer variants among the definitions of "Success", — although here and there one man's conception of the term amounts to what another man might be inclined to label "Failure". To be able to retire at the age of forty with a hard-earned fortune may constitute a failure in the eyes of many men. Edward VII, watching the Kaiser misbehaving at Cowes spoke of him, even in the heyday of German prosperity, as "the most brilliant failure in history"; and without being sacrilegious it is possible to refer to the founder of Christianity as the most tragic success in history, one whom most of his contemporaries assuredly regarded as a failure.

The majority of the definitions submitted are straightforward statements inspired by the dictionary and enriched by materialistic or spiritual overtones in accordance with the temperament of the definer. On the whole God receives more tribute in this series than does Mammon, — which may be taken either as an encouraging sign on the part of the public or as a proof of the enlightenment of Forum readers.

Of peculiar interest is the fact that the women offered a greater variety than the men, and while the women's definitions in general seemed more cooked-up for consumption than the men's, it must be admitted that they showed more consciousness of the irony of success. As might have been expected, too, the men were more inclined to think of success in connection with worldly possessions or "getting what you went after".

The following examples have been selected as being the most striking representatives of the various groups. As in the case of

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"Americanism" readers are invited to vote for the most popular definition, a coupon being provided for that purpose at the end of the Toasts section.

The Winning Definitions

(1) Success is the irony of ambition attained. (*J. A. Reams, Birmingham, Ala.*).

(2) Success: to the teacher it is the guarded vault of the banker, to the business man it is the fertile field of the farmer, to the soldier it is the lilting verse of the poet; it is the pasture on the other side of the fence, the fish that gets away, the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow. (*Kate K. Briggs, Washington, D. C.*).

(3) Success is the attainment of a proper balance between wisdom and power. (*Harold W. H. Helby, Coventry, England*).

(4) Success: the perfect reaction between effort and attainment. (*Anna L. Moore, Madison, Wis.*).

(5) Success is getting what we want rather than what we deserve. It is, for instance, one's name in Bradstreet instead of the police records. Success is sacrificing the real self to an apparent self. It is a seat at the Algonquin Round Table. Success is a collective delusion. It is Henry Ford discussing history, Secretary Kellogg directing America's foreign policy, or — Dr. Cook at the North Pole. But success is also Columbus rotting in prison, Christ dying on the Cross. . . . Success is failure. (*Frederick Merrill, New York*).

(6) Success is the record of a man who gets what he wants because he is so everlastingly obstinate that he won't recognize defeat when he meets it. (*Elinor Peterson Allen, Spokane, Wash.*).

(7) Success: a passing delusion; something tremendously destructive to progress and logicalness, and reducing the creative brain to a self-satisfied, insipid, snobbish, and lazy state. (*Vers Heure, Philadelphia, Pa.*).

(8) The attainment of an objective in which a dominating egoistic urge obtains a fullness of expression which is both personally gratifying and socially beneficial. (*Joseph Ralph, Long Beach, Calif.*).

(9) Success: the attainment, by endeavor, of a goal, either spiritual or material. (*Charles Platt, Ardmore, Pa.*)

(10) Success is the reaping of a fine crop from stony ground. (*William De Los Garrett, Jackson, Miss.*)

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FORUM DEFINITION CONTEST

BEFORE the war a general impression prevailed that Socialism was Socialism and Capitalism was Capitalism and never the twain should meet. In those days one could conveniently label as "Socialism" any theory, cause, or movement which tended toward the public collective ownership of land and capital and the public direction of all industries and utilities. When the war broke out, however, both Socialists and non-Socialists were somewhat bewildered by the seemingly contradictory behavior of many leaders of the Socialist movement both at home and abroad.

It was popularly conceded that Socialism, before the supreme test of a world war, had lost its bearings and broken up into factions ranging from extreme Right to extreme Left. Gradually Communism gained ground, taking over theories and policies that had formerly been most conspicuously associated in the public mind with Socialism, and by 1919 people had begun to wonder where the Socialists were and what Socialism really was. They are still asking the question, all the more so since interest in the nine-day-wonder of the Moscow experiment has flagged and many former Socialists have bitterly denounced the Soviet régime. One also hears of Governments in Europe which, to American ways of thinking, seem conservative yet are avowedly Socialist in makeup. It seems in order, therefore, that THE FORUM, in its campaign to clarify the meaning of words used all too ambiguously, should invite its readers to define the term

SOCIALISM

Definitions should be limited to *one hundred words*, and typewritten. No manuscripts will be returned, even though postage be included. Write your name and address plainly on the sheet bearing the definition, as payment will be made at the rate of five dollars for each definition selected for publication.

Definitions of "Socialism" must be in THE FORUM office by midnight of August 1, 1926. If received later they cannot be considered for competition or publication in the October number.

All definitions should be addressed to the Definition Editor, THE FORUM, 247 Park Avenue, New York City.

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THE CRIMSON DRAGON

Pen and Ink Drawing by C. R. W. Nevinson

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THE CRIMSON DRAGON

JOHN METCALFE

In the booking-hall of the Cambridge Square tube station are three windows for the sale of tickets. Behind each stands what is, presumably, a man. Something, at any rate which rattles out an oblong slip of pasteboard in exchange for bronze or silver coin. And that is all that one requires of a booking-clerk. His private life is properly remote. What are his aspirations and his fears? You do not, and you should not, ask.

To-day, as I believe and hope, the booking-clerks at Cambridge Square are just as other booking-clerks, silent, efficient, almost unsuspected. Five years ago, however, it was not so. The tradition of detachment had its break. There were wild doings once. Just there, behind that window opposite the second lift, there used to stand one Hezekiah Ling . . .

Of how that little, shrunken, shriveled man had come to Cambridge Square his fellow clerks were ignorant. He did not interest them. Not till the scaley pinions of his Crimson Dragon swept him one afternoon to tragedy and fame did they perceive his vanished quality.

But this is to anticipate . . .

For thirteen years before he joined the booking-office staff, Hez Ling had lived in Poplar. His name contracted thus, assumed an oriental character which pleased him. It ran in dirty yellow letters over the bulge-browed entrance to the curious place, half dive, half shop, wherein he plied his trade. Within were bottles, saucers, little leaden trays, phials containing rainbow-colored liquids, pictures of monsters, serpents, dragons, — all the accessories of an esoteric art — tattoo.

Here, in his own peculiar way, Hez Ling was happy. He had a wife and daughter whom he loved. He was proud and prospering in his craft.

His clientele was gathered from the corners of the earth. Rude, flaxen-bearded giants from the North would visit him, Lascars, the silver-eyed and voluble, Creoles and Finns, even at whiles preposterously some laughing, jet-skinned son of Ethiopia,

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Levantine Greeks, Malays, — the sailors of the seven seas. They would enter the little work-room shyly, diffidently, bringing with them the odors of far-off lands, and Hez Ling would receive them with a quiet dignity. "This serpent, now. Three coils from head to tail; with that you'll never drown. No? Well, this anchor on your arm? That would look well, in colors, pink and blue. Or else, ah, yes, I see; it's the lady's name you want. The lady's name in crimson on your heart . . ."

But it was chiefly in the slant-eyed children of Cathay that he had found his friends. In the late radiance of summer evenings they would come to him, adown the glowing road, the yellow men, silken of speech, soft-footed on a failing tide of light and sound. The clamor of the docks by then was stilled; the windows would be open to the murmurous night. Ton Quin, the owner of the Chinese laundry, would have brought his mandolin, and young Fong Tah his melancholy lute. Then over the tiny cups of tea there would be slow discourse, the courteous flow of questions and reply, music, grave pauses, and the leisured savoring of life.

Behind these figures, these preoccupations of his friendships and his craft, lay an enduring background, — his daughter and his wife. He had married Mephita from out a Limehouse slum when she was seventeen. Their child, the lily-flower Naida, had her mother's lissom grace, the beautiful clear pallor of her skin, her slumbrous and yet passionate regard, — but not her shining auburn hair. Naida's own curls lay clustering thick on neck and brow, the color of pale honey.

Lastly, the cripple Paul.

He had been left an orphan by a friend who died in poverty, and Hez Ling had adopted him, — a sallow, heavy-lidded youth, whom lack of exercise had rendered slightly fat. Paul had a room a few doors down the road, and every morning would come limping in at half-past seven for breakfast. His afternoons were spent within the pay-box of Fong Tah's Chinese restaurant, but his morning hours were given to Hez Ling. He was clever with his hands, and though as yet he was not trusted with the needle, was useful in suggesting new designs.

Naida, seeing him come darkly down their flight of broken steps, would clap her hands and point in friendly mockery. "Just look at him! More like an elephant he gets each day!"

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Paul, for reply, would catch her glance and smile his curious sluggish smile.

Mephita, whistling softly as her manner was, entered her husband's work-room.

"It's Sankey Whim again," she said. "He's at the door. Might say he lived here."

It was a blazing day of August. Outside, the streets, the docks, lay quivering in a blinding glare. Within the work-room it was cooler. Hez Ling smiled.

"It's for his hand. The dragon that I drew last week. He sails to-morrow for Jamaica."

Mephita shrugged. "Oh, well! Naida, she's just gone out. He won't be pleased!"

Sankey came in, a tall young man broad with his height, his head a mass of crisping yellow hair. His smile was curiously engaging, at once open and abashed.

"Good morning!" Hez Ling greeted courteously and motioned to a chair.

Sankey sat down and for a while the needle did its work in silence.

Presently the little man glanced up. "And so," he said, "You're going to Jamaica. We'll see you here again when you come back. You're sticking to the sea?"

Little by little Sankey's diffidence was overcome. Upon his previous visits shyness or reserve had tied his tongue, but now he spoke with slowly waxing confidence about himself and his career. His speech discovered to the elder man a character of rare simplicity and unsuspected strength. He was the second mate upon the *Cullinan*, — just a banana-crate, — but he would rise! At the implied invitation to resume his visits upon his return, his face had flushed with pleasure, and Hez Ling had understood.

Hez Ling had understood! Whilst the needle had been busy his eyes had lifted shrewdly to the face beside his own. And what he saw he liked. His heart had warmed to Sankey for his pleasant modesty, his clean-limbed manliness, his admirable indifference to the pain of the tattooing.

When Sankey left, Hez Ling gazed thoughtfully upon the sketch which he had copied on that large and sun-bronzed hand.

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He did not ordinarily work from sketches, but this was an exceptional creation which Sankey, having seen, had fancied mightily. A dragon in the florid Oriental style, extravagantly fierce, a terrifying and embattled creature, asprout with spines and scales and curious, waving, insect-like antennæ. It had been a job to reduce to hand-size, for at the least it should adorn a manly chest.

Mephita's entry cut his meditation short.

She stood a while with knitted brow, a finger on her lip.

"He's gone," Hez Ling remarked. "He would have said goodbye, but you were out."

Mephita laughed. "I passed him on the road. He didn't even see me. It isn't you or me he troubles for with his goodbyes. You know. It's Naida. He's taking her to-night to Li Hang's cinema."

"How do you know? He never told me." Hez Ling's regard had clouded. He felt a sudden disappointment.

"Oh, Naida told me. Just said that she was going, that was all. She's changed, and all since he's been here. But you, a man, of course you haven't seen. Sankey, he's deep. A common sailor fellow, but he's deep."

"No, no, he isn't that, and anyhow, our Naida, she's of age and sensible."

But Hez Ling felt uneasy. He realized that ambition for her daughter had prejudiced his wife. Still, she was right in this. Why hadn't Sankey told him? It wasn't what he had expected from the lad. And Li Hang's too, that nasty little place upon a turning out of Pennyfields . . .

Presently Naida herself came in. She was looking white and tired from the heat. From the kitchen came the sound of Mephita's low whistling. Father and daughter were alone.

"And so you're going to Li Hang's with Sankey. He didn't tell us he was taking you."

Naida had stiffened. "No. He didn't know. I met him afterwards and asked him to."

Hez Ling concealed his wonder. A while he pondered, then enquired softly:

"And Sankey, do you like him, little Naida?"

She crossed to where he sat and kissed his cheek.

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It was a long while after Naida had returned from Li Hang's cinema that sultry night, however, that Hez Ling fell asleep.

Dawn had scarcely broken when he awoke tingling to a sudden faint yet penetrating sound. It had carried downwards from the room above, a sort of queer half-stifled moan. Beside him his wife's place was vacant though still warm.

He ran up trembling to his daughter's bedroom from which Mephita's cry had reached him. She was leaning heavily upon the dressing table with her face turned inwards from the light. A scrap of paper lay crumpled at her feet.

His hands shook as he slowly bent to pick it up. Already at the sight of Naida's empty bed a fear outstripping thought told him what he should read.

"Goodbye. I am too miserable to go on any more. Try to forgive me." That was all.

Hez Ling dropped the paper. For a while he remained staring at it in silence. He realized without any emotion that the man in whom he trusted had so utterly betrayed him that his incentive for living had vanished at a single and cruel blow. It was probable that nothing in his life would ever matter to him again. He felt so tired that he wanted to lie down upon the floor, on anything, and go to sleep.

Presently he raised his eyes with a faint curiosity to his wife. She had seen all along what he had never dreamed of. Already, with a more agile if a shallower comprehension, her mind had run ahead of grief to hate. He also would come to that in time, more slowly, but as surely.

As if answering his thought she raised herself and spoke:

"Oh, God," she said, "I told you he was deep!"

Hez Ling closed the door of the booking-office behind him softly and from a locker drew forth a kettle and a teapot. It was early on an August morning and as usual he had been the first to arrive. Having lit the gas-ring, he proceeded leisurely to set out upon the locker's top two cups and saucers and a loaf.

Seven years had passed. His hair was thin and his shoulders had acquired a slight but noticeable stoop. His face, as presently he raised his eyes towards a clock upon the wall, was both inscrutable and placid.

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A jaunty step without heralded Jacobs, one of his fellow-clerks. He entered whistling, gave Hez Ling a careless nod, and till the time arrived for bookings to begin remained intent upon his morning's paper. With the opening of the ticket windows a stream of early travelers kept them both busy for a quarter of an hour, but after that there came a slacker spell which permitted them to retreat in turn and drink their tea. On a system of shifts Shillitoe, the other clerk, would not turn up till eight. At ten o'clock Hez Ling himself was free that day until the evening rush began.

Standing so grim and self-contained behind his window he looked, young Jacobs fancied with contempt, about as human as some jerking clockwork doll, but, whilst his hands and eyes performed their office with mechanical precision, his thoughts, beneath that air of close and steeled efficiency, had wandered far away.

It was something under the seven years since he had come to Cambridge Square. He had got the job two months after the inquest on his daughter. Her body had been found floating in the Thames below Blackwall. Immediately after the discovery of her note Hez Ling had set off to the docks in search of Sankey. He was too late. The *Cullinan* had sailed. Shortly after Christmas she was home again, but of her one-time second mate there was no sight or sign. He had gone ashore apparently at Kingstown and there had simply disappeared.

From the entrenched silence of the booking-office the noise, the movement, of the outer world seemed curiously remote. Time and again some voices would chant laconically behind an outstretched hand, a coin slam chinking on the brazen sill, a ticket rise like magic from a slot. Across the hall a shaft of light fell in a trembling yellow pool upon the concrete floor.

He could remember the day on which he had secured the post at Cambridge Square. He had gone back with the news to Mephita, striving to hide the stirring of elation in his blood. He could still see his wife's expression of dismay, that look of frightened strangeness in her eyes, her sudden burst of tears. She and her friends had tried in vain to turn him from his plan. They thought him crazed by grief.

In spite of sneers, remonstrances, entreaties, he had held

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steadfast to his purpose. He had sacrificed not only pride of craft but modest affluence as well. Paul, following in his steps, had proved a disappointment. He would never get beyond the simplest of designs, rosettes and crowns and anchors in two colors at the most.

Suddenly he started. The shaft of sunlight had crept nearer whilst he dreamed until it slanted half across his window. For a moment it shone full upon a hand. A second passed before he realized that it was his own! Of course! His own left hand.

Across the back of it lay the only thing for which in seven years his fellow clerks had found him worthy of their curious attention and remark, — in all its panoply of scale and talon, spine and fearful claw, — the tattooed semblance of a crimson dragon.

It was already stifling in the booking-office, but Hez Ling was shivering. His head was aching, swimming.

From behind him came the voice of Jacobs, suddenly, unaccountably lugubrious: "I say, it's going to be mighty hot. Thunder, I shouldn't be surprised. . . ."

The words were hardly spoken, before there came from overhead a threatening mutter.

With the distant stammer of the thunder Hez Ling drew back his hand. The light which beat upon the sill, though scorching still, had somehow undergone an unpleasant, almost a dangerous change. Its yellowness was as it were decayed; it was at once sick and watery and fiercely hot. He looked up at the clock. It was already nearly ten. He had been dreaming all that time. Shillitoe would come at any moment to relieve him.

He advanced his head to glance along the hall. The morning rush was over. There was hardly anyone about.

Suddenly his skin began to prickle. He felt so dizzy that for a moment he could scarcely stand. With every nerve acrawl he tried to collect himself, to brace himself and gather all his strength. He had seen nothing but the almost empty hall when he had looked outside the window, yet his whole body was vibrating to some subtle inward sense of imminence. It was as if some urgent voice had spoken. . . .

Then all at once, his weakness and confusion vanished. He was completely, absolutely master of himself. His every sense was

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quickened, his every faculty enhanced. His mind was like a stretched E string.

With deliberate calm he drew from out a waistcoat pocket a stylographic pen, and waited. . . .

It was then, just as a second time the thunder grumbled sourly high above them, that Shillitoe, the other clerk, came in. The sky had darkened. Shillitoe had been running to escape the storm. With him as he entered came a little swirl of dust upon a rush of chilly air. "Hello," he said, "I've done it just in time. It's going to pelt like blessed cats and dogs. Old Granpa'll have to hurry if he doesn't want a soaking."

Shillitoe took off a wrap. He took a step towards Hez Ling. "Hi, Granpa, don't you hear? You've got to beat it pronto."

He stopped and looked at Jacobs. Their glances met, then, as they turned towards Hez Ling, each felt a curious chill.

It was gloomy now inside the booking-office, but not too dark for them to see the figure that stood so still and silent at its window. Something about its hunched and rigid attitude impressed them with a sense of vague alarm.

"He's deaf as well as barmy," Shillitoe exclaimed with an attempt at levity. "Hi, Ling, wake up I say!"

There was a footfall down the outer hall. Someone was walking towards the window. As they waited, wondering, they saw a tremor pass along the body of Hez Ling. He seemed to crouch and stiffen as an animal about to spring. His face was turned away from them, but by the set of his head they could divine the direction of his glance. With an appalling, a terrible intensity his whole being was focused, concentrated, upon the slab of brass where presently there would present itself a hand.

"He's mad," said Shillitoe. "He's — What's he going to do?"

Without understanding it they realized the imminence of some coming danger, but for a breathless second lacked all power of action. It was only after the coin had rung upon the sill, the ticket jumped from out its slot, that limbs could move or voices raise a cry.

Then with a sudden shout they leaped upon Hez Ling and seized his outstretched hand.

He fought savagely, like a wild cat. The three of them reeled together against the locker so that teapot, cups, and saucers swept

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crashing to the floor. Jacobs and Shillitoe had momentary glimpses of a white, grimacing face, its eyes dilated in a sort of furious despair. A peering crowd had gathered outside the ticket window at the noise of the struggle in which, however, nobody as yet seemed anxious to take part.

At last the door burst open. A burly lift-man entered at a run.

The two clerks unconsciously relaxed their efforts on seeing help at hand. Hez Ling seized his opportunity. With a convulsive wrench he freed himself and at a single bound was crouching on the floor beneath his window. His action had been so sudden that for a moment Shillitoe and Jacobs stood staring open-mouthed. The lift-man, expecting an assault upon himself, towered to bar the door.

But it was not towards the door that Hez Ling sprang. Before they could anticipate his movements his flying leap had gained the wicket communicating with the cloakroom. Too late they saw his plan. In a flash, a twinkling, he was gone. By the time they too had reached the wicket he had already cleared the counter. For a second only they caught a glimpse of him across it and then the shutter rattled downwards with a slam. A few scared cries that followed were drowned immediately in a clap of thunder.

Within the office a quarter of an hour later they discussed the portent. The wreckage of the fray had been removed. Only their faces, scared and harrowed in the fitful flashings of the lightning, remained to prove that in that place a booking-clerk had run amok. Reporters were already gathering greedily.

"Ran like a blessed hare he did," said Shillitoe. "Into the street. They couldn't stop him. Somebody said they saw him take a taxi."

For a while they talked, canvassing details grown at each recital more prodigious. Then, as they turned reluctantly to face once more the business of the day, Jacobs, in a sudden burst of wondering recollection, cried:

"I noticed something. P'raps you didn't see it. It was just when we were jumping on him from behind. That chap who was outside. I saw the hand he put out for the ticket. His hand, it was tattooed, and — just the same. . . ."

Hez Ling entered what used to be his workroom to find Paul sitting there alone. The cripple was busy with colored inks and

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brushes, but at the opening of the door turned with an exclamation.

"Good Lord! You been in trouble, mister. Why — "

The storm had ended half an hour ago but Hez Ling was still dripping. He was hatless and his usually white shirt-front was soiled and crumpled. Upon his clothes and person there remained what certainly appeared the marks of violence.

Without troubling to answer Paul's enquiring glance he demanded:

"Where's my wife?"

"Mephita? Why, she's out. She won't be back till late she said."

"Hah!" With that long-drawn and somewhat enigmatic expiration of the breath his form had stiffened. He was standing with his head bent down. He seemed to be staring at the little pool of water that was collecting round his feet.

Paul reached for his crutches which leaned against a table. Raising himself upon them slowly he advanced a step or two, then stopped.

"Look here," he said. "You better take those things off an' get dry. You got a proper soak."

"Yes," said Hez Ling as if remembering something which he had forgotten. "It was raining." He moved slowly to the table at which Paul had been sitting. Upon it lay a rough design of cornucopias and flowers.

"Who's that for?" he asked.

"Oh, nobody," said Paul. "I only sketched it out. You know what trade's been like. Ever since you been gone. I haven't got the touch. . . ."

He faltered, suddenly indignant with himself. What was he talking like this for, flattering that crazy fool, belittling his own work? He opened his mouth to suggest once more to Hez Ling that he should go upstairs and change his dripping clothes, but something impelled him to say instead:

"The custom's there all right. If you'd come back."

Hez Ling kept his eyes fixed upon the sketch of cornucopias. "Come back?" he said. "Who knows? Perhaps I may." Paul's words seemed to have started him upon an interesting train of thought. "But if I do I'll never use a needle."

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"Not use a needle!" exclaimed Paul.

"No," said Hez Ling. "A needle frightens 'em. What do you think I'd use instead? I'd use a pen!" With a forefinger and thumb he drew from his waistcoat the stylographic pen which had dropped on to the floor below the booking sill and which, as he had crouched before his spring towards the cloakroom, he had managed to retrieve. "I'd use a pen!" he repeated with an air of triumph. "There's nothing that could scare them in a pen."

Still holding the pen in his right hand he extended the other so that Paul could see the crimson figure of the dragon. "There now," he said. "There's not another man around the docks to do a thing like that upon a hand-back. There isn't enough flesh below the skin. That was an artist's work!"

The cripple had drawn himself away. What was the man about, he wondered. To stand there babbling nonsense in his dripping clothes, and then, to show him *that!* The thought crossed his mind darkly that since he had come in Hez Ling had never looked at him directly. He had kept his eyes averted, screened. He gave the impression of being secretly and violently excited over something which he hesitated to reveal, some topic around which his random-seeming talk about the pen had skirted, hovered. . . . Paul gave his shoulders a slight shrug. "If I was you," he said, "I'd cut upstairs an' dry myself. You'll catch your death o' cold an' then you won't be able to tattoo another prick." After a moment's pause he hobbled to the table and affected to resume his work.

He was stooping, pencil in hand, over his drawings when something caused him suddenly to turn his head. He could not see Hez Ling, who stood behind his shoulder, but in one corner of the room there hung a mirror. It was in the mirror that at last their glances met.

With a cry of alarm Paul dropped his pencil and swung round. Hez Ling's face was bent about a foot above his own. The look of strained repression had dropped from it as a mask. It was, as it were, shockingly transfigured, flaming, abandoned to some fierce emotion which the cripple could not understand.

They remained some moments as if petrified. Upon the table a shaft of sunlight struggling from the encroaching edges of a cloud

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gave a faint flicker and then suddenly went out. From the adjoining room there came the labored ticking of a clock.

At last Hez Ling straightened himself and spoke a single word: "Sankey!"

Sankey! That name which none of them had breathed for seven years! Paul's mouth, opening as if to speak, emitted only a half frightened murmur. He backed away an inch or two along the table.

Hez Ling, however, had neither ear nor eye for Paul. The tide of exultation which till now he had restrained had burst its bounds at last. Upon a flood of burning words the pent-up torrent of his triumph and his hate poured out.

"His hand! My crimson dragon on his hand! He's sailed around the world and up and down the seas, but everywhere he's carried it, my mark upon his hand! And all the time he never knew that I was waiting till he brought it home and held it out again. And you, you thought that I was mad. . . . A ticket clerk! You didn't understand. But I, I knew that one day it would come, that hand — They pulled me back, the fools. I was too strong for them. Nobody could have stopped me. I knew where he was going to buy his ticket, — only one station down the line. I got there first. He didn't see me in the crowd till I was standing by his side, and then, and then — "

Hez Ling's eyes, alight with the ecstasy of the avenger, were fixed unseeingly upon the cripple's face. With the poisoned pen still grasped between his fingers he upraised the hand that held it. For a moment he paused dramatically, his body braced and poised. Then on a downward sweep he made a stabbing motion. "Like that," he said. "Like that I did it! A single prick upon his hand. One tiny drop's enough. . . . He must have died before I'd crossed the road. I didn't — "

Suddenly Hez Ling had checked himself. As his pen had stabbed the air he had heard without attending to it a curious sound, a sort of sick and strangled grunt. It was not until some seconds later that the impetus of his narration slackened sufficiently for him to realize whence that sound had come.

Paul had collapsed upon his chair. His mouth had fallen slackly open, his fat and usually sallow cheeks were gone a mottled gray.

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For a moment Hez Ling regarded him in blank astonishment. Then, in a tone half bantering, half furious, he had begun:

"Pooh! You're afraid! You coward! Frightened at hearing that I'd killed him. Frightened — "

He stopped once more. His muscles stiffened. His eyes, losing their look of wondering contempt, became alert and deadly. Their pupils narrowed swiftly.

"Look up!" he said.

Paul's head had sunk upon his chest. He lifted it a little way, then let it fall. An almost imperceptible tremor stirred his frame.

Hez Ling's face had frozen like a mask. The contraction of the muscles round his mouth had caused it to set in a rictus which made its outline almost square. Upon his scalp the hair seemed suddenly to creep and bristle as if some breeze had blown it. A nameless terror clawed his heart, followed next instant by the stabbing of a thought whose utter blackness rose as an actual cloud before his eyes. For a moment he was physically blind.

"Look up!" he screamed again in a thick voice. "Look up, or else, by God, I'll think, I'll think — "

But there was no need for Paul to meet that searing and appalling gaze. The answer of his collapsed and abject attitude of fear was seen and understood. Nearly half a minute had elapsed before, at the sound of a heavy thud, he dared to raise his head.

Hez Ling lay prostrate on the floor. By the stormy evening light Paul could see the convulsed features and the arms thrown wide. He could see too the fatal pen of which the prick for seven years delayed had done its deadly and mistaken work at last upon the man whose mind his jealous lies had poisoned.

For a long time he sat huddled in his chair, listening to the ticking of the clock.

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DEFYING THE KLAN

THOMAS BOYD

FOR the most meritorious public service rendered by a newspaper during the year, the "Enquirer-Sun" of Columbus, Georgia, has been awarded a Pulitzer prize. This puts the stamp of nation-wide recognition on the valiant efforts made by Mr. Julian Harris to eradicate racial prejudice, religious intolerance, and the social tyranny of narrow-minded groups in a typical small city of the South. Mr. Boyd recounts the recent history of a newspaper which is an inspiring example in this epoch of muzzled speech.

COLUMBUS, the scene of this story, is in the Empire State of Georgia, on the eastern bank of the Chattahoochee, one hundred odd miles south of the great city of Atlanta. Though not of mentionable antiquity, Columbus has been incorporated for three years less than a century. Within its boundaries now are some fifty-five thousand people, about one third of whom are negroes. Its citizens, in the main, are like the citizens of any other Southern town of similar size. Their religion is almost wholly Baptist and Methodist; their talk is beginning to bristle with the uncomfortable, go-getting expressions which have come from the North; their belief in the eternal supremacy of the Nordic is still firm; they are convinced that they know how to handle the negro problem; they deeply mistrust foreigners; they vote the straight Democratic ticket; they compare in illiteracy with an Army captain; they are persuaded that the theory of evolution teaches that their common ancestor, Adam, was a monkey, and they loudly protest against any such blot on families whose reputations, suh! have been unsullied for generations.

That is the dead level of the character of the city of Columbus. But rising above it are some liberal minds, some gracious families, some tolerant, kindly people, — else how could the broad, pleasant streets, the beautiful, unraped trees, the unexpected courtesies be accounted for! And midway between these people and the Fundamentalists are a large group of undecided minds, ready to stand with a fair wind or bend with one that is foul.

That is the scene. The principal character is a blissfully idealistic newspaper man who, five years ago, bought a half interest in the Columbus "Enquirer-Sun", six months later purchased the controlling interest, and prepared to publish a newspaper whose

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columns would square with his own convictions. Julian Harris, son of Joel Chandler Harris, whose gentle pen wrote the Uncle Remus stories, decided that on buying the Enquirer-Sun he would publish a daily that would stand against racial prejudice, religious intolerance, the Ku Klux Klan; that he would demand justice for the negro and those of the whites who were poor and without influence; that he would expose the ulcerated State politics and politicians, and do more than his share in saving education from Fundamentalists and crooked legislators.

Properly to appreciate this insane resolve you must call to mind that Georgia is the heart of the lynching belt, that Atlanta is the home of the Ku Klux Klan, that the Governor of the State is a proud and noble Klansman, that the Commissioner of Agriculture, the Attorney General, the State Game Warden, Congressman Billy Upshaw, are all Kluxers in good standing and that United States Senator, William J. Harris, and the Chief Justice of the State Supreme Court are Ku Klux sympathizers; that Georgia's per capita expenditure on education is second lowest in the United States; that the University of Georgia has a lower rating in its law department than such small, sectarian colleges as Emory and Mercer; that women are dragged out of bed in their nightclothes and beaten; that lunatics are taken from asylums and lynched, — and that nothing is done about it. You consider this kind of civilization and, in your most optimistic mood, you give a straight-thinking, outspoken newspaper one year to lose its circulation and its advertisements. Either that or, — which is worse, — to slide back into the rut marked by the ordinary press, hurting the feelings of nobody, catering to the prejudices of the reader and the good will of the advertiser.

But it is now five years since Julian Harris began his experiment, an experiment that would be unusual anywhere and, in the latter-day South, unique. The history of that experiment, so far as it has been written, constitutes this story which is transcribed in the belief that it will be of genuine interest and genuine benefit to all who read it.

A cub reporter on the Atlanta "Constitution" at sixteen, Julian Harris has spent thirty-five years in active journalism. He trained under H. H. Kohlsaat in Chicago, later was managing editor of the Constitution, Sunday Editor of the New York

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"Herald", then had charge of the advertising of the New York "Telegram", was editor-in-charge of the Paris edition of the Herald, reported the Peace Conference from May, 1919 until the end of that year, and then was made editor and general manager of the Paris Herald. When those Bennett interests were sold to Frank A. Munsey Mr. Harris resigned and, after spending several months traveling in France, Germany, and Czecho-Slovakia, returned to America. Shortly after landing he learned that a half interest in the Enquirer-Sun at Columbus could be had. This he bought, and six months later he had acquired control of the paper. With his wife, Julia Collier Harris to assist him, he set to work on his experiment.

There were at that time about five hundred Klansmen in the city of Columbus. The organization was endorsed by the Chief of Police and the Mayor; the hooded order was permitted the use of the armory above police headquarters for its meeting place. Nevertheless the Enquirer-Sun at once began an attack with denunciatory editorials. Anonymous letters thereupon came to the office of the Enquirer-Sun with increasing frequency and ugly venom. But the Enquirer-Sun went on, knowing the organization to be one of the greatest menaces this country has ever known. Then, when the New York "World" began to publish its exposé of the Klan, the Enquirer-Sun reproduced the articles, the only Georgia newspaper to do so. The result was that it lost twenty per cent of its circulation in a few days.

But circulation at that time was not the greatest consideration of Mr. Harris. He redoubled his attack. And soon afterwards there was a large parade of these sheeted brothers, a parade which twice broke its advertised line of march in order to pass the offices of the Enquirer-Sun. It was in the evening, the lights were bright, the doors and windows of the building open. Mr. Harris, with his city editor, stood on the edge of the sidewalk with pencil and notepaper watching the masked men who passed with large banners on which were written such sentiments as "America for the Gentiles"; "Rome Works While Protestantism Sleeps"; "Down with the Jews"; "Down with the Negroes." But the line passed without an eye turning for recognition.

Despite such minor worries as receiving anonymous letters, having sand thrown in the press and oil poured into the matrix

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channels of the linotype machines, the Enquirer-Sun continued each morning to publish editorial attacks upon the hooded order which remained strong, — strong enough to intimidate the City Commissioners, to blow up the house of the Mayor, to waylay and beat the City Manager because he was not a native Georgian; and to plot in detail to bomb the apartments, — owned by the Mayor, — in which Mr. and Mrs. Harris were living. And while this form of law and order was in effect and his friends were advising him to withdraw his attack on the Klan, Mr. Harris wrote an editorial calling on the City Commissioners either to make the Chief of Police produce the criminals or resign.

And somehow the Klan membership in Columbus dwindled away. You will have difficulty in finding one there to-day. And while the political power of the State still remains within their grasp, there are many signs that the Imperial Order is losing out. The Enquirer-Sun continued to lambaste the Kluxers even after the Klan was driven out of Columbus. Julian Harris, with the assistance of the New York World, proved that Clifford Walker, present Governor of Georgia, is a Klansman. He mentioned the name of each of the more influential among Klan officials, calling this one a grafter, that one a blackmailer, a seducer, or a drunkard. When the Reverend Caleb Ridley, Atlanta minister and Chief Kludd of the Klan, had the thoughtlessness to get drunk in Columbus, he saw an editorial in the Enquirer-Sun of the next day on "The Drunken Kludd". Meanwhile in Atlanta the "Georgian", a Hearst paper, was printing full page stories in praise of this same Kludd.

But the routing of the Klan from Columbus and badly damaging it throughout the State is only a small part of the work that Mr. Harris has done. One of his first acts in taking charge of the paper was to write an editorial which referred to the approaching murder trial of a prohibition officer charged with killing a bootlegger. Public feeling had gone to the pitch where prayer meetings were being piously held in behalf of the defendant. An important phase of the forthcoming trial was the indecision of the Judge concerning a change of venue. The editorial was captioned, "Putting Out a Fire with Gasoline," and it contended that the vacillation of the Judge had done more than anything else to arouse popular feeling. Mr. Harris consequently was arrested for

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contempt of court; listening to the Judge on the dignity of the law, the aloofness of the judiciary, Mr. Harris replied: "I have no desire to reflect on the courts, and I shall always accord them the full respect due, but when the facts themselves constitute criticism, it would be improper to suppress the facts, and it would be proper to engage in honest criticism based on these facts. As publisher of the Enquirer-Sun, I reserve the right to express opinions and make comment when such conditions arise. . . . And it is possible that an occasion might arise when not to be in contempt would be contemptible." After that declaration, made at the outset, which resulted in the charge of contempt of court being dropped, Mr. Harris' right to free speech has not been challenged.

Good enough! For free speech and liberal opinion capably expressed were never more needed in Georgia. The morning after thirteen members of the Educational Committee of the Georgia House of Representatives had unanimously recommended the passage of a bill to prohibit the teaching of evolution in the schools, Mr. Harris struck at these "Thirteen Little King Canutes". After stating the case he said, "If the Georgia Legislature accepts the report of the House Committee on education, the theory of evolution will stand just where it is to-day. But the State of Georgia, — the State which for so many years was the home of the great Le Conte who contributed so largely to confirming the theory of evolution, — will be used as a synonym for unenlightenment and backwardness.

"The passage of this narrow and archaic bill will be a deathblow to all the State educational institutions, for no intelligent young man will wish to attend a college or a technical university where the integrity of scientific education has been destroyed by the State itself. For the prospective student will sense the fact that when the teaching of the theory of evolution is barred, biological chemistry goes by the board, and geology, zoölogy, and psychology must follow along with the discontinuance of study of language and its origin. . . . History repeats itself, and so to-day in Georgia thirteen midget-minded imitators of King Canute are sitting on the sands of Ignorance at the edge of the great ocean of Truth, ordering the tides of knowledge to recede. . . ." This editorial was reprinted by many other Georgia neswpapers. The

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Anti-evolution bill went down defeated, — in a State which tops the list for illiteracy!

And a year later when the contending liberal and Fundamentalist forces were gathered at Dayton, Tennessee, for the trial of John Thomas Scopes, the Enquirer-Sun was the only Georgia newspaper represented. Mr. Harris had borrowed the money for the trip; with his wife, Julia Collier Harris, who had worked by his side against ignorance, bigotry, intolerance, and graft, he sent back crushing arguments against the Bryan-championed zealots. By this time he had regained most of the circulation which the Enquirer-Sun had lost in driving the Klan out of Columbus; but now several hundred more of his subscribers left him. That was not unexpected. He knew that while a poor newspaper is made by its public, a good newspaper makes its public.

Politics darken the very skies of Georgia, whose illiteracy per head leads all the other States of this country, whose State university has a pitiably low rating. Last spring the politicians saw the opportunity to hamper their seat of learning still further. At the University of Georgia the office of Chancellor had been made vacant. There were several politicians ready to accept it; there was a move to give it to Chief Justice Dick Russell, the Klan sympathizer. This was exposed by the Enquirer-Sun whose editorials had maintained that the man to be the new Chancellor should be neither a preacher nor a politician, but "an educator of the very highest standing, — a man of unchallenged character and of untrameled intellectual integrity." And when the trustees of the university thought otherwise, the student body made a written plea to these trustees. They do not want a politician, they say; they want an educator, and they ask the trustees if it would "be out of order for your body to consult with the faculty in this matter? Why should it be?" And for silencing reply the trustees selected one of their own members, a politician named Gober, as head of the Law School. Meanwhile Mr. Harris learned that Clifford Walker, Governor and confessed Klansman, was looking for the job of Chancellor himself. "Either of these men," wrote Mr. Harris, "would wreck the prestige of and destroy all confidence in a college which has little left except a half-starved but fairly honorable past." The same day the Enquirer-Sun printed excerpts from a letter sent by the student body to Judge Sibley, President

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of the Georgia Alumni Society, asking that "the whole question (of appointing a Chancellor) be quickly brought out into the light of honest, frank, open discussion. . . .To our minds it has too long been obscured in the fog of cautious secrecy." Thus the students, growing bright-eyed and awake, begging for an opportunity for unhampered education, sought to lighten the politics-darkened sky. And the Enquirer-Sun was the only newspaper in Georgia to print the protest of the students, and, naturally, the only Georgia newspaper to comment on it editorially.

Backward in education, forward in strange politics, Georgians still tell you they know how to handle the negro problem. Lynching, some Southerners will tell you, is what a good many negroes were made for. But Mr. Harris does not believe that. He has advocated a State anti-lynching law for years; and he believes that a Federal anti-lynch law would be more logical than a Federal prohibition law. So whenever the favorite Southern pastime is indulged in Mr. Harris warms well to his subject. He was the first of the newspaper men to speak against the mob of Georgians who lynched the negro lunatic, Willie Dixon, for killing a nurse. Added to Georgia's long list of disgraces was the infamy of lynching a lunatic. "Georgia has given her sister States a mark to shoot at, — lynching a lunatic! What if Georgians in the past have tarred and feathered men and women, — what if Georgian gangs have assassinated women, among them the wife of a preacher, — what if Georgia mobs have taken a Leo Frank from the penitentiary and hanged him, or burned negroes at the stake? What of all that? Have not the mobs of other States tarred and feathered, assassinated and burned at the stake! But it was left to Georgia, the State of the new masked-gang spirit, — the State whose chief executive and the majority of whose State officials are members of the Ku Klux Klan, — to the State of Georgia was left the undying infamy and sickening disgrace of lynching a lunatic."

But Mr. Harris had not waited for the lynching of a lunatic to speak up and defend the negroes. When he first assumed his editorial work he added a feature to his paper that was fairly novel throughout the South. He gave over a part of his columns to chronicling daily the social and civic news of the negro. Bitter at this innovation, one of the town's financial pillars told the editor

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that Columbus people did not want news of the negro mixed in with news of the whites. And Mr. Harris retorted that no one, — not even the objector, — had been annoyed when crime news involving negroes and burnings at the stake had appeared on the front page. And he further suggested that perhaps if the negro found that he could get his name in print without committing a crime, — that if he could get publicity for his decent and progressive acts, — Columbus would be a better community. And when the business man still demurred, saying he represented the best thought in the city and that when the editor had lived there as long as he had he would realize his mistake, Mr. Harris replied that when this man printed an advertisement announcing that he wanted no more negro trade he, Mr. Harris, might consent to drop the department which told of the news of the negro. The advertisement did not appear; the column continued, and was more than a little responsible for the beginning of a weekly newspaper by the negroes themselves. When this weekly appeared the Enquirer-Sun dropped its publication of negro news.

But that does not mean that Mr. Harris ceased to defend the negro, or that affairs in Columbus passed unnoticed by the Enquirer-Sun. Like its showing up of the Rev. "Kludd" Ridley who got drunk in Columbus, it quickly assailed the credit man of one of the local stores who had assaulted and locked in his basement two negroes, a man and a woman, because they owed money to the store and did not pay it. The credit man was arrested; he forfeited his bond by running away from Columbus. The case, — for the two negroes instituted charges against the store, — was settled out of court to the advantage of the negroes, — a not wholly usual procedure in the South where lynchers and murderers are not troubled by the arm of the law.

Thus it will be seen that Mr. Harris has championed most ably the convictions he expressed when he bought the Enquirer-Sun. He has stood against racial prejudice, religious intolerance, and the Ku Klux Klan; he has demanded justice for the negro and for the white man who was poor and without influence; he has exposed the noisome State politics and the politicians, and done more than his share in saving education from the Fundamentalists and State legislators. He has done more: with the competent assistance of Julia Collier Harris he has sharpened the wits of the

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intelligent minority, and impressed upon many the value of straight thinking. Music, art, and the theatre are thoughtfully written about in the Enquirer-Sun; the paper has a literary department that is not equaled by newspapers in the United States. The Enquirer-Sun is a model for makeup and its typography is better than, say, that of the New York Herald-Tribune. It has a full leased Associated Press service; it publishes an open forum column on the editorial page which gives the opinions of chief journalists on important subjects of the day, — all this in a town of fifty-odd thousand by a newspaper with a circulation of little more than seven thousand.

But still more important is the fact that Mr. Harris has shown that anywhere a decent newspaper can make a place for itself; that a newspaper should make its own public, as once in our history it did. For three long years the Enquirer-Sun was the only daily in Georgia to attack the Klan, the Klan which it disbanded in Columbus. Often it came near to financial failure, but always it has rejected spurious advertisements and always has it been steadfast in its purpose.

Truly enough, most of the voices which have praised it do not come from Georgia. Yet in its effect upon Georgia lies the greatest value of the Enquirer-Sun's performance. For while it has accomplished many fine things individually, it has done more in waking up the other newspapers, bringing into line against bigotry, ancestor-worship, intolerance, and all the things that spring from ignorance the Madison "Madisonian", The Dalton "Citizen", The Americus "Times-Recorder", The Cartersville "Tribune-News", The Greensboro "Herald-Journal", the Cobb County "Times", and others. And at the University of Georgia it has stimulated such an organ as the present "Georgia Cracker" whose editors, — unlike the ancestor worshipers of a few years back, — flay the indecent in the South as quickly and relentlessly as they flay the indecent anywhere else. And doing this, provoking free discussion, free opinion, and enlightenment from the outside world, the Enquirer-Sun has been of incalculable benefit in prodding the South out of the ignorance and backwardness in which it has wallowed for years. Thus it is of the greatest service to its own readers and, by its example, to all other newspaper readers throughout the country.

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THE COURTSHIP OF ANIMALS

JULIAN HUXLEY

Drawings by Herman Palmer

WE MEN like to see animals courting. It amuses us to see them thus imitating humanity, and throws something at once romantic and familiar into those dumb and hidden lives which they veil so closely from us. "One touch of Nature makes the whole world kin," we murmur, and find a new pleasure in the hackneyed words. They are really not quite apropos, however; for what we in our heart of hearts mean to say is one touch of *human* nature. Man is a vain organism, and likes to stand surrounded by mirrors, — magnifying mirrors if it be possible, but at any rate mirrors. And so we read the ideas of our own mind into the animals, and confidently speak of "suitors" and "coy brides to be won" and "jealous rivals" and what not, as if birds or even spiders or newts were miniature human beings, in fancy dress no doubt, but with the thoughts of a twentieth century inhabitant of London or New York.

Some of the more reflective, perhaps, may wonder how far we are justified in our assumptions as to the motives and meaning of animal courtship; while others, with maybe some biological knowledge behind them, may try to look at it all from the other side of the gulf between man and beast, imagine how our own courtship would look to an external and dispassionate intelligence, wonder whether much of human behavior had better not be interpreted from the animal side rather than the animal's from

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ours, and how much we are walled in by our biological heritage.

Animal courtship is an unfashionable topic among biologists at present; and I do not exaggerate when I say that it is also one on which both ignorance and prejudice prevail. My own real interest in the subject began when, one spring in Wales, I observed the beautiful courtship of the red-shank, a common shore bird, and when I got back to libraries, could find no ordered account of it, or indeed of bird courtship in general. And now, after some fifteen years of reading and thinking about the subject, interspersed with a number of pleasant if strenuous holidays in England, in Louisiana, in Holland, in Spitzbergen, trying to find out what really does happen with this or that common bird, I can confidently assert that Darwin's theory of sexual selection, though wrong in many details, yet was essentially right: that there is no other explanation for the bulk of the characters concerned with display, whether antics, song, color, or special plumes or other structures, than that they have been evolved in relation to the mind of the opposite sex; that *mind* has thus been the sieve through which variations in courtship characters must pass if they are to survive.

Down at the base of the animal scale courtship of course does not exist. Jelly-fish or sponges or sea-urchins simply shed their reproductive cells into the water and trust to luck for fertilization. It is only when male and female must actually coöperate for fertilization to be effected, that we can expect to find courtship; and even so it will not exist unless there is a fairly elaborate brain and nervous system.

Perhaps the first adumbration of courtship is seen in the nuptial dances of certain marine bristle-worms (*Polychaetes*), in which at certain seasons of the year and phases of the moon the creatures swim up out of their crannies in the rocks and gather in groups, excited males wriggling round the females. It is possible that the presence of the dancing males in some way stimulates the females to lay their eggs, upon which the male elements are discharged in milky clouds. Snails too have a primitive courtship, which is complicated by the fact that they are bi-sexual and each in its rôle of male attempts to stimulate the other in its rôle of female.

But the first actions to which the name *courtship*, and not

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merely perhaps direct stimulus to fertilization, must be given are those of a few crabs and most spiders. Among the Crustaceans, the fiddler-crab is characterized by the presence in the male of one enormously enlarged claw, which may weigh almost as much as the rest of the body, and is often brightly colored. It used to be supposed that with this the males stopped their burrows, or fought other males, or seized and carried off the females. However, the careful studies of Dr. Pearce show that its main function is one of display. In the mating season, when a female comes past, the males throw themselves into a tip-toe attitude, with big claw rigidly held aloft. If the female takes no notice, the male runs again to where she can see him, and again strikes the statuesque pose: if she goes too far, he returns to his burrow. The observer summed up his impressions thus: "One could only say that the males appeared to be displaying their maleness."

There we have the clue to the origins of courtship in a nutshell. Once the brain reaches a certain complexity, it controls behavior. A crab can react to various situations, — a food-situation, a hunger-situation, a fear-situation, a sex-situation; and the statuesque male with his uplifted claw is the sign and symbol of the sex-situation, just as the coming of a man or other large animal among the burrows constitutes an enemy-situation, with resultant scuttling. Doubtless even without such male advertisement, mating would eventually occur; but, as Darwin so clearly saw, the advantage may be to the male and not to the race, — the male who did not display himself as such would not get mated and would leave no descendants.

In the spiders, we find a very interesting difference between the hunters and the web-spinners. Among the former, who catch their prey by sight and stalking, males perform strange dances before the females, and often have the parts they thus display brightly colored. The latter are almost blind; and in them there are no dances, but the male comes up to the web of the female and vibrates one of the threads in a special manner, quite different from the vibrations made by trapped prey. In both cases it seems clear that the courtship's primary function is to indicate the existence of a "sexual situation". But here, to do so is a good deal more important than in the crab, for all the evidence goes to show that if this indication were not made, the female would

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simply treat the male like any other small living object, and — eat him! In many species she actually does so after the act of mating (and this occurs too in the scorpions); and in some others she is definitely hostile at first, while the male, who is usually much smaller than she is, is always obviously very ready to run away during the early phases of courtship.

In one hunting spider the male offers the female a nice fly, neatly wrapped in silk. If put in a box by himself with a fly, he will eat it; but if with a fly and a female, he will wrap and offer it; and if in a box from which a female has recently been removed, and in which her odor still presumably lingers, he will still wrap it, and search, like Shelley with his bouquet, "That he might there present it! — Oh, to whom?"

In the carnivorous flies known as *Empidæ*, strange developments of the love-gift have taken place. In some species the male offers an unadorned carcass to the female. In others, however, the prey is stuck in the front end of a glistening "balloon", made of bubbles of viscous liquid secreted by the male, larger than his own body, and carried in his legs as he flies to and fro; doubtless this makes the "sexual situation" more conspicuous from afar. Finally, in a few species there has been a refinement. The balloon is there, but prey is no longer carried in it; instead, the males stick a leaf or flower-petal in it, — and indeed they will dart down and pick up any small conspicuous objects, such as fragments of paper, that you may choose to sprinkle on the surface of the water over which they hover. Here, in quite a different evolutionary line from our own, we find quite definitely the employment of a non-utilitarian "present" as gift from male to female.

When we come to the vertebrates, matters become even more interesting, for it is among them, especially in the birds, that courtship and display

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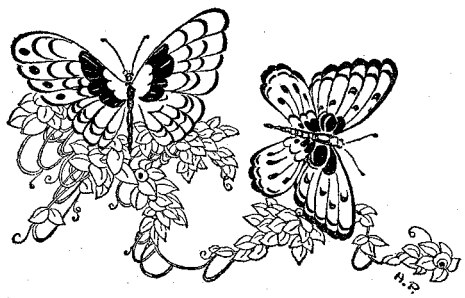

reach their highest elaboration. Only in a few fish is there much of a courtship, as would be expected from the fact that most species produce large numbers of eggs which are only fertilized after laying. In the Amphibians, the frogs and toads that make night pulse with sound in the warm regions of the earth use their voices in the interests of reproduction; and if the grasshoppers were life's first instrumentalists, the frogs were the first vocalists.

The male frog, however, merely broadcasts an advertisement of his presence; it is among the tailed Amphibians that true display is found. Our common newts in the breeding season take to the water and develop a high fin all along the back and tail. This is much larger in the males, who in addition change their winter livery for one of brighter colors. They may also be seen performing their courtship, — actively moving in front of the females, often scraping up against them, all the time vibrating the bent tail. The strange fact about this procedure, however, is that they do not begin their display until after they have emitted their fertilizing elements. These are deposited on the bottom of the pond or aquarium inside a special packet or spermatophore, which the female must pick up for fertilization to occur; and courtship begins when this deposition is completed.

Here we see that display may have a racial function, adjuvant to successful fertilization, and not an affair between rival males. For even the most hardened Darwinian would hardly maintain, if two males simultaneously deposited spermatophores and then began their display before a female, that she, even were she to be better pleased or more stimulated by the display of one rather than of the other, would be able to remember which male had deposited which spermatophore; and of course unless the approved male were also to be the father of the young, his pleasing of the female could have no evolutionary effect. No: it seems clear that here the function of display has again to deal with the "sexual situation"; with the difference that it is not merely to advertise the male's presence and masculinity, but to generate a

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sexual situation in the mind of the female. As a matter of fact, Finkler has by experiment shown that in the absence of a male's display, the female will not pick up spermatophores, so that this conception of courtship's function being to facilitate fertilization via the mind, by stimulating the mental mechanism into the right phase, seems justified.

There is one species of bird for which Darwin's original theory has been definitely shown to hold good. That is the well-known shore bird, the ruff (*Mechetes*). In the winter the sexes are only to be told apart by size, but in the breeding season the males grow a magnificent ruff, — a tippet or collar, — round the cheeks and neck, and two fine ear tufts above. What is more, it is hard to find two males alike; not only do they develop different ground-colors in their plumage, but the collar and ear-tufts may either or both be of some special color or marking, one black, the other white; or chestnut, pepper and salt, buff, sandy, gray, sepia, and what not. Arrived at their breeding places, the males assemble at a definite spot, usually known as a "hill", though it may be but a dry area in the marsh. The females visit the hill from time to time, but the males never go near the nests out in the marshes, nor take any share in brooding or the cares of the young. On the hill each male usually keeps to a little private area of his own. When no females are present, the male birds will be dancing, whirring round like Dervishes, and sparring and jousting with each other. On the arrival of a female, the scene is changed. The males crouch down, immobile, sometimes flat on the ground with spread wings. The hen may simply preen herself, stroll round, and fly away again — on which the cock birds rise rather sheepishly from their prostrate posture, as if pretending that nothing had been going on. Or she may approach a male and nibble at the feathers of his neck, on which mating will be consummated.

Edmund Selous watched one particular ruff hill in Holland for weeks, arriving at his hide at or before dawn. Every male on the hill was distinguishable by his appearance; and so Selous was able to discover that some were more successful than others. One (a bird with a large and handsome ruff) was seen to mate almost as often as all the rest put together; while one or two birds were never successful while Selous was watching.

Here is Darwin's theory in practice, working itself out in every

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detail, — the bright colors and special adornments developed only by the male and only in the breeding season, and used only in sexual combat and, especially, in sexual display; the male with no power to enforce his desires, the female completely arbiter of her choice; and, finally, the evidence that choice is exercised, since different males have very different fortunes, and must leave very different numbers of offspring. The only puzzling point is the extreme variability of the males. One can only suppose that what stimulates the female is not merely beauty and strangeness, but variety. Variety stimulates; therefore variety is preserved. From the point of view of the individual male, size and brilliance of ruff is the important factor; from the point of view of the group and race, variety of brilliance.

This clear-cut case is of importance, because it enables us to draw pretty definite conclusions in other similar cases. In the blackcock, for instance, a handsome member of the grouse tribe, there are similar assembly-places for mating, — veritable temples of Venus. Here the individual males cannot be distinguished, but each again appears to have his own definite pitch or stand, and, both from direct watching and by analogy with the ruff, it seems that here, too, there is true selection. Finally in the birds of Paradise there are also mating-places, but in the trees, where the males dance and display their gorgeous plumes.

It is interesting to note that the evolution of such special mating-places with assemblies of males and visits by females has taken place at least three separate times in birds, — in the waders, the game-birds, and the birds of Paradise. The influence of mode of life on type of courtship is another problem that can be followed out in birds. Where there is polygamy and where the female alone broods the eggs and cares for the young, there we find the greatest disparity in color and courtship-behavior between the sexes. The female is generally drab, protectively colored; the male, *per contra*, brilliant, and alone participating in display. Since there is polygamy (or promiscuity), the successful male will imprint his characters on a larger number of descendants, — and so display-brilliance will be at a premium. While, since he plays no biologically useful rôle after fertilization is once effected, there is less need for protective color, since it does not much matter whether he be killed or no.

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Most birds are monogamous, however, at least for the season (or sometimes only for a single brood, — like the American wren, which as bird-banding experiments have shown, usually changes partners between the first and second broods of a single year). Most of the largest group of monogamous birds, the song-birds proper, have their whole sex-life hinge on what we may call the territorial system. They have their young hatched naked and helpless, needing abundant food for their growth, and liable to die of cold if left too long unbrooded. Hence it is necessary, first, for both parent birds to feed the young; second, for the presence round the nest of an area sufficiently large to supply the youngs' needs, and not trespassed upon by other food-seeking parents of the same species. This is ensured through an extension of the instinct, nearly universal among birds, to resent intrusion into the area round the actual or future nest-site.

Even in colonial nesters, like egrets or guillemots, the defended area exists, though it may be only a couple of feet across. In what we may call the true territorial birds, or birds with feeding as well as nesting territory, the course of events is as follows (I follow in this particular Eliot Howard's admirable description of the course of events in the European warblers or *Sylviinæ*). The males are first on the breeding-grounds. If the species be a spring migrant, the males generally migrate north a week or so ahead of the females. Arrived, they take possession of an area — a territory — sometimes without dispute, sometimes after a fight with a simultaneous arrival or a bird already in possession. Then they begin their singing. Contrary to usual belief, the song of most song-birds is at its best not when it is being sung to the mate's ear, but before the mate has even arrived. As Howard has I think convincingly shown, the prime, though by no means the only, function of song is an advertisement. It is an advertisement of eligibly-occupied territory, one which serves the double purpose of attracting females and warning off other males.

When the females arrive on the scene, no immediate courtship on the part of the males is to be observed. If the female is alone, she simply takes her place in the territory, and the two are a pair for the season. Nature abhors a vacuum, and this particular vacuum, the absence of the female from a territory, is filled with the least possible fuss. If two rival females arrive together, it is

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they who fight for the possession of territory-plus-male, while he hovers about, an interested and even excited spectator, but without participating. Then follows the strange fact, which at first sight seems to upset the whole Darwinian apple-cart, namely that courtship and display now begin vigorously, — only now, after the two birds are mated for the season. The male vibrates his wings, spreads his tail, puffs his feathers, bows and scrapes, runs before his mate, often with a leaf or twig or other piece of nest material in his beak, and his antics may be so extravagant as to testify to the most ardent excitement within. How can this be fitted in with Darwin's view that these antics and displays have been evolved in large measure through the female's selection? To this, what we have learned from the lowly newt provides the answer. Courtship and display need not always have as their chief result the choosing of a mate. They may be, and indeed normally appear to be, accessory to the act of pairing and fertilization itself. The mind of a bird is a complex thing, and so is its life; the bird can not always be tuned to a sexual situation. The simplest way, it would appear, of ensuring that it is not always so tuned (with consequent excessive pairing), and yet of ensuring that both sexes shall be simultaneously ready to mate often enough, is that one sex — the male — shall be more constantly in the phase of sexual preparedness, and by his display shall both advertise the fact, and also help to stimulate the female to the proper emotional level.

Finally, there is possibly another and more direct biological

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advantage in display. It appears that in seasons which have been inclement just before and during egg-laying, the number of eggs is often reduced and the percentage of infertility raised. It is also known that all the reproductive processes of birds are very much under the control of the higher, emotional centres of the brain. For instance, a female dove brought up in isolation from infancy will usually lay no eggs; but the presence of a male bird in a near-by cage, or even the caressing of her neck with a human finger in a way reminiscent of the caresses of the male's nibbling beak, will almost always cause an egg to be laid. It is further well known to bird-watchers that birds' emotions are very much at the mercy of the elements. If the weather be wet, cold, or windy, they mope and skulk.

Before leaving this group, mention should be made of the curious fact that in all-the-year residents who are also territory-birds, there is an "engagement" period in the spring. For some weeks after the pair are in possession of a territory, fertilization is not effected. The biological reason for this is plain, — it is advantageous for a bird to be on its territory early, or it may not find one; but it must not breed before a date which will give the probability of there being plenty of food for the young. The physiological machinery by which it is effected resides in the female; it is only at a certain season (probably depending on a certain mean temperature) that the eggs in her ovary start to grow rapidly, and only then that her full sex-instincts arise.

Finally, we come to the large group of birds in which both male and female not only help look after the young, but also share in incubation and in the building of the nest. Such are the herons, the pelicans, the grebes, the divers, and many others. In them, neither parent is biologically the more precious; so that if protective color is needed, it is needed by both. Furthermore, their instincts have to be so similar in regard to nest, eggs, and young that the similarity, it appears, has spread to their courtship habits, too. For it is at any rate a fact that in a large number of this group of birds, and nowhere else, we find what we must call mutual courtship, — both sexes developing bright colors and special structures for the breeding season, and both using them simultaneously in a mutual display (which, as with other monogamists among birds, begins only after pairing-up).

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Anyone who, like myself, has watched such birds by the hour day after day, must be struck by the fact of their enjoyment of the courtship ceremonies for their own sake, and the further fact that the ceremonies are often what we may call biologically self-exhausting, in that the birds' emotional tension is often liberated through them, instead of being stimulated and leading on to actual pairing. It would seem as if these strange and romantic displays, — head-shaking, or diving for weed, or aquatic dances breast to breast, or relieving guard on the nest with ceremonies of parade, or presentation of a twig with wings and crest a-quiver, — as if they constituted a bond between the two birds of the pair, binding them together so long as the breeding season lasted by emotional links. And after all, why not? Does not something similar obtain in human society? And does it not there play a valuable rôle, in cementing with love and joy the racially important edifice of the family? And if it has this value in man, why not in these birds, for whom too the coöperation of both parents for the good of the family is essential?

Here then we see display pressed, not merely into the service of one male against the rest, not merely facilitating fertilization, but into that of the super-individual unit, the family. And it is interesting that the family life of birds attains its highest development in these forms which have, we may say, "equal sex rights."

In yet other cases we see display becoming social, and courtship tending (as again sometimes in man) to be again diverted from its original character of individual wooing, this time toward the publicity of the dance. Among birds I myself have investigated, this is best seen in the oyster-catcher, the bold black and white shore bird, with red bill, sometimes known as sea-pie. Gatherings of eight or ten birds of this species may be seen in spring, all careering around together in their stiff courtship attitude with neck outthrust and long bill pointing vertically downwards, and a piercing noise of trilled piping issuing from their throats. Observation revealed that this is not only the commonest form of display, but the only one used while on the ground; that it may be employed by the male alone, or mutually by male and female together; and that in addition to its courtship function it expresses jealous hostility of other trespassing birds, whether trespassing on territorial or sexual rights. When, in a flock in early spring,

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courtship begins, other birds may join in the excitement; hostility reënforces love, and soon the whole number are careering round in frenzied excitement which is, it seems, neither sexual nor hostile, but social. Here the social dance appears to have little or no special function, but is rather a biological accident.

Psychologically, one of the most interesting things about bird courtship is the frequency with which in display the birds will carry in their beaks a piece of the material of which their nest is built. This holds good even for the Adélie penguins, charmingly described by Dr. Levick. Here the nest is nothing but a rim of stones round a depression; and accordingly the male presents stones to his mate as part of his courtship. Interestingly enough, this action sometimes becomes diverted to serve other instincts and emotions, such as wonder, — the birds will present stones to dogs and to men; and Dr. Levick confesses to having felt quite embarrassed the first time he was the recipient! Still another tale hangs by these stones. The sitting birds are all the time stealing stones from each other's nests. Levick painted a number of stones different colors, and placed them at one margin of the nesting area. After this he could mark the rate of their progress (all by theft!) across the colony; and found that the red stones traveled much quicker than the rest. This is of great theoretical interest, for red is a color which is to all intents and purposes absent in the penguin's environment, — and yet they prefer it above all others. If a male penguin could grow a red patch he would probably be very quick to gain a mate.

Such an example also shows in what sort of way the extraordinary bowers of the bower-bird can have developed. These are a blend between art gallery and museum, usually a tunnel of twigs with a collection of shells, bones, berries, and flowers at one end. In one species a space of ground is cleared, and large leaves laid upon it, their silvery under-surface upwards. As they wither, they are replaced; if they are blown over, the silver side is turned up once more.

Among the mammals, there is on the whole little courtship or display by the males, but correspondingly more fighting. This probably depends on the fact that the reproductive instincts of the female mammal are more rigidly under a definite physiological control, less under the fluid control of higher, emotional cen-

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tres; the male deer or elephant-seal has but to guard his harem, and they will automatically accept him in due time. There is, however, a great deal still to be discovered of the courtships of monogamous mammals, — a difficult subject, because so many are nocturnal or burrowers, — but one that would well repay study. Among some intelligent quadrupeds, however, such as the elephant, a pleasant mutual courtship, of trunk-caresses, has been described; and when we move up towards *Homo Sapiens* and reach the monkeys and apes, we find a number of definite display-characters among the males. Some are to us repulsive, like the naked scarlet and azure cheeks of the Mandril, or the blue of Stevenson's

> . . . *blue-behinded ape that skips*
> *about the trees of Paradise.*

But others, like the orang or some of the marmosets with their mustachios, or the Satan monkey with his fine beard, are curiously reminiscent of ourselves, and we are reminded of Mr. Hilaire Belloc's baboon —

> *The Big Baboon who lives upon*
> *The plains of Caribou,*
> *He goes about with nothing on*
> *— A shocking thing to do.*
>
> *But if he dressed respectably*
> *And let his whiskers grow,*
> *How like that Big Baboon would be*
> *To Mister — So-and-So!*

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METHODISM

A Compendium of Significant Facts and Figures

ALL the fifteen branches of Methodism in the United States have come from the one stem. The evangelical revival in Great Britain in the eighteenth century reached America in the hearts of the emigrant members of the societies organized by John Wesley. He, his brother Charles, and George Whitefield were, humanly speaking, the inspirers, the leaders, and the embodiment of the movement.

By the latest authoritative statement the Methodist group within the United States shows a membership of 8,920,190. In this total five units account for 8,580,948. Of these, two major bodies, The Methodist Episcopal Church and The Methodist Episcopal Church, South, have in membership 7,050,918; the other three are colored churches, numbering 1,530,030. Ten bodies together have 339,242 members. If to its membership in the United States that in foreign lands is added, approximately 630,000, the total for the Methodist group would be 9,550,190.

The sequence of events gives the history in epitome. 1766, the first British Wesleyan Society in New York; 1769, Boardman and Pilmoor sent over by John Wesley as missionaries; 1771, Richard Wright and Francis Asbury appointed to America; 1773 (July 14) the first Methodist "Conference" in America; 1784, Thomas Coke ordained by Wesley with commission to ordain Francis Asbury, appointing them "joint Superintendents over our Brethren in America"; 1784 (December 24) the "Christmas" Conference in Baltimore, Coke and Asbury (the latter refusing appointment without election) elected Superintendents, and Asbury consecrated Superintendent by Coke, in pursuance of Wesley's authorization and election by the Conference: Adoption by this Conference of the first "Discipline of The Methodist Episcopal Church", including Constitution and Ritual; 1812, First Delegated General Conference; 1816, Organization of the African Methodist Episcopal Church; 1844–5 withdrawal of The Methodist Episcopal Church, South.

In organization The Methodist Episcopal Church has for its legislative governing body The General Conference, which meets quadrennially, and is composed in equal numbers of lay and ministerial members; for working units the Annual Conferences of which all ministers and they only, are members; The General Boards, — Foreign Missions, Home Missions, Education, Temperance and Reform, Hospitals and Homes, Pensions; for superintendence, the Bishops, with power to select as advisers, district superintendents, to assign pastors to churches, and, in general to supervise the work of the church, with special responsibility for that in the Conferences in the Areas to which they are assigned by the General Conference for residence.

The Methodist Episcopal Church has a registration of over 5,000,000 scholars and teachers in its Sunday schools and over 725,000 members in its Young Peoples Society (Epworth League). It has 30,000 churches and nearly 20,000 ministers. Its Publishing House (The Methodist Book Concern) by recent report shows sales for the last year of over $5,000,000, and a capital of $6,588,000. It has 78 hospitals under its auspices, providing over 7,300 beds, and representing property and endowment of more than $30,000,000. Its Homes for The Aged number forty, with a capacity for nearly 2,000. It maintains forty-five Homes for Children, with a capacity of about 3,000.

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WHY I AM A METHODIST

FRANK MASON NORTH

Confessions of Faith — VII

SOME college societies speak of "born men". They are the sons of former members. There is nothing gained by ignoring the fact that I was a "born" Methodist. Where heredity and environment reach an agreement the decision is apt to be final. There were Methodist history and tradition for two generations of ancestry on the one side, and on the other undisguised and active loyalty. When, at the age of eight, I made for my boy-self experiment of repentance for sin of which I felt personal guilt, and of faith in Jesus Christ as Saviour, in the way which had been from earliest childhood taught me, it would have been strange, had I not stepped through the church door which opened just before me. It is easy to see how I went into the Methodist Episcopal Church. I was reared at its threshold, and the doorsill was low enough for even a little fellow to step over.

But the question is not why I became a Methodist, but why I remained so; why I *am* a Methodist. The query put in this form is seen to be entirely pertinent when one recalls the large number of persons in the membership and the ministry of the other denominations who on suitable occasion will say, "Yes, I was myself once a Methodist." Of course, one admits that a brick once built into a wall, especially if the wall be broad and strong, finds it difficult to dislodge itself.

My earlier impressions of religious activity were not derived wholly from Methodist sources. It is in my boyhood recollection that interests outside the Church commanded the time and thoughts of those who most influenced me. New York was my birthplace and has been my home, or, as foreign missionary folk would say, my home base, for my entire life. The names of several of the existing philanthropic institutions of the city were with us household words in the days of their beginning. It was a Methodist environment, but into it came interests galore that bore other labels or no labels at all.

This study forces retrospect. It is matter of profound gratitude

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as I look around and look back that almost uniformly the men of other Christian groups whom I have met have given the finest possible expression of the spirit and thought of the special fellowships they have represented. Two warm friends were found in the pastors of the two churches, in the little town of the earliest years of my ministry, the one a Baptist, the other a Presbyterian. Through the one I became familiar with Rochester Seminary and the Baptist Church, through the other with Princeton Seminary and a large part of the Presbyterian Church. The fact that the one, in his doctrinal moods, called me a pedobaptist, and the other found in me an Arminian or, worse, as he believed, a Pelagian, disturbed neither our equanimity nor our friendship. I have for fifty years looked at two great denominations through Alonzo Parker and Will R. Terrett. And this early experience has been but the beginning of the personal contacts which, increasing in the interdenominational activities of the later years, have brought into friendship and fellowship the many men who have ever put into focus the very best things in the thought and action of the churches of which they have been conspicuous representatives.

And yet I am a Methodist. What began with me as a life is confirmed by the logic of experience and observation of the years. When I record what as a Methodist I see in the Church of which I am a member and a minister, I make not the slightest intimation that others must see it as I do, or that the same excellence, if it be such, does not exist in other churches. The fact that I state why I am a Methodist and am content to be one, is neither an argument nor an apology. In old-time Methodist fashion, I simply give my experience.

Begin at the beginning. Baptized as a child in recognition of my part in the redemption brought us by our Lord Jesus Christ, trained and spiritually stimulated by the teaching and example in both church and home, as soon as I could apprehend, even in child fashion, the significance of the "good news" for me, my personal relation to the church was solemnly defined and I became consciously a part of it. The other course would have been for me to have heard the truth through the years of late childhood and adolescence, remaining outside the church family and excluded from the sacraments which appeal so strongly to the

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mobile minds of the young, and at some time to have been arrested by conscience or circumstance, or both, and then through repentance for sins which perchance otherwise never would have been committed, and confession of faith, formally to accept membership in the church. Methodism has from the beginning been hospitable to the child. In her theology she finds for the little ones a warm place by the fireside. Her vigorous promotion of the Sunday School and its positive evangelism, her emphasis upon home religion, upon family prayer, upon the duty of parents, her persistent study of the child in his relation to the church, and her adjustment of method and plan to bring to the children of the church the requisite preparation for intelligent membership therein, are indications of her conviction as to the right of childhood in the Gospel. In the last official statement we read: "We hold that all children, by virtue of the unconditional benefits of the atonement, are members of the Kingdom of God, and, therefore, graciously entitled to baptism; but, as infant baptism contemplates a course of religious instruction and discipline, it is expected of all parents or guardians who present their children for baptism that they will use all diligence in bringing them up in conformity to the word of God; and they should be solemnly admonished of this obligation and earnestly exhorted to faithfulness therein. We regard all children who have been baptized as placed in visible covenant relation to God and as preparatory members under the special care and supervision of the Church." Here is no attempt to describe the ministries of the Methodist Church to children, in its vast range of Sunday Schools, its Junior Epworth Leagues, its missionary organizations, its orphanages, its homes; rather, only, to mark the significance of the essential conviction as to the relation of the child to the Kingdom of God and to the Church and to offer this as one of the reasons why I am content to be a Methodist. I like a church which deals with the child not as alien, but as one of the family.

In the matter of the Christian ministry much that is irrelevant is driven out of the mind of one who is accepting it as a lifework, if one is moved by an inner persuasion which can be accepted as God's mandate. With one's mind cleared of doubt one looks out upon one's lifework with a sort of impartial curiosity. Two

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phases of that life confronted me as, in a rather detached way, I looked at it, having accepted the mandate. The one had to do with the message, the other with the method. In both ranges the facts have seemed to me to conform to my earlier forecast of them.

The message was and is "good news", — the very best news that ever came to the world. The ruling motive, as I conceived it, was not its protection, but its circulation. The best minds could exhaust their powers in communicating it, but even simple and untrained souls could pass it on. The news was for everybody. Redemption moved in the great circles. It was not limited to a small group of saints within the great circle of humanity, nor to a segment of the great circle. All men everywhere are to hear the news and to have the opportunity to repent. And where the news comes to them and they are moved to accept Christ, and to put their trust in Him, they need not be told that by some immutable and eternal decree of an all-wise God they may possibly not have been included in the number of the elect. Both in England and America and now in every land the message which it has been and is the privilege of the Church to give to the multitudes is that which was rather quaintly called "a free and a full salvation", dependent for its effectiveness upon the will of the individual to surrender to its conditions and to accept its resources, — a will ever reënforced by the power of the Divine Spirit.

In these days no one hesitates to accept the high values in both Calvinism and Arminianism. They are two phases of one unshaken truth. The schools, — some of them, — still rejoice in the controversies which they engender. The message which is winning the world has place for the sovereignty of God, but its working basis is in the fact that "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son that whosoever believeth in Him might not perish but have everlasting life." Whatever else it did or did not do, the "Wesleyan Revival" and the organized work which came out of it found in John 3:16 the magnet to which all other scattered beliefs were drawn. Central in its history and in the present program of Methodism, the "whosoever" doctrine holds me to the Methodist Church. I believe in the message. Its warmth opens its way. It wins in the realm of the heart. It deals with men as they are, without waiting to explain how they got

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there. It stands the test as a revelation of the character of God and a disclosure of the desperate need of the human spirit.

It is with the message in mind that one finds the interpretation of the work of the early Methodist itinerants. The circuit rider has got into our American history, and, for aught one can see, must stay there. The Asbury Statue in Washington is more than a Church's memorial, it is a symbol and calls to the nation's attention those traveling heroes who, as was true of the first bearers of the message, "went through the land preaching the Gospel." The early Wesleyan preachers in America, with the exception of Francis Asbury, their leader by assignment and personal qualities, returned to England during the Revolution, but they could not take away from their American fellows the message. During the struggle and in the years thereafter, these itinerants were a mighty conservative and creative force. The historians have not overlooked them. For the most part, they were not scholars, but they had brains. They were keen debaters. They were patient and fearless. Their hearts were aflame. Their message was fused in the fire of their own experience. In one sense it was a "settled" ministry. They were settled in the saddle. A competent and judicial historian writes of them:

> Chivalry, romance unsurpassed in modern history, at least since the days of the Crusades, color all their experiences. Absorbed as they were in the value of the individual soul, their imaginations were not kindled by any dreams of ecclesiastical empire. Pictures of modern Methodist edifices or of modern Methodist audiences could have yielded them no inspiration. They believed and therefore they spoke. They had souls to take care of, and they cared for them in the best methods which their intellects could devise. Leaving to God the business of opening doors, and accepting for themselves the humbler business of entering such doors as He might open enabled the Methodist pioneers, as it enables all the elect of God, to do a work of whose importance and magnitude the farthest-sighted of them all had only faint and uncertain glimpses.

Theodore Roosevelt once paid tribute to these heroic men in words worth record here:

> We were a nation of pioneers. In the hard and cruel life of the border there was much to pull the frontiersman down. If left to himself without moral teaching and moral guidance . . . sad would have been his, and, therefore, our fate. From this fate we have been largely rescued by the fact that together with the rest of the pioneers went the pioneer preachers; and all honor be to Methodism for the

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> large proportion of those pioneer preachers which it furnished. These preachers were men . . . who suffered and overcame every hardship in common with their flock, and who, in common with their flock, endured. That is the kind of leadership that counts. And, in addition, they tamed the wild and fierce spirit of their fellow pioneers. . . . (They) warred against the forces of spiritual evil with the same fiery zeal and energy that they and their fellows showed in the conquest of a rugged continent. They had in them the heroic spirit, the spirit that scorns ease if it must be purchased by failure to do duty, the spirit that courts risk and a life of hard endeavor if the goal to be reached is really worth attaining. Great is our debt to these men and scant the patience we need show toward their critics.

When I consider these men, I count myself unworthy of their fellowship, but happy indeed, if I may, to belong to it.

One must still consider the message if the worldwide expansion of Methodism is to be understood. Wesley gave his followers doctrines, it is true, but chiefly he gave them a spirit and a method. As to range he fixed no limit. It is probably not known just how much he meant when he said, "The world is my parish," but his successors have found no difficulty in the interpretation. His organization was not a church, but a movement. Crystallization into statement and form has been inevitable, but Methodism is a stream, not an inland sea. It does not simply reflect the skies and lap the pebbly beaches of its own shores, but it finds channels, or makes them, into other climates and out upon other levels. This is characteristic of the missionary purpose in all churches. The point here made is that it was essential in Methodism from the beginning and is in it an incurable trait.

One of my early Christian duties was to be the collector and treasurer for missionary funds for the Sunday School class of which I was a member, the humble name we bore being "Dewdrops", and the monthly accumulation of the silvery refreshment indicated was three silver dollars. The Sunday Schools of the Church were organized into Sunday School Missionary Societies. The general society was the Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church. It was established in 1819, the third of the great American Societies in order, being preceded by The American Board of Commissions for Foreign Missions (1810), and the General Convention of the Baptist Denomination in the United States of America for Foreign Missions (1810). The unhappy division of the Methodist Episcopal Church in 1844 required a

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new Society for the Southern part of the Church, but the division lessened neither the ardor nor the output. Recently the Missionary Centenary has been celebrated by both bodies, and surveys of the worldwide work are accessible. The slogans, the goals, the denominational achievements, the zeal of these ten decades of Methodist missionary work have been under review from every angle. The Church starts into its second Missionary Centenary with the conviction that it is its business to do its part to see that no man anywhere, in our favored homeland or in the remotest corner of the globe, is denied his chance to hear and to understand the message of the Gospel. This is the real interpretation of that consuming zeal, sometimes miscalled a sectarian spirit, which is found in the thousands of devoted men and women who have been building themselves into the new world fabric and of the tens of millions of dollars which, however inadequate to the need, have been a glad contribution toward getting the world to hear and understand the "good news"! A church which hesitates at no threshold where the Gospel is needed, and offers itself for service wherever the people are, appeals both to my enthusiasm and my confidence.

There is much more to be said about the message, but we must come to the matter of method. Here at once I am challenged with the query how, being rather keen myself about individual freedom, I can endure being tied up in a hierarchy, how being of a democratic spirit, I can be content to work in even a well articulated organization which I cannot control. Well, one cannot in a few words tell the whole story, but parts of it belong here. The Church means not only a testimony, but a program. The history of the development of the Wesleyan Church in England and of the Methodist Episcopal Church in America and in the rest of the world is an ecclesiastical romance. Here is a record of the development of form from the inner spirit as circumstances and reason required. Essentially the movement was a matter of life, — but since life means conduct, rules and method soon followed and grew into a system of action. Certainly the Methodist Church, — I refer now to the two larger branches known as the Methodist Episcopal Church, — is not a pure democracy. Just as surely it is not an autocracy. The ministry is made by the people. No man secures orders except by the suffrage of those who with him are

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first licensed by the laity to preach and are by the Church through its proper agency, — District or Quarterly Conference, — recommended for the ministry. Bishops have certain authority, — authority which can be, but rarely is, misused. They do not constitute a third order in the ministry. They are not "prelates". They are general superintendents with duties of oversight, restricted powers, and extraordinary opportunity for personal leadership. Their administration is in every fourth year, at the General Conference, reviewed. The body which elects them and reviews their official conduct is itself as representative as is possible in a great organization. Within the Church, in its largest sense, is provision for organization for specific ends. The mechanism is sometimes faulty, occasionally "static" interferes. But extraordinary provision is made, in carefully articulated groups, for the promotion of woman's work, of Sunday schools, of education, of home missions, of reform, of philanthropies, of social service, of foreign missions, of coöperation with other churches; in a word the method shaped by the invention and the attribution of the years lends itself continually to such use and adaptation as, in the main, finds for the message its way of expression to the strangely assorted groups which together form what we call the world.

Within this organization there is freedom. Order is essential to smooth operation. One may think without embarrassment. There are, it is true, essentials of belief with which every thinker, while a Methodist, reckons. They are the very essence of the faith. They are tested by twenty centuries and belong to the Church universal. They are held to be Biblical, — theology which squares with revelation and experience and which works. There are, of course, many marginal notes, but they have been kept out of the text. Methodism has bones as well as arteries and nerves. There is a frame as well as circulation and feeling. In his famous tract on "The Character of a Methodist", John Wesley wrote:

> The distinguishing marks of a Methodist are not his opinions of any sort. His assenting to this or to that scheme of religion, his embracing of any particular set of notions, his espousing the judgment of one man or of another, are all quite wide of the point. Whosoever, therefore, imagines that a Methodist is a man of such and such an opinion, is grossly ignorant of the whole affair; he mistakes the truth totally.

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> We believe, indeed, that 'all Scripture is given by the inspiration of God'; and herein we are distinguished from Jews, Turks, and Infidels. We believe the written word of God to be the only and sufficient rule both of Christian faith and practice; and herein we are fundamentally distinguished from those of the Romish Church. We believe Christ to be the eternal, supreme God; and herein we are distinguished from the Socinians and Arians. But as to all opinions which do not strike at the root of Christianity, we think and let think. So that whatsoever they are, whether right or wrong, they are no distinguishing marks of a Methodist.

When Mr. Wesley prepared a doctrinal basis for the Methodist Societies in America by revising and reducing the Thirty-nine Articles of The Church of England, he exercised a freedom with those articles which is at once an illustration of his freehand dealing with the archaic and a proof of his good sense in interpreting what a new church in a new land might not require. He transferred, however, with practically no change, the article "Of the sufficiency of the Holy Scriptures for Salvation", as follows: "The Holy Scriptures contain all things necessary to salvation so that whatsoever is not read therein, nor may be proved thereby, is not to be required of any man that it should be believed as an article of faith, or be thought requisite or necessary to salvation." The Holy Office can hardly be invoked under these terms. The rack and the thumbscrew belong in the museums. As a matter of fact we suspect that most Methodists are both fundamentalist and modernist. They are less interested in the tiltyard of controversy, than in the broad highway of service. They observe with interest the present virulent epidemic of intolerance. The liberals have it in as dangerous a form as the standpatters. The Methodist Church is largely, though not entirely, free from the infection. May its general health and such mild inoculations as it has already had keep it free from the poison that is in the air.

Of other reasons why it contents me to remain a Methodist, there can be here but briefest mention. They may be summarized.

The Methodist interest in education. Here is a story which reaches from the early attempts to establish "Ebenezer" Academy in Virginia, 1760–64, and Cokesbury College in Maryland (1787), through the efforts, wherever the Church became stable, to create academies and later colleges until at this writing there exist in this country thirty-six secondary schools; fifty-five col-

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leges and universities; and forty-four professional schools. Out of the fertile mind of a Methodist leader came the Chautauqua idea and plan, an educational influence for the common people the range of which can hardly be overstated. The Church holds that education is an evangelistic force, as witness its schools in the South and on the frontier and in all its mission fields. Its theory of education at home and abroad is that, while its schools may provide under religious auspices for the children of the Church, the doors should swing wide for all others. It unfailingly supports the public schools system. Its ideal of freedom finds illustration in the terms of the first charter of Wesleyan University, Middletown, Connecticut, established in 1831. The charter includes the following: "Provided, that no by-law or ordinances shall be established by said corporation, which shall make the religious tenets of any person a condition of admission to any privilege in said University; and that no president, professor, or other officer shall be made ineligible for or by reason of any religious tenets that he may profess nor be compelled by any by-laws or otherwise, to subscribe to any religious test whatever." This is an illustration, not a universal rule. It indicates, however, the broad, non-sectarian spirit of the church's educational program.

The Methodist conviction as to the position of women in the Church. The mother of the Wesleys is revered as one of the ablest of English women and one of the noblest of Christians. The work of women in the church has always been encouraged and in the development of the church's polity has been officially recognized. The offices in the local church have practically always been open to her. She has membership in the General Conference. She has control of most important interests in organized Boards for woman's work and is increasingly welcomed upon the General Boards. She is eligible to ordination as a local preacher, though not admitted to Conference membership and appointment as such to a pastorate. It is interesting to note that the Protestant Episcopal Church and the Methodist Episcopal Church both derived their marriage ritual from the Church of England, and that, while the former is just now agitated in the matter of omitting from the vow taken by the woman the word "obey", the latter made the change over sixty years ago.

The Methodist attitude toward reform. The Church divided

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in 1844 on the question of holding slaves. The withdrawal of the churches of the South was an honorable procedure. The moral conviction of the major portion of the Church was not shaken by what seemed a catastrophe. Twenty years later the slaves were freed. To the freed slaves the Church gave her help, to the freed owners the Church held out her hand. Unafraid, the original Church, larger by far than any of its branches, bore through troublous years her testimony against human slavery. As this is written, her Conferences, clerical and lay, are voting with practical unanimity for the plan which would heal the breach made eighty years ago.

In statute and in practice, the Methodist Episcopal Church has been for a century a total abstinence church. It has taught the principle to its children, it has been potently active in every organized effort to drive out the saloon, to save the home from the woe of intemperance, to put prohibitory laws upon the statute books of States and nation, and now it works unceasingly for the enforcement of law.

Methodism has been sensitive to the disasters, the distress, the injustices, and the inequities of the social and industrial order. In spirit and in action it has been from its beginning the friend of the poor. It was early a city missionary and its members were familiar among the saving forces in the dark places of the cities. It went into the Five Points, for example, as far back as 1849. In New York it definitely organized a city missionary Society in 1862. The General Conference of 1908 approved The Methodist Federation for Social Service and adopted a series of statements, remarkable for the time, in the interest of justice in industry which, in part, embodies in the action of The Federal Council of Churches that same year, contributed substantially to the social creed of the churches widely adopted by our American denominations. Not in every respect, nor in every one of its agencies has the church given its witness for necessary changes in the social order, but Methodism is of the people, in them is its life, for them it will give itself ever more justly and generously.

Methodists have believed in the nation and, as citizens and as soldiers, they have served it. The testimony of three wars gives them no uncertain place in the ranks of those who have defended the rights of the people or have fought to redress their wrongs.

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If this were all, one could not be content. This, numerically the largest Protestant Church in America, with vision and conviction as to its world task, is stirring itself for the international duties which the form of its worldwide organization and the essentials of its message demand. Should its spirit cool while its opportunities broaden it would itself lose, — the world would lose. But it has failures enough for wholesome humiliation and self-discipline, and it is eager to meet the new day. It is warmed by the zeal of its companions in the great onward movement, it is strengthened by their might, it is comforted by their fellowship. They have elements of attraction and of force which would enrich Methodism, and, it is not unlikely, add to its effectiveness.

But the history, the essential doctrines, the ideals, the world-wideness, the fellowship, the adaptiveness, the glow, the courage, and the efficiency, — in a word, the message and the method of the Methodist Episcopal Church hold me both in conviction and in service.

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PARALYZING THE CHILD

GEORGE DRAPER

TWO invisible and powerful dragons lie in wait for every child. One is the ceaseless pressure of parental interruption of the stream of psychic energy; the other is the system of education which grooms and lashes pupils for the leap over the hurdles raised by entrance examination boards. It is extraordinary that many parents who take great pains to respect a child's stomach, are ruthlessly disrespectful toward the youthful personality and mind. The result is an epidemic of spirit paralysis.

A NEW disease has made its appearance in our midst. It is not a crippling of the muscles but of the spirits of children. As with any new epidemic, people eagerly want to know three things about it: what is its cause, what are the signs and symptoms; has a cure been found? But when knowledge sufficient to answer this triad has been achieved, the disease is no longer new; many years of patient study have been spent upon it. Indeed, the task of recognizing that a new group of symptoms really is of constantly recurring nature, and so constitutes a "disease", often extends over many years and represents a process of careful patchwork like the assembling of a picture puzzle. Not only doctors, but mothers, philosophers, beggars, children, imbeciles, pet animals, and school teachers may bring in strange bits of information for the picture. The community then, like a great sleeping giant, opens one eye after another, becomes aware of discomforts at various spots in its body, brushes the pest away, devises a protection against its further attack, heaves a sigh of contented self-satisfaction, and goes to sleep again.

Such a new disease terror, for example, came to the people of New York State in 1916 on the black wings of the epidemic of infantile paralysis. But the task of assembling parts for that vivid and terrible picture in 1916 began in the remote past. In 1840 a fairly complete description of the affliction appeared, based on all the odd and unrelated bits of information about paralyzed arms and legs.

This scourge, however, is only a paralysis of muscles. Now we are awakening to the realization of a far more terrible infestation among our children and adolescents. This is the new disease of spirit crippling. Bits of information about it have been

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coming in from various sources for a long time. Child suicide and increase in juvenile crime, truancy, and runnings away from home, — ominous bits from the body politic. Books by headmasters, discussing without vision the challenge which youth flings to a relentless and oppressive system; other books about a teacher, who, from a hilltop of perception, changed that old system at great pains for a newer and more understanding one, — these are other bits. But the most appalling segments for the picture puzzle of this new spirit or soul paralysis are the physical and mental symptoms in children and adolescents which are causing parents to bring their ailing offspring to the doctor.

The troubles are legion and of every variety. The children are either underweight or overweight; too long or too short for their ages; have indigestion or the fidgets; are either listless and fatigued or strenuous and fatigued; there are also headaches and bad dreams, and ticks, and nerves. In addition to all these are the reports of "bad behavior", anti-social attitudes, and inability to "make the grade" in school. One remarkable coincidence illustrating the hopelessness of the parents and schoolmasters and their ignorance of the true nature of this new disease, was the identical request of five successive mothers. "Doctor," they said, "won't you please give my son some glands to make him concentrate?" Then followed lament concerning the boy's lack of interest in anything. "Why, as a little fellow he used to be interested in all sorts of things," one mother said, "but since going to school he seems to have nothing to occupy him, so he just hangs around at home or goes to the movies." It was after he had been at school for about a year and a half that this particular boy's indigestion and fatigue symptoms had developed.

With variations on this highly modern and likewise age-old theme, discouraged parents during the ensuing months have brought a series of cases so striking and similar in character that the disturbance has seemed to be of epidemic nature. The condition which had been reported to the parents by the schoolmaster responsible for each boy or girl was the same, — namely, inadequacy on the child's part. When the patients were asked what was wrong, the invariable answer was, "Oh gee, Doctor, I can't seem to do anything right. Every one says I'm no use, and I guess that's about the trouble." Further questioning and conversation

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always brought from the patients the same story, — that they had lived in constant fear, either of the ridicule of their more successful fellows, the penalties imposed for their failures by arbitrary and impatient masters, or the nagging of their parents. One boy implied a hopeless sense of inadequacy by answering with a discouraged shrug, "Whenever there is something important to be done, they give it to some one else to do." This lack of encouragement and insistent suggestion of impotence were often reflected in the common habit of parents of answering for the child a direct question put to it by the doctor.

That such a state of affairs could depend upon the actual existence of so many emotionally and mentally misshapen individuals within such a well-defined group of the community seemed unbelievable. Consequently, notwithstanding the well-recognized truth that the constitution of an individual has at least as much to do with the production of disease as the external agent, it seemed best in this instance to investigate, first of all, the environment from which these cases sprang.

On reviewing the histories, it was at once apparent that with few exceptions the patients all attended either well-known city preparatory schools or one or another of the so-called New England Church Schools, those fashionable filters to the universities. Within these comfortable and homelike surroundings which conceal stamping mills of tempered steel, very new, very perfect and pliable human protoplasm is being punched out into Harvard, Yale, and Princeton pattern men who are to be passed on for the College finishing process. Yet, at the end of all this twisted educational effort there stand at Commencement legions of helpless men facing life with no sense of direction and no objective. From this desperate state of mind the great majority of the supposedly highly favored group which is the subject of this discussion plunge expectantly, with unopened eyes, evading choice, into any available occupation for which no special training or interest is needed, and with no thought or idea of industry.

At various points along this thorny pathway which leads from the nursery to the college degree, children and adolescents are breaking down under the strain. But more than this, the foundations of ill health in later life are being laid in the strangling of unique personality, which is the rare and fragile heritage of every

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human being. The process might be compared to the arbitrary custom of the strapping of the feet of Chinese women, for the results are about the same, — an inability to stand and walk vigorously alone. It emphasizes again the biological truth that the process of growth and development, whether it be of the foot or the soul of man, cannot be restricted with impunity. Pains and aches and noxious humors will surely develop whenever these terrific forces are interfered with, either by restraint or deflection. Death of the organism alone can stop their irresistible expression. And as the sapling splits but is scarred by the rock which blocks its growth, so the growing boy will shatter the bonds of an arbitrary system of education if it interfere with the direct line of growth of his special qualities. But in this violent effort the delicate fabric of his personality will be scarred and twisted out of all semblance to what it might have been.

Growth and development in themselves are remarkable phenomena, but they are rendered more complex and amazing because of their intimate association with the forces concerned in the differentiation and establishment of sexual maturity. The puberty epoch is indeed a perilous one, for at this period the individual is put to the great strain of a complete realignment of his physiological and psychological forces. The organism changes in a few years from an unripe, unproductive form to one capable of sowing its seed. The individuals, boys and girls, at this time are being welded, as it were, by an intense, consuming, inner biological effort into new links for the inexorable chain that carries on the life history of the race. Because of this mighty inward wrenching the organism is restless, irritable, unstable, and displays all the countless vagaries of adolescence. It is a period of life where imagination is perhaps at its freest and fullest, but also a time when adjustment to environment is most difficult. Consequently, it is during these years that the sort of behavior called misbehavior reaches its maximum expression.

Furthermore, that elusive imp "Concentration", so eagerly sought by parents and schoolmasters for their children, skips away at this time, especially in an environment of coercion. And so, in this important epoch, the problem becomes not pedagogical but biological and psychological. The subtlest understanding and respect for the individual personality should be demanded of

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those who, like parent and schoolmaster, dare to charge themselves with the guidance of these new young specimens. No arbitrary system of education nor family custom, no matter how venerable, is good enough, because any system must needs entail the pattern-stamping process. There is little doubt that from the contacts which the young individuals make in this thrilling phase of life, arise such vitally important forces as self-confidence, or its withering counterpart, the inferiority sense.

In general then, it may be said that besides the physical, nutritional, and bacterial menaces which beset the path of adolescence, there are two invisible and powerful dragons lying in wait for every child. One of these is the intense desire of human beings to see their offspring "do well". Unfortunately, however, there is a nice distinction between "doing well" and "doing like father or mother" which is rarely appreciated by parents. The reason for this is that the latter desire is locked in the unconscious mind and impels us to be satisfied only with a "doing well" which expresses our parental hopes of reincarnation. As a rule a child "does better" if it does its task in its own way. This is never quite similar to the parent's way, but may be equally good as a personal achievement and in usefulness to the community. The ceaseless pressure of parental interruption, check, and deflection of the child's stream of psychic energy sooner or later becomes a bondage which dwarfs the budding personality.

The other dragon is the machine-made educational system which is now fashionable in America and in the parent institutions of England. Schoolmasters, no matter how emancipated and interested in the real problems of education, are tied hand and foot. The small-boy schools in the cities are committed to the task of grooming and lashing their pupils for the leap over the hurdles raised by the boarding schools. The boarding schools, in turn, drive the rearing and plunging herd at the gates of the universities. It is an herculean task, indeed, but it has been rendered easier for the schoolmasters by recourse to a well-known method of horse trainers, namely, the use of blinders. These effectually shut out broader vistas so that the quivering animal is urged with less fuss to the objective.

In a very able article on the educational problem in "The Villager" for June 7, 1924, it was pointed out that educators had

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little or nothing to say about how education should be carried on. As in all else, public opinion is the dictator of scholastic matters. Consequently, our parents and schoolmasters are powerless to save the oncoming generation from the crushing millstone of fashion. There is, however, a spark, which once was a consuming flame, that glows in the hearts of all children and which can never be extinguished. This is the instinctive desire to know, to learn, to understand. It is the spark of insatiable curiosity. But unfortunately to-day people cower, — parents, children, and all, — before the potent fetish of a university degree. Everything must be sacrificed, including that insatiable curiosity, in order to achieve this mystic parchment. Such a course demands rigid system and cannot permit unexpected, and for its purpose, unnecessary qualities of individuality to interfere by expressing themselves. Furthermore, the success of such a system depends upon accomplishing certain sections of work within certain specified time limits.

But this method is directly opposed in principle to the peculiar qualities of the human mind, — qualities of freshness and smooth continuity of effort upon an ever-expanding horizon. The success of human consciousness in learning about its environment flows from long unbroken periods of continuous observation and contemplation. A man would sit silently for hours, day after day, watching the habits of insects and wild beasts in the jungle; or, through the long stretches of night, gazing at the planets, would begin to comprehend the whirling universe. Concentration is born only of such opportunities; and when the stream of psychic energy has once been loosed toward some desired objective it is perilous to check or deflect it. Unfortunately, however, the shattering effect of parental interruption of a child's stream of psychic energy, — "Stop putting those cog wheels together now, dear, mother wants you to carry this pin cushion upstairs", — as well as the "period" plan of the school recitation system, is to cause nascent mental eagerness to wither.

It is, indeed, a common experience of parents to note the decline of curiosity as measured by the silencing of rapid-fire question guns after two or three years of school life. Have these swift new brains really been put to sleep, or only dulled, by the exertion of gobbling up artificial curriculum diets fed them in a series of inter-

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rupted staccato mouthfuls? Or, are they cringing beneath the crushing force of misused adult supremacy? No parent would hesitate to speak plainly to schools which insisted on feeding his sons six raw cucumbers with sardines and cream for luncheon. And yet, it is entirely possible that there are certain boys who would thrive on such provender. In the judgment of the housekeeper these would be the "good boys" for they would cause no trouble by needing special diets. But there are few parents who insist either at home or at school upon a respectful consideration of their child's right to its own personality. It is, indeed, extraordinary to observe on the one hand the pains parents take to respect a child's stomach, and on the other, to see their utter ruthlessness and disrespect for the youthful mind and spirit.

Of course, we may properly assume that all parents believe in themselves to the extent of feeling that whatever they do for their offspring is good for the offspring. But there is undoubtedly another motive behind this parental altruism. For altruism, like all outgoing environment-denting expressions of our individuality, is merely one of the countless ways in which the idealistic ego strives for projection, perpetuation, recreation. Cynical as such a consideration of altruism in general, and parental altruism in particular, may at first appear to be, it cannot be denied that we often enjoy doing things for the good of others, and are pleased when we succeed in forcing our children into behavior moulds which gratify us. There is, however, nothing undesirable in such an interpretation of altruism. It merely reduces our conception of it honestly to the terms imposed by the basic instincts of self-preservation and self-perpetuation.

Now these are not only very desirable but quite unavoidable ends. But the value to posterity of the projection of a given personality is directly proportionate to the amount of cultivation work done on the raw material by its possessor. The superimposing of small details of behavior and points of view is a futile and irritating projection attempt. The trouble is that the habits and conventions of families and communities become so congealed upon us that it is exceedingly difficult to project individuality through their vitreous coats. Consequently, it is far easier to pass on the coat. Indeed, it is as though we forced upon our fair and ruddy young charges some sickly, withered, and ill-fitting

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chrysalis. Much of this danger could be avoided, however, if parents would only permit their children to grow up.

Now just at what age the child's mind is capable of original thought and complete understanding, it is not possible to say, but there is good reason to believe that it is far earlier than most parents like to think or are willing to admit. For it seems to be true that as soon as the young humans are allowed to go out from under the parent wing they at once become competitors of their parents. Under these circumstances any diversion from the preordained family intent holds a menace to the idealistic ego of the parents. If, on the one hand, the offspring fails to do well, partly or completely, the parent suffers for obvious reasons. If, on the other hand, the offspring be eminently successful, more so, for example, than the parent, the latter in the very nature of his being must suffer by comparison. This intimate personal sting may be almost completely assuaged by the delicious balm of parental pride. Certainly, so far as competition is concerned, these reactions between parent and offspring differ not at all from those which develop between unrelated people. It is well known that among the wild animals parents and young are early separated and thereafter appear to one another as perfect strangers. But just because the power of familiar recognition and intimacy is retained by human beings, it cannot be assumed that the individual ever completely relinquishes independence and isolation of personality. Yet it is largely because of this intimacy that for a long time the child remains unaware of the restraints upon it.

The struggle to preserve and project individuality, however, begins before there is a conscious awakening of the true significance of its inward unrest and often leads to those tense and tremendous moments when the child stands at bay before the parent. This universal tragedy of parenthood flows in part from the difficulty experienced by the mother in renouncing the joy of folding to the uttermost her fast growing child to the protecting bosom whereon once the infant lay, or by the father to release the vigorously directing grasp of his hand from the little boy's shoulder. And so, between the two extremes of the orphan waif, who, unoppressed, leaps onward to success, and the pathetic adolescent still lashed to the parent leading string, may be found examples of every variety and degree of twisted and crippled child spirits.

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PROHIBITION AND CASTE

RUTHERFORD H. TOWNER

FROM a vice to be shunned, whiskey-drinking has become a badge of freedom, a declaration of independence, and a fashionable diversion, indulged by both sexes and by the young as well as the old. Prohibition has abolished rights and wrongs, and a paper "indulgence," granted by a government officer, is the sole test and criterion of guilt or innocence. A strange, new, Asiatic cast has been given to American life, and four arbitrary "classes" have sprung into being,—privileged groups who may drink with impunity

TO get a true picture of the operation of the Federal prohibition of intoxicating beverages in America it is necessary first of all to understand that the statutes and regulations create automatically four privileged classes: One, the rich. Two, all who have homes of their own. Three, all who were at home in 1919 before the Eighteenth Amendment and the Volstead Act became effective. Four, the Jews. A considerable part of the American population enjoys the favor of one or more of these exemptions; a few enjoy them all; and a larger and increasing number, though still a minority of the whole, are excluded from any of them.

Of these four privileged classes, the first and most important, because the most durable, is the privilege enjoyed by the rich. The effect of prohibition has been not to stop the traffic in wines and spirits, but to change it from a taxed, licensed, and lawful traffic of moderate profits to an untaxed, unlicensed, and unlawful traffic, offering enormous gains to those who engage in it successfully. They pay nothing to the revenue of the city, the State, or the country at large, but they obtain high prices, proportionate to the difficulties that they overcome, the risks that they incur, and the amounts that they expend in bribes. These profits keep the business going and only the rich, or at least the comparatively well-to-do, whose incomes give them a substantial margin above the necessary costs of living, can afford to pay the prices that return these profits. All of this class, accordingly, who have cared to do so, have continued to drink intoxicants since prohibition. For them, the statute has not stopped and never will stop drinking. It has changed their habits a little, but only in the following respects: it has increased the price that they must pay for intoxicants of the wholesome standards that were available at much

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lower prices before prohibition; it has changed the traffic from public to private, and it has changed the act of drinking, itself, from public to private or semi-private; it has created the new crime, and therefore the new risk, of open transportation, so that they have acquired the habit of concealed or secret transportation; and, as this is best done by carrying the intoxicants on the person, they have adopted the use of the pocket-flask; but, as the capacity of a pocket-flask is limited, the beverage it contains must be proportionately strong, so that it has become the habit of the rich to carry whiskey in their flasks, and to drink it almost to the exclusion of other and milder forms of intoxicants.

The second class of privileged Americans enjoys the "home" exemption. The statute exempts from seizure intoxicants lawfully acquired and kept in the possessor's "home". They may not be transported without a permit; but so long as they are retained at home they may be lawfully drunk by their possessor and his family or given to his guests. The statute classifies as an "intoxicant" any beverage containing more than one-half of one per cent of alcohol by volume; but the department for enforcing the prohibition law will, upon application, permit the manufacture of not exceeding two hundred gallons annually of a beverage having an alcoholic content exceeding one-half of one per cent, provided that it is manufactured in the "home" and is not otherwise "removed, consumed, sold, or delivered." Fermented beverages require time for fermentation and still further time to become mature and palatable. This privilege, therefore, extends to all classes of Americans who are the fortunate possessors of a permanent "home", where nature's beneficent processes can be given the necessary time for converting fruit juice into wine; and where there is also the necessary space for storing it and allowing it to reach a wholesome maturity.

The third and largest group of privileged Americans enjoys the "time" exemption. All intoxicants lawfully acquired and stored, in the possessor's home, *before the prohibition law became effective*, are still lawfully possessed and may be lawfully drunk, at the home where they are kept, without any regard for the strength of their alcoholic content, and without any restriction as to quantity or time. The effect of this provision of the act has been not so much the creation of a privileged "class", (the

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number of home-owning Americans in 1919 is too large to be properly called a "class", as to create three unprivileged classes: (1) those Americans who were overseas in 1919 and accordingly could not "lawfully acquire" a stock of intoxicants before the prohibition act became effective; (2) those who were in America in that year but had not the money necessary to buy a stock; and (3) those who were in America but had not a "home" where a stock of intoxicants could lawfully be kept and stored. This (3) is the largest class of all, because it includes all those who were under age; and its numbers are constantly increasing because, as the years go on, those who were then in their teens or younger, gradually reach maturity and find the prohibition law operating against them, simply because they were children in 1919 and had neither money to buy intoxicants nor a home in which to store them. As they grow up and begin to receive large salaries and to acquire wealth, they find themselves, by time alone, separated from those privileged Americans who, simply because they were older, were able lawfully to acquire, and store in their homes, a stock of wines and spirits. Hence, they find in their money, and in traffic with bootleggers, the only means of returning the hospitality offered to them by their privileged elders.

The fourth class enjoys a "religious" privilege. This is the smallest privileged class of all and consists of Jews alone. Its privileges may be exactly quoted from the rules and regulations of the U. S. Treasury Department and of the Prohibition Commissioner in the following terms:

> In view of the fact that it has been the custom during many centuries for Jewish families to make in their homes the wines used in the religious rites connected with the Sabbath observance, the observance of the Passover, and other solemn feasts, the propriety of permitting the continuance of such custom is recognized. (From U. S. Treasury Decisions 2940. Approved October 29, 1919.)
>
> Where wine is furnished by a rabbi to members of his congregation for use in the home, not more than ten gallons a year may be so furnished for the use of any family. (Regulations 60, U. S. Prohibition Commissioner. Approved January 16, 1920.)

The distribution of sacramental wine to Jews is in the power and discretion of their rabbis, and there is naturally a good deal of elasticity in the act's enforcement. It is, as a matter of fact, notorious that in Jewish homes, clubs, and societies generally,

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the use of wine and spirits is nearly as common and profuse since the enactment of the prohibition law as before.

These four privileged classes, who may be correctly described as enjoying the privileges of "money", of "place", of "time", and of "religion", include altogether a very large part of the American nation. The four privileges are not all of equal value, the first one, of "money", being, as I have shown, nearly equal to all the other three put together. But they are cumulative, — not only in the privileges which they grant but in those which they withhold. So that if it is your good fortune to be a rich Jew with a permanent, inherited home, and in America, and over twenty-one years of age in 1919, you may lawfully enjoy, under the prohibition statute, the most complete freedom in the use of the choicest spirits and vintage wines, lawfully stored in your home, and without any violation of the prohibition statute whatsoever; whereas, if you are a poor Christian who was twenty years old and in the Expeditionary Force overseas in 1919, now living in a hall bedroom and getting a small salary, you are effectually excluded from each and all of these privileged classes. If that is your lot and you drink at all, it must be of the poisonous chemical compounds sold by cheap bootleggers or furtive speak-easies.

The prohibition statute and the regulations of the prohibition commissioner, decreed under its authority, have given an entirely new and Asiatic cast to American life. From the monarchy of Nebuchadnezzar to the present day it has been the theory and practice of Asiatic despotisms that the most awful of crimes is disobedience to the commands of the ruler. This was never the doctrine, and could not be the doctrine, of a free people. Until the advent of prohibition it was never heard of in America. So that now we have a kind of crime that is quite new. If you take intoxicating beverages, your lawful property, from one home to another, and have a "permit" from the prohibition department, you are guiltless of crime. Without a permit you are a criminal. If you make wine in the home and have a "permit" you are innocent; without it you are a criminal. If you are a Jew and buy wine for the family table it is lawful; if you are a Christian it is unlawful. Guilt or innocence stand or fall by the fiat of a paid official. A government permit is more valuable than an "indulgence" in the Middle Ages. With it you are absolved and inno-

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cent; without it you are a criminal and subject to punishment. Rights and wrongs have been abolished, moral turpitude no longer counts as part of a criminal act, but a paper "indulgence" granted by a government officer is the sole test and criterion of guilt or innocence. One is reminded of the paper notes, good for twelve months and sold for sixpence each, in Spain a hundred years ago, which authorized pious Spaniards to eat flesh meat on fast days. Without these notes they were liable to punishment by the Holy Office.

That the prohibition statutes, Federal and State, one and all, are equally demoralizing is agreed to by all, — including both the advocates and the opponents of prohibition. They differ only as to the remedy. Those who advocate prohibition claim that the statutes are right in themselves and that demoralization is the effect of non-enforcement. Those who oppose prohibition ask for the repeal of the statutes. Each side accuses the other with perfect truth of seeking an impossible remedy. It is certainly true that the prohibition statutes cannot be enforced; and it is probably equally true that they cannot (for the present, at least) be repealed.

The notion that the multitude of prohibition statutes, including the Volstead Act, are demoralizing and lead to disregard of all laws, simply because these are not enforced, is part of the propaganda of prohibitionists in their effort to sell their fanaticism to the American people. It is, of course, wholly erroneous and is founded on the same bad psychology that put the prohibition laws on the statute book. Prohibition is and always will be demoralizing to any people. But this is because it denounces as crimes things and acts which are in themselves perfectly innocent. In its definition of offenses, it leaves conscience entirely out of the account. The statutory offense is complete without any sense of guilt on the part of the accused or even without any knowledge of the acts constituting a crime.

Take the following examples:

(1) A man takes his friend motoring and the friend, unknown to his host, takes a bottle of whiskey. The car is stopped and searched and on discovery of the whiskey, it is seized and forfeited, although the owner was quite ignorant of the fact that there was any whiskey aboard.

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(2) A patient is suddenly stricken with pneumonia. The doctor orders whiskey but is unable to prescribe it on blanks furnished by the prohibition department because their number is limited and his stock is exhausted. A friend who is hurriedly telephoned, takes a bottle of whiskey from his own stock and hurries to the patient's bedside. For this act of mercy the conscience is entirely clear, but he has nevertheless committed a statutory crime.

(3) A lady from a Western city, an earnest church worker, visits New York to do some Christmas shopping. She falls on the city pavement and breaks her hip which necessitates her confinement for weeks in a New York hospital. At home the family Christmas dinner has always been celebrated with the accompaniment of champagne, of which they have an ample stock lawfully acquired before the prohibition law became effective. To cheer the invalid the whole family come on to eat their Christmas dinner at her bedside in the New York hospital, but they are unable to bring with them the customary champagne for the celebration because it would be a crime. A New York friend comes to their relief by sending a bottle of champagne to the hospital, concealed in a basket of flowers. For taking it from his home to the florist, he is a criminal. For taking it in the flowers to the hospital, the florist's driver is likewise a criminal and his vehicle is subject to confiscation. Finally, the hospital itself, the nurse who carries it to the patient's room, and all the participants in it away from home, may all be criminals.

These are not fanciful or exaggerated examples. Each is an actual violation of prohibition statutes and if such statutes are to be "enforced" as fanatics demand, each of these acts must be prosecuted and punished. Charity and benevolence, taking wines to the sick and the bedridden, are converted by statutory definition from acts of mercy to crimes against the State. To persuade a whole people that generosity is a crime is absurd and impossible. The more drastic the attempts to enforce such a statute the more absurd it becomes. The prohibition enforcement officers probably do not in fact frustrate one attempt in ten thousand to disobey the law. It is disobeyed regularly and habitually with a perfectly good conscience by millions of perfectly good American citizens.

While its demoralizing effect is not the result of disobedience, it is demoralizing nevertheless, to the younger and rising genera-

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tion of Americans because it attempts to mould their plastic minds into utterly false ideals of right and wrong. It demands that their sense of crime and wickedness shall be utterly dissociated from conscience or a sense of guilt; that they must believe that acts quite innocent in themselves are just as wicked and just as criminal as burglary, theft, and murder. They are told by prohibitionists that it is no worse to steal than to carry in their pockets a flask of whiskey to a sick bed, a football game, a dinner, or a dance. And as the prohibition law has restored whiskey to popular esteem and the carrying of hip pocket-flasks has become a universal habit, the young are being taught that stealing is no worse than this. The result of such teachings is not to stop the habit of carrying flasks, — the prohibition law has made that universally popular, — but to teach the young that grave moral crimes are no worse than drinking; and therefore that stealing is not so bad after all.

The effect of such teachings has been briefly and accurately stated by Lecky: "In circles where smoking, or field sports, or going to the play, or reading novels, or indulging in any boisterous games or in the most harmless Sunday amusements are treated as if they were grave moral offenses, young men constantly grow up who end by looking on grave moral offenses as not worse than these things. They lose all sense of proportion or perspective in morals, and those who are always straining at gnats are often peculiarly apt to swallow camels."

All prohibitions of things not morally wrong have the same effect and all are equally and necessarily demoralizing. When an act, innocent in itself, is by statute made a crime and is prosecuted and punished as such by the State, the effect upon the populace, which includes the rising generation, is a general disregard of all criminal and penal statutes. If *mala prohibita* are punished like *mala per se*, then the latter are not worse than the former. If the honest and peaceful trafficker in forbidden beverages is hunted down, prosecuted, and punished, then the robber and hijacker who breaks into homes and steals liquor from its lawful possessors is no worse, and is in no greater danger of prosecution and punishment. The standards of civilization are abandoned and men return to a state of primitive savagery where property is seized by violence and its ownership protected by

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equal violence. Thus lawlessness in the true sense of the word results, not because a statute is disobeyed, but because theft and robbery are no worse and no more punishable than disobedience to the statute.

The prohibitionists, worst psychologists in the world, refuse to follow the advice of Jesus who was the best, — "Resist not evil." While that advice was practically followed in America during the three generations that whiskey was untaxed or slightly taxed and cheap, the aversion to it grew into almost a national sentiment, — a mania with some, — and moral and spiritual barriers against drink created a sober nation. From a vice to be shunned, whiskey-drinking has become a badge of freedom, a declaration of independence, and a fashionable diversion, indulged by both sexes and by the young as well as the old.

ASSIMILATION

RECUMBENT
Pressed into the sand
With parched passivity, inanimate I lay
And tingled in the sun.
Up from the great green-shaded coolness of the bay
Crept accidental waves, that spanned
My outstretched arms.
I was no more a separate being prostrate there,
But a recovered creature,
With the earth made one.

— *Jane Belo*

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THE AMERICAN OF TO-MORROW

ALEŠ HRDLIČKA

NOT every racial mixture leads to desirable results, and the passing of the Old American has frequently been viewed with alarm by the champions of "Americanism". Now, however, for the first time under the auspices of the Smithsonian Institution the effects of immigration and intermarriage have been scientifically studied. A new American type is appearing,— tall, more sanguine, and perhaps less spare than the old; and, in general, it may well be expected to be "a wholesome and effective type."

ONCE every year the business man, the banker, the up-to-date farmer and ranchman, and every institution and establishment in the country from the humblest to the Government itself, makes accounts and surveys what has been accomplished, for comparison with the past and guidance in the future. Only with the most important asset of the country, its population, no such account is ever taken, except as to numbers, ages, and occupations. There is a geological survey that studies our material resources, a biological survey that studies our animals, but there is as yet no anthropological survey that would study the physical, physiological, and mental development of our population. Yet no country is faced by greater problems as to its population than the United States; nowhere are there so many ethnic elements being melted together; nowhere is there such occupational diversity.

Though in some ways the child may be more easily and profitably studied, a first step in the right direction has just been made by the publication of the results of the prolonged researches carried out under the auspices of the Smithsonian Institution on the "Old Americans". By an Old American is meant a member of that part of an American stock which has been here, without mixture with newcomers, for from three to eight generations.

THE OLD AMERICAN TYPE

Some of the salient facts which emerged from this study are as follows, — they are set down in detail so that the reader may be able to compare them with those of his own area:

The normal, that is, not deformed or diseased American men and women of the old stock, or stock not affected by the immigration after 1840, are shown to be the tallest of any of the larger

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groups of the white race. The males are over an inch taller than the average Englishman and two-thirds of an inch taller than the Scot. The averages are 5 feet $8^1/_2$ inches for the men, 5 feet $3^7/_{10}$ inches for the women.

Their pigmentation (skin, hair) is predominantly of the intermediate variety, both true blonds and pronounced brunettes being infrequent. They are not "Nordic" in type, except in individuals.

Their eyes, more often than not, are "mixed", that is, blue or gray or greenish with plain traces of brown; in one-third of the males and one-fourth of the females they are light without brown admixture; and in one-sixth of the males and one-fifth of the females they are brown.

The weight of the Old Americans is moderate considering their tall stature. It averages 150 pounds for the males (of the mean age of 37 years); 127 pounds for the females (mean age 36 years).

The head in a large majority of cases is moderately oblong (mesocephalic) in shape; in over one-fifth of the males and two-fifths of the females it tends to the rounded shape (subbrachy- to brachycephalic), in only one-sixth of the males and one-twelfth of the females is it markedly oblong (Nordic type, dolichocephalic).

The size of the head is good, especially in the women. In the well educated it exceeds that in the poorly educated, and in those using their brains the measurements show conclusively that the latter keep on augmenting slightly up to the sixth decade of life.

The face is characterized by absence of a projecting jaw (prognathism), with reduced cheek bones and angles of the lower jaw. In outline it approaches, particularly in the females, a regular long oval. The forehead, generally well developed, is slightly higher but slightly narrower in the females. The nose is rather long; the form of the bridge in the order of frequency is, in males, convex, wavy, straight, concave; in the females, wavy, convex, straight, concave. The mouth is of moderate width, the lips medium to rather thin, the chin medium. The ears are fairly large in many cases. The length of the nose and ears and the breadth of the mouth increase with age.

The chest is well proportioned in the males, but not so favorably in the females. The body in the younger adults is frequently

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spare. The hands and feet are rather long and narrow, the instep not high. Five per cent of both sexes were found to be left-handed.

The average pulse in the sitting posture and at rest is 70.6 in the males, 75.5 in the females; the average respiration 17.1 in men, 18.2 in women; the average temperature 98.6 in the males, 98.8 in the females.

The New American

The observations show, in general, that the unmixed descendants of the older stock of Americans do present already an approach towards a physical type which may be called "American". With this type there still occur fairly numerous individuals of both sexes who through persistence or reversion show distinctly one or the other of the older types which have entered into the composition of the nationalistic groups that have built up the American. But in a fair majority of the Old Americans these older types are more or less obscured and a new and somewhat differing type, an American type, is apparent.

The Old Americans, however, or those whose ancestors for at least three generations on both sides have all been born American, are in a decided minority in the population at large. Except in a few limited localities they are surrounded and are being permeated by newer elements which are partly of immigrant and partly of immigrant-native derivation. Close contact leads to more and more frequent intermarriage, and as a result the old stock is gradually dissolving into the new, a process which is further helped by the reduced fertility of the old stock in the cities. The prospects are, therefore, that in future generations the older type will gradually give place to a newer American type, which will be the result of a blend of the older population with the immigrants of the nineteenth and the earlier part of the twentieth centuries. Should immigration remain as regulated and as restricted as it is at present, the prospect of a further modification of the now forming type through these immigrants is restricted.

The interesting problem is, how may the great immigration of the nineteenth and the earlier part of this century be expected to affect the older type? The data show that during the last hundred years this country has received proportionately to its earlier components many more Germans, Irish, Scandinavians, Italians,

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Slavs, and Jews, with a considerably smaller percentage of the Scotch, Welsh, and English, and also less of the Dutch and French. Adding the new to the older blood, which, meanwhile, pure and admixed, has probably more than quintupled through excess of births over deaths, a population will probably result with blood somewhat more German and Irish, and with also a tinge more of Scandinavian, and especially Italian, Slav, and Jewish. The great bulk remains, however, in origin and descent, British; or, more properly, Western European.

But the problem is more complex than this. It involves uneven distribution of the immigrants in different areas of the country, and uneven intermarriage; and also the physical changes due to the American environment.

There are numerous smaller or larger areas in the United States, particularly in the central and western States, which have been settled predominantly or even exclusively by groups of immigrants belonging not merely to one nationality but in some instances even to a particular part of that nationality. There are many examples of this nature from the Pennsylvania "Dutch" to the Minnesota Scandinavians and Finns, and to the Southwestern Mexicans. In many of these localities these groups have kept and still keep very largely to themselves.

In other areas, more especially in the agricultural States, even though intermarriage has become frequent and the immigrant stocks merge more rapidly into the surrounding population, the newer comers from this or that part of Europe have infiltrated into these regions in such numbers that the effect of their types will long remain perceptible in these localities. The country in general will probably retain, therefore, for some generations yet, a somewhat speckled character as to the type of its population.

From the remainder, doubtless a large majority, particularly in the cities, there will continue to form a conglomerate; and this, through ever-increasing intermixture, may doubtless in the course of a few generations be expected to approach a newer blend, — the American type of the not far distant future. This type, we may surmise from all the available data, will not be far from the Old American type of the present, and yet will be somewhat different, particularly in physiognomy and behavior.

This Neo-American type will in all probability be, in the aver-

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age, tall, more sanguine, and perhaps less spare than the old. It will remain essentially an intermediary white type in pigmentation, head form, and other respects. It will show for a long time yet a rather wide range of individual variation in all respects. And it may well be expected to be a wholesome and effective type, for mixtures such as those from which it shall have resulted are, so far as unbiased scientific research shows, not harmful but rather beneficial, and conditions of life as well as environment in this country are still favorable.

The future of the Old American stock, therefore, appears propitious. But it should be scientifically watched, assisted in the right directions, and warned of its dangers. The same observations should extend to the oldest stationary and inbred American families of New England; to the descendants of the manorial Dutch in New York; to the oldest exclusive families of the South; to the sturdy Western pioneers and their descendants; to the old generations of American farmers of the middle States; to such interesting localized groups as the present representatives of the Pennsylvania Dutch, the Wisconsin Swiss, the Virginia Scotch, the Minnesota Scands and Finns, and the southwestern Mexicans; and to the Americans of the highly mechanized industrial classes, to the children of the rich and luxurious, and so forth.

Thus should be laid broad, substantial foundations for future periodical surveys of the American population; surveys, say, every fifty years which would be of ever more absorbing interest and value, for they would reveal in all their significance the biological changes which are taking place in our midst.

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THE MEANING OF THE EUCHARIST

MICHAEL WILLIAMS

THE Editor of THE FORUM has asked me to express "in a layman's language," the Catholic understanding of the Eucharist. What I have to say on the subject will be printed about the time when nearly two million Catholics (including visitors with residents) will assemble in Chicago at the International Eucharistic Congress. Every year this Congress is held in a different country. Catholics know why it is so important to do so; but those who are not Catholics may welcome an attempt to state the Catholic view of the matter in a broad and general way, particularly because the event itself is of a real importance to non-Catholics as well as to Catholics.

At the Eucharistic Congress, scores of cardinals, bishops, priests, and laymen, representing nearly all races and nations of mankind, will expound the sacrament of the Eucharist, and explain its manifold significance. Hundreds of thousands of other clerics and laymen will take part in the various meetings and ceremonies. As the climax of the Congress, a cardinal legate of the Pope will carry the Host in a great public procession.

The Host which will thus be carried in a procession such as the new world has witnessed only once before, when the International Eucharistic Congress was held in Montreal, will have been consecrated during the Mass celebrated on the day of the procession. A Catholic will bear in mind, however, that on hundreds and thousands of other altars, in all places of the earth, from the altar at which the Pope will stand to the portable altar which some remote missionary will use in the farthest corner of some African jungle, the same supreme Sacrifice will be enacted. He will remember that there is probably not a single minute of the twenty-four hours of any day in which it does not take place. And whether it is the Pope himself who is the minister, or whether the Sacrament is celebrated amid the highest pomp and glory of some mighty cathedral, or in the humblest of parish churches, or convent chapels, or on ships at sea, or under the open sky in the savage woods or deserts, the Sacrament itself is absolutely identical, the Sacrifice is one and indivisible.

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In round numbers, some three hundred millions of Catholics throughout the world thus believe in the Eucharist, and in greater or lesser degree form their lives under the influence of that belief. To them it is the greatest of all facts. God, the first Cause of all things, Creator and Upholder of all that lives, through the means decreed by Himself, at once offers and accepts this Sacrifice, and in this Sacrament comes to mankind as man as well as God in a stupendous and ever-recurring miracle of love. Compared with this fact, all others become of a descending order of importance and significance. This fact is the spiritual centre of gravity, so to speak; it is the spiritual law about which all others are coördinated, by means of which they are directed.

The Catholic doctrine concerning the Blessed Eucharist has been clear, consistent, and unfaltering from Saint Paul to the Council of Trent, and thereafter until to-day. As the Council declared, the Church has always held that Christ's words at the Last Supper, instituting the Blessed Sacrament, are to be taken in the literal meaning, and that they have always been so understood by the fathers of the Church and the faithful everywhere throughout the world. The Council then explains the spiritual significance of the Eucharist as the greatest mark of Christ's love for men, in giving Himself as the spiritual food of souls. The manner in which the Real Presence, under the appearances of bread and wine, is accomplished, is then stated (so far as such an ineffable mystery can be defined in language), and the Council confirms anew the use of the word "transubstantiation" as most aptly expressing the nature of what takes place. The Catholic layman accepts fully and unquestionably the doctrine thus defined by the authority of his Church. And he understands it so far as his human comprehension finds it possible to express his faith in mental terms. But his heart and his soul feel more, know more, and divine more, than his mind can express.

There are three all-important ways in which the Catholic layman sees that the Blessed Eucharist plays its all-important part in the life of the Church. First, it is, in the rite of Consecration, a true sacrifice in the proper sense of the word, as the Council of Trent declares, having the same Divine Victim and being offered through the ministry of priests by the same High Priest who sacrificed Himself on the Cross, only the manner of

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the offering being different. Therefore, the rite of Consecration, which is the Holy Mass, is the chief and central act of public worship of the Church. Without the Mass, there would be no Catholic religion. Thus, whether solemnly celebrated by numerous clergy, richly vested, at a stately altar in some marvelous sanctuary, with the accompaniment of appropriate music, amid lights and flowers and incense, or whether celebrated in any hole or corner of the catacombs, or a prison chapel, or an African hut, the consecration of the Eucharist is the indispensable centre of Catholicism.

Secondly, the Eucharist is a true sacrament of the new law, of Christianity. Indeed, it is the greatest of all the sacraments, for it not only imparts grace in its actual administration, but contains even before its human use, the Author of all holiness coming in person to dispense His grace. This fact is unchangeable; but the discipline, the method, of administering the sacrament has changed from time to time in the history of the Church. Since Trent, the practice universally prescribed in the Latin Rite has been the administration of the sacrament to the laity under one kind only, that of bread. Like all organizations in which there is the breath of life, still more like all living organisms, the Church may change, and does change, or develop, without the least deviation of dogma. The layman, being himself a living part of the body of the Church, sharing according to his own capacity in its supernatural consciousness, knows why there is and must be change or adaptation in function without even the least change in organic reality.

Thirdly, as the Church teaches, and as the layman knows, the enduring presence of Christ in the Eucharist, considered apart from its sacrificial and sacramental character, is in itself a marvelous proof of the love of Christ, to whom the Church applies the text: "My delights are to be with the children of men." So appealing is this silent and hidden yet most potent presence of God among men, that many among the clergy and the laity of Christian denominations not in communion with Rome devotedly maintain the practice of reserving the Blessed Sacrament.

Since Pius X, in 1905, issued the decree concerning frequent and even daily communion of the laity, and since the decree of 1910 directing that little children be admitted to the Sacrament

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at seven years, or upon attaining the use of reason, the Catholic world has steadily grown more and more eucharistic. Other spiritual forces, such as the growth of the retreat movement, and the wide extension of contemplative, or mystical Orders, with their lay associates, are playing their part in a world-wide renaissance of spirituality, of which the Blessed Eucharist is the centre.

From this resurgence of spirituality flow forth practical movements and actions of many kinds. Springing from the interior and working outward, these movements are affecting human thought and human behavior, sometimes obviously, more often silently, secretly, almost subconsciously. As a layman, I believe that I am correctly stating, in my own way, what many millions of my fellow Catholic laymen believe and understand as to the social effects of the Blessed Sacrament, as follows:

The central fact of human life is the Incarnation of Jesus Christ. Christ was God who became man. He founded His Church and promised to be with that Church until the end of time, and to that Church He committed the teaching of all peoples. All peoples, like all individuals, have one thing that God Himself will not interfere with, they have free will. They may follow Him or they may not follow Him, as they choose. All who follow Him have one duty laid upon them in addition to and, in a sense, superior to their corporate connection with Him through His Church, namely they have the duty of individually following Him, of individually putting His laws into operation. For this reason, all Catholic participation in human plans of betterment are conditioned upon the unalterable law: "Seek ye first the Kingdom of Heaven and all other things will be added unto you." Each one must seek first of all, his own reform, otherwise he cannot reform others, or reform the world. Not what you say, or do, but what you are is the primary thing. And those who accept the whole law of Christ accept His Church, because the Church is Christ living and working in the world to-day. Christ did not write a book. He lived a life, and that life did not and never will end. That life comes to us in the Eucharist.

The Eternal becomes manifest in time, — the Spirit becomes flesh, and gives Himself to be the food of flesh when the children of the household kneel before their Father to receive their daily bread.

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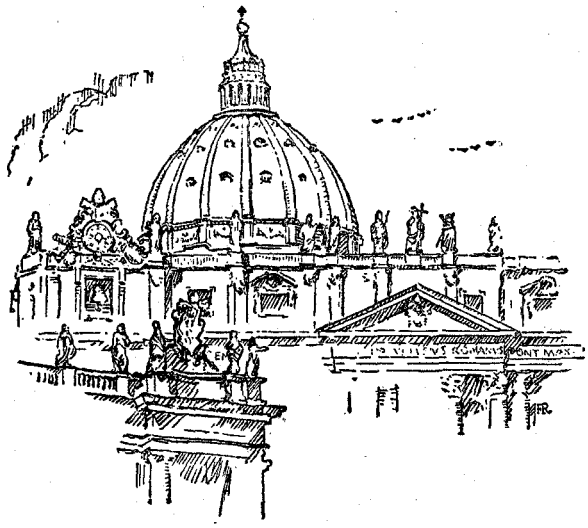
This is the centre of the life of the Church; this is its great business. For this exists the Priest. All other things are secondary, depend for their vitality on this. Not a Christ who lived and died two thousand years ago, leaving faint traces in the pages of history, and a legend in the memories of man; not a Christ gone forever from us save as our imaginations can conjure up His frail figure, or as our hearts may love Him wistfully, or as our minds interpret His teachings in myriad (and often conflicting) fashions; no — but Christ with us here and now, Christ in Chicago, as well as in Galilee, and Christ to-day, to-morrow, yesterday, the same, forever.



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LOVE

ROSE MACAULAY

LOVE! A stimulating subject indeed, and one which must inspire every pen, however torpid. How often have I been asked (sometimes by the press over the telephone) what part has love played in my life? Even if unable at the telephone to compose a suitable reply, one should, in less hurried moments, perhaps reflect upon it.

Love. Love is the dominant motive of all our happiest deeds. Love, that is, of something, — of comfort, entertainment, food, drink, others, ourselves, or what not. It is only our more melancholy activities, such as working, and rising in the morning, which are inspired not by love but by that less agreeable master, duty. So, when I am asked what part love has played in my life, I reply, it has caused me to seek and obtain much pleasure.

But some people mean, when they say love, a personal love of some sentient creature or creatures. All of us are dogged by this; it is a destiny none escape. Many creatures love us; we love many creatures. Often our lovers and our beloved are by no means identical. Among those who have loved me greatly, but without much return on my part, are various representatives of the insect kingdom. If I walk out in the country in summer, I am pursued and caressed by droves of common flies; if I seat myself, a thousand gnats and midges immediately throng around me, kissing my face, head, arms, and legs. When I travel in trains abroad, or sleep in foreign beds, I am infinitely popular with the tiny denizens of these. I do not love insects, but insects love me. So do cows, bulls, horses, goats, beggars, and infants, none of whom move me to reciprocity. To redress the balance, I have all my life loved in vain squirrels and actors; and neither of these will take any notice of me. But the affection between myself and most dogs is a mutual affair; so, I find, is the lack of it between me and most cats. I am pleased when dogs seem to love me, for I deduce from fiction that dogs know a good character from a bad, and prefer the former. I feel sure that cats are less discriminating, and have a poorer moral judgment. I do not desire the love of cats.

As to human beings, of course the best thing is to love such

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men, women, and children as love you, then will you be the less bored by their attentions. Unwanted love may have its uses, but on the whole it is a tedious gift. On the other hand, I have never had the slightest objection to lavishing devotion on those who do not return it, for this is only tedious to the recipients, not to me. And often the recipients have not even known of the gift that was theirs. Did Sir George Alexander or Sir Martin Harvey know of the hopeless passion that tore a childish breast at the sight of Rudolf Rassendyl, sword in hand, keeping his enemies at bay, or of Sidney Carton stepping out to the guillotine to do a far better thing than he had ever done? Had they known, little would they have recked, amid the plaudits of maturer multitudes. Did one's seniors at school know of the devotion laid at their unheeding feet as they dashed so efficiently about the hockey field or looked in calm sixth-form pride from their Olympian heights at the small fry beneath them? Indeed, they must have known of it, for had they not been small fry themselves? But theirs not to single out for recognition one youthful worshipper from another.

As to that queer phenomenon known so aptly as falling in love, how often it occurs in the average lifetime, from the cradle to the grave! Children fall in love with each other, with animals, with attractive and dashing elders, with heroes and heroines of literature, drama, and history. Never, as a child, did I visit a theatre without falling deeply into passionate love with one or several of the persons who played their little parts before me. This happens to me now more seldom and less seriously, though it can still occur. Before the excitements of real life, as the child matures, this passion for the creatures of imagination is apt to pale. It is more stirring and more gratifying to love and to be loved by living persons. Minor, but actual, love affairs are the fancy pastries of adolescent life, while the more permanent but less exciting love of family and friends is as its daily bread and butter.

But I was never able, as an adolescent, to rid myself of a slight contempt for love. I might feel it, but it seemed to me, nevertheless, an interference with the true business of life, which I saw as physical adventure. To go round the world, to explore new lands, to join Polar expeditions, to travel through primeval forests, armed to the teeth against hostile attack, — these appealed to my girlish imagination as the true ends of our life here below; and

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my brothers and sisters and I could not help feeling that love was a rather tame and soppy emotion, which tended to interfere with action, even as it interfered with adventure in fiction. I thought meanly of it. It appeared to me nearly the dullest of the Christian virtues; almost as dull as peace. People talked of it and wrote of it ad nauseam; they always have; and I could not see what all the fuss was about. Of course, I thought, everyone loves and is loved; but is the emotion actually as important as it has always been made out to be? Is any emotion very important? When it exists between men and women, it often, of course, leads to matrimony and a family, — certainly a hampering thing in the adventurous life. Someone, no doubt, must rear families; but it seemed to us an obviously boring destiny. We dismissed it in a lordly way from our horizons, relegating it into the class of jobs to be performed by other people.

I have, I trust, outgrown long since these callous intolerances. Love, of all kinds, appears to me now an admirable emotion, a truly noble, Christian, and also pleasurable sentiment. And of course I understand now why it has always, by all the animal species, been made such a fuss about. It is because it is the emotion which impels us to reproduce our kind, and this reproduction is one of the few things in which Nature, the single-minded old harridan, is interested. What cares she for civilization, culture, entertainment, the exploration of this world, speculations as to other worlds, adventures, philosophies, progress, virtue, constitutions, and the other human paraphernalia which mean so much to us? If she can get a man and a woman to love one another, to mate, to reproduce themselves, to tend the little reproductions with sufficient care to bring them into adult life, in order that they may repeat the process, then she has done. Continue to be, she bids the human race, and the other animal races; continue to exist and multiply. Quantity, not quality, that is Nature's motto. She cannot be called intelligent, but she certainly has a kind of dogged tenacity of purpose which one must admire. It is really, on the whole, wonderful and creditable what we have managed to achieve in her teeth. She dislikes all courageous enterprise, and visits it with the vials of her wrath; yet, little by little, man has wrested from her the kingdoms of earth, sea, and air. She detests genius, yet genius has flamed like a torch down human history.

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She loathes celibates, yet men and women have defied her and led celibate lives and died childless, pursuing their own private lives regardless of the continuance of the race.

Yet her power over us is still immense. She still makes many people, — women, especially, — regard love, marriage, and family-rearing as the be-all and end-all of life. She has, with a snigger, recognized that human beings possess a queer imaginative and poetic faculty which she does not understand, and cynically she uses this for her ends, seeing to it that love, her special darling, shall occupy an exalted place in the imaginative and creative life of men and women. Since they will waste their time dreaming and poetizing, one imagines her saying, with an indifferent shrug, let them dream and poetize to some purpose; let them transfigure love with their poetry, cloak it with their dreams, turning the crude cry for "more human beings, please!" into a romance. All this she has most successfully achieved, with our help. And for this we should be grateful, as much beauty has come out of it. But she has also driven humanity into follies and vulgarities, such as the primitive jest at the celibate, and especially (for some reason of Nature's that is not wholly clear) at celibate women. Spinsters, old maids, — Nature's loathing of these women who have defied her is shown in humanity's gibes, once common, and even to-day not wholly, in all classes, a thing of the past. Perhaps, in spite of the gradual defeat and taming of Nature which civilization entails, desire for the continued existence of our race will always fill the majority with a vague disapproval of those idle ones who are not assisting in this great work. Idle indifference to its future is a tacit insult to the race, which it half consciously resents. Lovers, mothers, fathers, — these useful creatures will always be the world's models. Clergymen will praise them from pulpits, commenting on the fullness of their quivers and their cradles, telling them that humanity's future is in their hands, as, indeed, it is. It is a wonderful destiny, to be a link in such a chain.

So much for matrimonial and parental love, on the whole two very well thought of kinds.

There are, of course, many other kinds, less generally admired, and I once knew a man who loved a hen.

Many things, true and untrue, have been said about love. St

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John raised a question about it which testifies to his beautiful nature, but which is not generally applicable. "He that loveth not his brother whom he hath seen," he wrote, "how shall he love God, whom he hath not seen?" But with many people, seeing them is just the difficulty, and the argument would seem better the other way round.

However, I have not time to begin now to investigate the various statements which have been made about love. There is probably no one who has not, at one time or another, mentioned it. No doubt we shall continue to do so.

ONCE

I HAD a friend and the world came after,
Half of the time we were sick from laughter.
We used to lie in an apple tree
Watching a bird and a bumble-bee,
Or sunlight crumbling the upturned sod,
Talking of this and that and God.
Ancient problems of abstract soul
We settled over the fruit we stole.

—*Dorothy C. Alyea*

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ON THE RIVIERA LEVANTE

Drawings by Thomas Handforth
Libretto by Pierre Coalfleet

YOU awaken when the sun, peering over an Appenine, levels a pinkish-yellow beam into your mirror. Beyond the balcony a glassy ocean is licking the lava rocks in your front yard, while behind you, out beyond the faint sounds and aromas of breakfast, a mountain all gray with the sheen of olive trees pours a trickle of *acqua potabile* through your kitchen garden. If you're one kind of person you'll go out the back door and toil up to a point where Nietzsche once stood conceiving supermen worthy of superviews. If you're the other kind you'll go out the front door, clad in the shortest of shorts, and take a header into what looks like a thousand square miles of Reckitt's blue. Your mind is absent; weeks and weeks ago you abandoned it on a faraway doorstep of civilization, disclaiming all obligation. Now you're posing as a mere mammal, though you may indulge a wistful subconscious yearning for fins. Fins would get you all the way to Corsica, a hundred miles

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southwest; arms and legs won't get you any farther than where the boat is moored. Climbing aboard and casting off, you glance back toward your houslet, gilded and flushed by the rays that slide down the steep hills. Old Sabina has brought the tray and found your bed empty, frustration writ large on her walnut-shell of a

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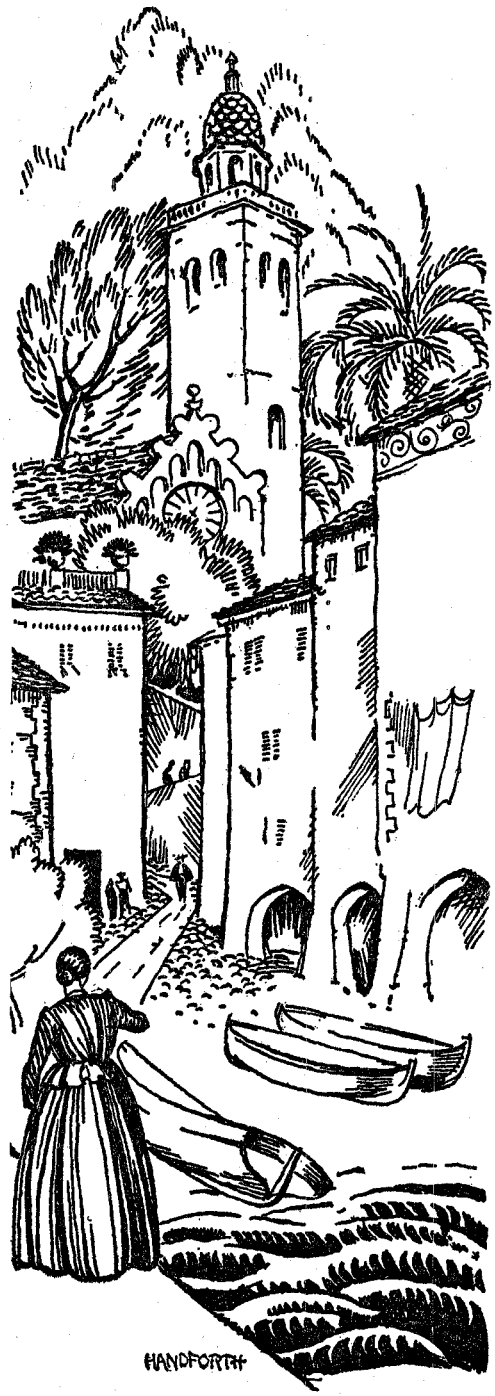

face. From the balcony she peers reproachfully out to sea, a black silhouette against the knock-kneed knights painted on the false windows. She is doubtless saying to herself, "*A, questi forestieri — sono forsennati, tutti.*" Purple bougainvillea hugs the sides of the house and mingles shamelessly with the vermilion geraniums and the coral oleanders. You raise your arm in a solemn leave-taking, feeling like Mussolini departing for Tripoli, or Napoleon for Elba. Sabina grows smaller, breakfast more remote, and the man who was coming to see about the bathroom pipes ceases to exist, as you pull away from the cove into the open Gulf of Tigullio, where fishing boats are stealing home from nocturnal rambles, borne on some magic imperceptible breeze. For half an hour you row while the sun dries and bakes you, then you drift, lazily, drowsily, now and again poking a bright green oar at a lavender jelly-fish.

On your left is Portofino Mare, a toy port whence Richard Coeur de Lion, seven centuries ago, embarked on a memorable journey to Sicily. The gaudy little houses stare at their

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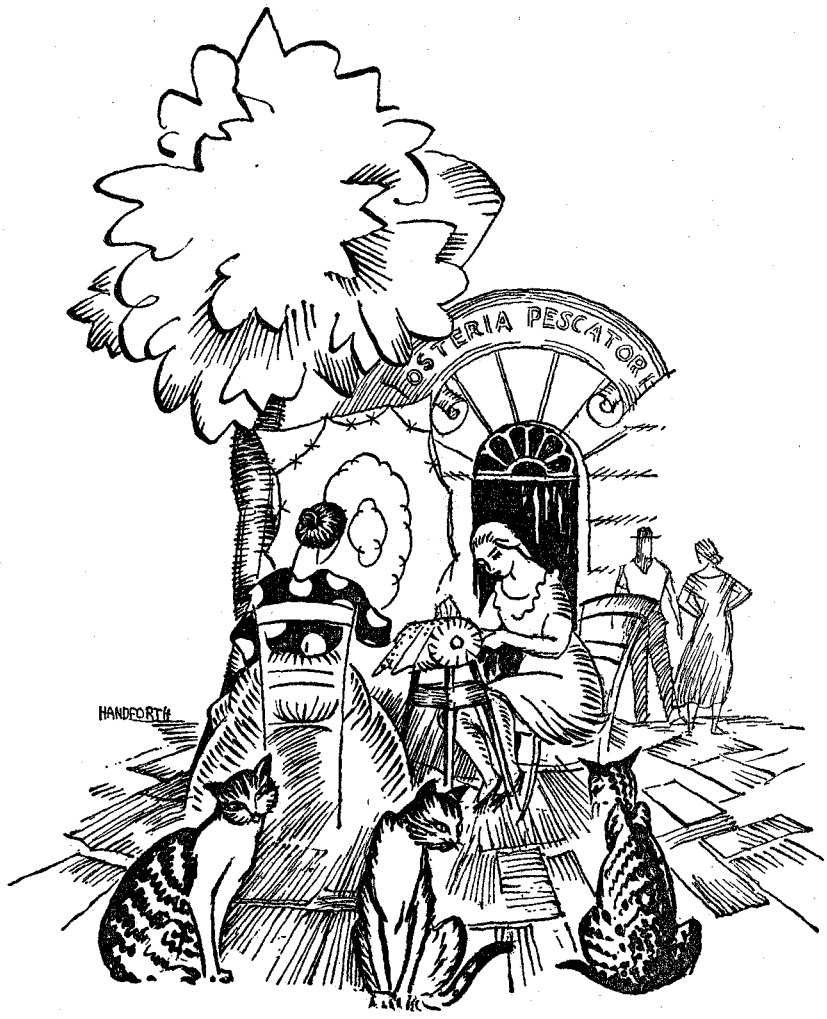

own reflections, their backs to the dark green hills. It might all be a set for the Chauve Souris. Already the lace-makers are seated on the cool piazza, surrounded by rickety cats who, since nobody will either kill or feed them, are obliged to eat indigestible little green lizards. Perched high on the promontory is the honey and ivory *castello* which the ladies in *The Enchanted April* squabbled over; a big umbrella pine grows out of its ramparts like the cock feathers on the hat of a *bersagliere*.

You leave it far behind as you turn down the coast past Paraggi. The bells of the old monastery of Cervara where François Premier once languished in captivity tinkle out the hour, and you catch a

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glimpse of saintly dotards in cream-colored robes. From their native France they have been allowed to come and await death here, *smorzando, ritardando, pianissimo.*

Suddenly, careering down the *strada* hell for leather, goes a sedate Victoria, its fringed awning swaying from side to side as the driver heartens his horse with high throaty sounds that come across the water as clearly as the bells. It is Sabina's nephew, the youngest and handsomest cabby on the Ligurian coast, — so he once informed you, — though his claim has been recently weakened by a broken nose which he got for an ill-considered comment on the dictatorship. Why such unseemly haste? Ah, of course, this is the great day of the regatta, — and the early trains will be worth meeting. Down the road he rattles, only half visible above the sea wall, disappearing from sight as the road curves behind a headland where a black and white striped villa is pretending to be a Saracen fortress.

The fishing boats which seemed so stationary on the glazed water over which they cast long shadows of pale, luminous blue, have gradually neared their goal, the cosy haven of Santa Margherita which has been tidied up to make room for the rowing skiffs transported hither for the annual *campionato* races. A cable boat lent by the Navy has marked off a course and two blatant launches are charging back and forth on a typically Italian tour of inspection. Instead of drawing near each other to consult rationally and conveniently, they draw far apart so that irrelevant opinions may be bellowed through great big megaphones, — the Italians being an artistic race.

Beyond Santa Margherita lies Rapallo, elegant and rosy in the clear morning air, the self-conscious queen of the Riviera. A few miles farther along the shore Sem Benelli's bragging, boastful, preposterous bric-à-brac castle towers above the cliffs of Zoagli

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and the coast line sweeps down toward the long beach of Chiavari, curving around to Sestri Levante, Portofino's twin, which guards the southern entrance to the gulf. And here are you, drifting again, inside the rim of an enormous bowl, on the edge of which little pink towns float like posies.

The fishing boats have miraculously arrived at the mole, and one by one their great triangular sails come down, — weary ships undressing for bed. In the shallow water one vessel lies on its side and the skipper, aided by his sons, is painting it green and blue and salmon pink.

Without warning, out of the horizon leaps a speedboat; it is making for you with the terrifying directness of a torpedo. Within a hundred yards of you it swerves, and you see that it's Giorgio out for a trial spin, frightening you to death out of sheer good will. A flash of teeth, a reek of gasoline fumes, and he's gone, leaving you in tumultuous seas, desperately hungry and three miles from the nearest cup of coffee.

You set the prow toward Santa Margherita, and pull like a galley-slave. Luckily there's a suit of *spugna* pajamas in the bottom of the boat which will placate the *carabinieri* who, in white cotton gloves, will be symbolizing the public proprieties on the street you have to cross to reach the café. It's now mid-morning and all young Italy is crawling noisily into the sea, fat and brown and happy. With a pellucid vasty deep to choose from they pick, with unerring instinct, the dirty strip of water near the drain

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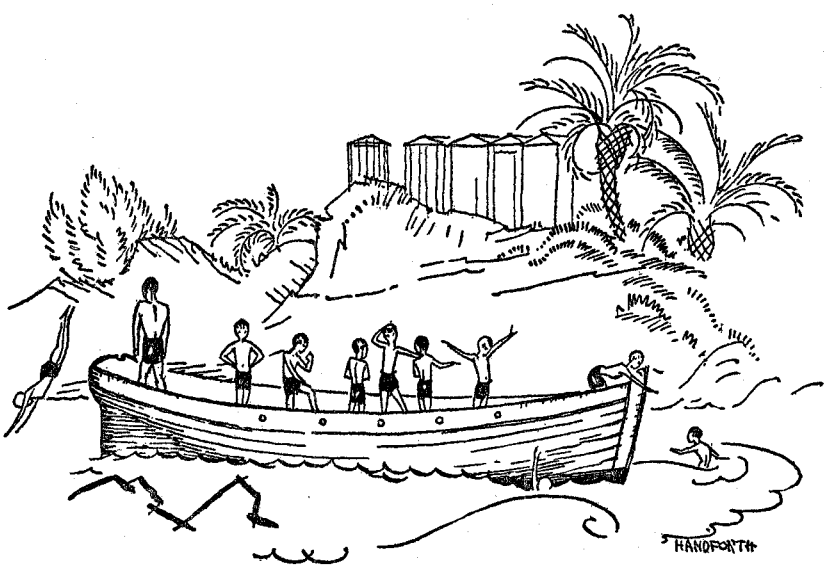
pipes. You all but collide with a life boat manned by a dozen little boys from the naval reform ship. As they splash and shout you find it hard to believe in their iniquitousness, though the word *Redenzione* is prominent on the side of their ship and discipline is being maintained by a harsh-voiced man who, from time to time, smites whatever boy happens to be within reach. In a way a perfect system, for the blows fall as arbitrarily as though administered by the hand of God. One little boy of eight acts as a sort of sheep dog; being an apt pupil he too whacks his mates with a divine impartiality; he looks exceptionally, earnestly wicked; you'd rather like to adopt him.

When your boat is beached you proceed in striped Turkish toweling toward the square where the life of the community converges. The ice-cream man is trundling his wagon past the statue of King Umberto whose mustachios and astrakhan cape are of heroic dimensions. Stalwart bronzed oarsmen are in evidence, — champions of Messina, Fiume, Ancona. The reckless old prince who gambled away his fortune at Monte Carlo struts proudly past the palace he had to sell for a song to a proletarian who oppresses the poor and gives banquets to cardinals. You hear a snatch of conversation in a language that sounds like a cross between Lapp and Flemish. You pass Maestro Giordano who has been working all night on another bad opera, and Ezra Pound in a blue shirt. Suddenly you realize there's nothing in the pocket



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of your pajamas but a handkerchief and some wet matches. Luckily they trust you, in Italy, — on the theory that foreigners are so crazy they're honest.

Bitter coffee, sour rolls, and muddy jam are your portion, and you sit for a while under the awning, beside an orange tree, watching the influx of visitors, people with dusty shoes and lunch boxes and far more clothes than the temperature warrants. You begin to entertain harsh thoughts of them, which will never do, for it may bring back the mind you've so comfortably shed. When you tell the waiter you have no money he says, "*Va bene, signore,*" which is pleasant, and you hope the cigarette woman will say the same, which she does, and you stroll over to the beach and there's Giorgio again, tinkering with the engine of his speedboat. You hail him and learn that he is putting the boat in shape for his master who will arrive this afternoon from Bologna. He is about

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to make another trial spin, as far as Sestri and will take you along if you'd like to go. You climb aboard, and in a few minutes, after terrific retchings and sputterings that bring young Italy to the edge of the water, you shoot out into the bay at an angle of forty-five degrees. After the pedestrian pace you're used to, this rate of locomotion seems positively lewd. It throws your small world violently out of scale. Thank heaven the engine balks again, and at Sestri there's another interlude for tinkering. You leave Giorgio in the act of reproving his Maker and dive overboard, striking out for the barca made famous in The Forum two years ago by Mr. Strachey, — the selfsame incorrigible blowsy "bride of the ocean" that wandered off and made up to a big dirty tramp steamer out of Naples. A heavenly barca with a crooked mast, a plank to dive from, and a pretty girl under a Japanese sunshade on the sands to notice how bravely you do it. So you do it again, and again, till Giorgio threatens to return without you. And you mustn't be late for the regatta.

But like all regattas, this one is endless: If you station yourself at the finishing end of the course you can't see them start, which

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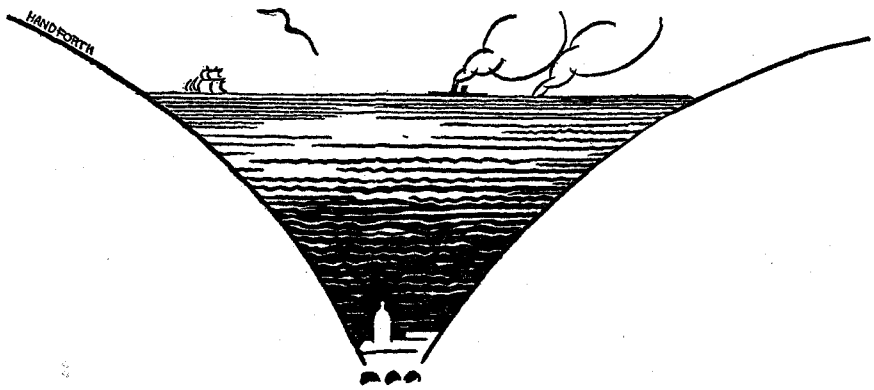
is the most exciting part of any race. So you row slowly back toward Portofino, longing for a tow which isn't proffered. You are tired; Sabina out of sheer perversity will have put the *pasta* on to cook, and if you're ten minutes late she'll grumble and say it's ruined, which it won't be at all. And the bathroom pipes will still be leaking.

You've seen too many people to-day, heard too much foolish civilized chatter; at this rate your mind will force its way back to you, which you must firmly prevent. To-morrow for a change you will go out through the back door, climb the mountain trail, and descend to that remote, lonely little cleft in the bleak outer coast, — San Fruttuoso, the eerie hamlet which lives by virtue of its two memories, that of the ship which was wrecked on its way home from the Crimean war, despite heroic efforts to save it, and that of mediaeval days when an illustrious family brought its dead in stately funeral barges across the water from Genoa. To-morrow you will invite your soul on the tomb of the Dorias.



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POETRY

ROMANY RIDDLES

Canyackor

THE ground is white with the drift of May,
Along the Gypsy lanes,
Where one in blowing robes of wind,
And emerald cloak of rains,
Goes sowing wide what mystery,
What growth of magic grains?

Boona Penchava

THE indiscriminate bee
Gathers golden dew
Out of the heart of weed or flower,
Of rose or rue.
Do you?

Killav

I CANNOT give the bread you seem to need,
For I am just the sound of wind in fields of grain;
Nor can I offer shelter of a roof,
Being but the tune of pine trees in the rain;
But make you pipes of oaten straw, or violin of tree,
And I will take the road with you and set your spirit free.

— *Edith Thompson*

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STEPHEN'S GREEN

THAT God once loved a garden
We learn in Holy writ,
And seeing gardens in the Spring
I well can credit it.
But if God walks in Dublin,
I think that He'd be seen
Pacing up and down the paths
That lead through Stephen's Green.

From tenement and basement,
From evil court and slum,
In broken boots and tattered skirts
You'll see the children come.
For them the unforbidden grass,
The happy water's sheen,
The flowered shrubs, the tulips' pride,
The peace of Stephen's Green.

They scamper and they tumble,
They wander hand in hand;
Watching the clamorous waterfowl
Entranced the children stand.
So poor you are or weary,
So dowdy or so mean,
You'll find a bench and welcome
Each day in Stephen's Green.

And so I should not wonder
Nor hold the tale untrue
That God has often walked there
In robe of skiey blue,
Among the little children
Benignant and unseen,
Blessing the man who gave the poor
The grace of Stephen's Green.

— *Winifred M. Letts*

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BUT WHEN A VOICE —

HE is young Summer's symbol and her soul,
The oriole!
Who will find a word for his ravishing note?
Who can name its charm, so delicate, so remote?
We call it a reed, a flute,
And that does not suit.
We babble of honey — of gold —
And nothing is told.

We could not spare the finch, the lark's gay cheer;
But when a voice as from some shining sphere
Where tears are not, nor loss, nor any grief,
Thrills through my blooming plum
Like vocal fragrance, sweet beyond belief,
My heart lifts in me swiftly; wakens some
Wild chord — and then for urge of joy is dumb.

Yet — though we listen, mute, ecstatic, stirred,
Adoring, — for the magic of the bird,
For that which strangely moves us in his voice,
That pagan challenge to a troubled earth
Too wise to hope, too heavy to rejoice,
That rapturous hint of something better worth,
There is no word.

— *Julia Boynton Green*

STORM

RIDE low. The darkling wind
In sullen fury rends the sky.
Black trees whip by.
Behind,
Lashing, the dust swings high
And blind.
Ride! For the air's shrill cry
Haunts through the mad, uneasy sky.

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Thunder! Swift as the darkness, shadowy, smashing rain!
Ride in your stirrups. Ride! Gold cuts the sky again!
Crashing, the heavens totter, swirl, and in reckless pain,
Strike out the stain.

Rising, the road sweeps with us. Water and wind and flame
Follow and swirl and thunder, dark on the way we came.
Mighty we ride, and punished; battered, and stripped of shame.
Joy without name!

Sing! The thunder's back is broken,
Clouds disintegrate at will.
Pale, and far, and dimly choking,
Limps the storm across a hill.
Laughter, mocking, echoes still.

— *Katharine Perkins*

PROFUSION

THE incoherent rambler-rose
  Has uttered too much bloom;
Her pink-white parlance overflows —
The incoherent rambler-rose
Stammers in petals, all she knows,
  Her thoughts have no perfume;
The incoherent rambler-rose
Has uttered too much bloom.

— *May Lewis*

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FOOTPATH AND HIGHWAY

By the Pedestrian

NEITHER — NOR

A PEDESTRIAN mind is rather averse to creeds and platforms. By its nature it refuses shibboleth, dogma, vicarious thinking. It cannot just step on the gas and skid merrily along the beaten track. It gets no motion from devices; it moves, if slowly, on its own legs.

In one matter, though, the pedestrian has been almost doctrinaire. Stirred by the disposition of most people to generalize life into alternatives, he was early and profoundly convinced that there is a good deal to be said for inclusion, rather than exclusion. More than half the time the sensible course is not to take one side of an issue, but to take both sides. In the first paper of this series he put forward the suggestion that a large part of the acrimony and altercation in our lives springs from our mistaken tendency to take an *either* . . . *or* rather than a *both* . . . *and* position. We are too prone to contention; we prefer "argufying" to argument. The whole show over science and religion, for example, gets its support from the contentious bitter-enders. War in the heart, like war on the battle-field, is bred from a malevolent determination to see only one side.

Now this *both* . . . *and* state of mind, what Augustine Birrell called "catholicity of gaze", coincides happily with the purposes of The Forum — "a magazine of controversy". The Forum believes that there is something to be said for both sides, that in the majority of problems confronting mankind there is no solvent like honest debate. The editor of The Forum is a dyed-in-the-wool Both-ander. He knows that Labor and Capital, Science and Religion, Nation and Nation can never settle their differences by biting their thumbs at one another, by taking a most unscientific and a most unreligious *either* . . . *or* stand. A friend tells me that she and her husband have an agreement, when they get to using "never" and "always" in their altercations, to stop at once; for even if one is right and the other wrong, one cannot use such exclusive language and stay right.

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But Pedestrianism is by nature averse to dogma. It is quite possible to be too inclusive. Conceivably there are instances where an intolerant *either . . . or* position is more honest than an easy-going *both . . . and* attitude. John Jay Chapman says that we are suffering from a fear complex. And among our various fears, many of us are afraid to stand alone, to walk on our own feet; we must join the crowd, climb aboard some abominable mental bus. Resolute choice of an alternative, where the issue is clear, is of course far better than meek submission. But such meek submission, it scarcely needs to be pointed out, is not a genuine, *both . . . and* state of mind. It is not really a state of *mind* at all; it is a state of heart, or perhaps of belly, little better than an *either . . . or* state of spleen.

The really great danger to a confirmed Both-ander, however, is not that he may in his catholicity lose the gift of choice, but that he may lose the clear vision to cry on occasion, "A plague on both your houses!" Robert Burns and his friends, in their rustic debating club, were given to arguing such absurd propositions as the question whether it was better to marry a pretty girl with a bad character or an ugly girl with a good character. In spite of the fact that Burns in his private practice appears to have viewed this question with a disastrous catholicity, the young men in the club argued with a seriousness which implied hope of solution; they were clearly committed to an *either . . . or* state of mind. It does not seem to have occurred to them that both time and energy might have been saved by an emphatic "*Neither . . . nor*"! For years I tried to decide whether I preferred an upper or a lower berth in a sleeping-car. Obviously I couldn't use both; I supposed I must choose one or the other. But I learned, in course of time, that they were only specious alternatives, that the real solution was "*neither . . . nor*".

It might be salutary to apply the same answer to a good many important questions confronting us nowadays. *Either . . . or* usually prolongs the issue; *both . . . and* is better, but though it softens the issue, it frequently fails to remove it; *neither . . . nor* has the virtue of clearing the air. "You are wrong and I am right" is a dangerous speech. "We're both partly right," the instinct of the Both-ander, may save the day. But "We're both wrong, absolutely and absurdly wrong" brings a new day.

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Among the alternatives recently offered to us is the unsatisfactory choice between the saloon and prohibition. Ignoring the suspicion that we are in fact getting both, we have good cause to resent the assumption that the alternative to prohibition is the saloon. Yet fear that it is supports many a pallid prohibitionist. What's the matter with *neither . . . nor?* — or in the words of Antony,

Look, with a spot I damn him?

Another hoary notion is that lack of efficiency spells inefficiency. It is about as sensible as to say that pessimism is the only alternative to optimism. The opposite of efficiency may be genius. Consider the story of the old negro cook. Asked by a little girl how much molasses she put in her cookies, she replied, "Jest enough, honey." Was she efficient? Not a bit of it. Take a cook-book and measure and work till you eliminate mistakes; then you will make very good, *efficient* cookies, — but they won't be a patch on the work of a culinary genius. Still you can with perseverance make efficient cookies; but you can't ever make an efficient flower-garden; nor, for that matter, can you be an efficient gardener in any important sense. In fact, there are so many important things, like making love or taking a walk, which have nothing whatever to do with the question of efficiency that it is an impertinence to subject man to a formula.

In public affairs the most conspicuous *either . . . or* delusion just now is the notion that the nations of Europe, perhaps America too, must choose between Black and Red. Not only monarchy, we are told, but constitutional democracy is doomed. Man must abandon the notion that he can ever learn to govern himself; the day of the dictator, whether Black or Red, is at hand. It emerges very soon, in any discussion of these two colors, that they are not very different, that they both spell dictatorship and regimentation; in other words, that the choice is not between them, but, *da capo*, between Absolutism and Liberalism.

Well, let it go at that, say the jingoes. Liberalism is discredited; the alternative is Absolutism, and so you come back to a choice between Fascism and Communism. It is a plausible argument, but it deals largely in what rhetoricians used to call *petitio principii*. It is quite conceivable, of course, that the facts in

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Europe just at the present time discredit man's gradual development of constitutional Democracy; the failure of so-called Democracy is painfully conspicuous. But that does not discredit *Liberalism*, — by a long shot. Just because nineteenth century Democracy, an alleged form of Liberalism, has failed, there is no reason to suppose that all other forms of Liberalism must fail. Nor is it any more reasonable to suppose that Communism and Fascism are the only available forms of Absolutism.

It may well be that further experiments in Communism and Fascism will have to be made before people discover that the cure is worse than the disease. People have wanted to be bossed before, — have clamored for a Caesar in the past. They may get an able Caesar; but the fallacy, now as then, lies in the fact that such rule is inevitably temporary. It cannot perpetuate its virtues; there is no possible chance for progress. The method sooner or later means a Louis XV, — and then the deluge.

The real issue, if there must be alternatives, is between Liberalism and Absolutism, and in that case there is possible an emphatic choice, an *either . . . or* decision. But there is no real choice, because there is no vital distinction, between Fascism and Communism. It is mere journalistic jugglery to pretend that the world, or even Europe, is to be engulfed in a decision between two fictions, — one already discredited, a shabby pinkish red, the other, a shiny but not durable black, coterminous with the life of the Italian man of destiny. It is preposterous to assume that the human mind can devise no way out, to suppose that man is forever committed to Tweedledum or to Tweedledee.

Once upon a time there was a restaurant with the placarded promise that it purveyed coffee and pie "just like mother used to make". A hungry passerby entered and asked about the coffee and the pie.

"Are they really 'just like mother used to make'?" he said.

"Yes, sir," replied the proud proprietor, — "'just like mother used to make.'"

"Very well," said the customer. "I think I'll have a sandwich and a cup of tea."

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High Silver

A Novel in Six Instalments—III

ANTHONY RICHARDSON

SYNOPSIS OF THE PREVIOUS CHAPTERS

TRISTRAM Lauderdale, the Colonel's grandson, was torn between two deep rooted philosophies at High Silver, the Rivington family estate in rural England. There was his grandfather's code: "eat or be eaten," and the gentler ways of his Aunt Erica and her devoted vicar Mr. Bond whose attitude toward life was: "Be generous, be kind, be noble." It was not hard for Tristram to wallow in the latter philosophy, as he was essentially an idealist, and fantasy had been an intimate playmate. To send the boy to school Colonel Rivington had had to call on Frank Lauderdale; and he had made a sinister bargain. He would get Frank into Tulley's, — his conservative London club, — but he arranged secretly that his three old army friends in India, Scaife, Bath, and Roxborough, should get him out.

Tristram and his grandfather had had more than one battle. The boy, infuriated by the old man's treatment of patient Aunt Erica, had rushed to her defense and had been soundly thrashed for his impudence. And then, a few days before his departure for Mostyn Haven, he was forced to ride the Colonel's high-spirited horse to the stables. The epithet: "You stinker!" flung at his grandfather, aroused the latter's respect, and for the first time he began to take an interest in young Tristram. School days at Mostyn Haven were beset with difficulties, concentrated chiefly in Bolty Loftus and his "gang", — boys whose vulgarity wounded one of Tristram's shy sensitiveness. Hazing brought an agony of disillusionment. He turned to his aunt for comfort, and she in turn sought Mr. Bond. He counseled patience and urged Erica to let the boy work out his own salvation. Furthermore, he counseled her to let matters alone when she told him of the Colonel's perfidy in getting Frank into Tulley's. Mindful of Tristram, Mr. Bond urged Erica to let fate take its course. But Erica, who always meant to be kind, wrote to Edna, dropping broad hints, which were immediately relayed to Frank. When the Colonel, beside himself with rage, demanded of his daughter: "What do you mean by giving me away to the Lauderdales?" she had only the excuse of good intentions to offer. This same effort to be kind proved likewise a fault in her relationships with Mr. Bond, whose friendship she forfeited in a grave misunderstanding over sixpence, — and a can of smoking tobacco.

IN Number Two Dormitory slept nine small boys. They were not the smallest in the school because Number Two Dormitory was reserved for boys of two to three terms, a stepping stone to Number Three which was a place of comparative importance. Number Five, chiefest, quarters for the twelve top boys was at the far end of a long passage. Mr. T. A. Brook had rung the bell and was now striding down the corridor on his rounds before quitting the dormitories for the peace of his study. He always made it a point to wear heavy shoes when on duty. Rounds took quarter of an hour as each bed had be inspected. He clumped into Numb Two, sniffed, and whistled through teeth,

"Good-night, boyth."

Followed a chorus of good-nights, c greeting in particular high and squeak

"Don't be an ath, somebody," said M Brook, and clumped out.

Snickers pursued him down the stair

"You'll get tanned, Galahad."

"I shan't," said Tristram, sitting up bed. "Brooky's decent."

"He's an awful twirp; you only l

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im because he gives you extra time at ets."

Someone muttered from beneath bed-othes. "Swanker."

"I'll twist your arm for that, dirty ee-legs," said Tristram.

There was silence. Virtually Tristram as head of the dormitory. Positions ange rapidly in small schools. No doubt rinton had been the boy's salvation. The onths spent under his tuition, the devel-ing of biceps, exercises, the practice rinton had given, unknown to the Colo-el, had all tended to give the boy some lea of cricket. He had shown an aptitude r the game which Mr. T. A. Brook had t overlooked. To-night a list had been sted on the green baize board in the big assroom. There had been twelve names, e eleventh being "Lauderdale". Tris-am with bottom place, youngest of the am, was at this moment near paradise. hat slip of paper contained a promise of l good things. Everyone had been sur-ised. At once their attitude toward m had changed. Even the malicious iggy, slow bowler of the First, had id,

"Jolly good, Lauderdale."

It had been a great moment. Now he y in bed too excited to sleep, his mind cupied with visions of the morrow. There ere all sorts of rumors about the Barn-aple C. C., their opponents. Last year ey had beaten the Second Eleven by an nings. Probably they were very big, and viped. He supposed he'd have to field uare leg. It was a trying place. Of course e great thing was to stop the ball in any vent. He'd try to remember everything rooky had told him: heels together, get ght down to the ball, throw in a long-p. Perhaps if he made twenty-five oftus might congratulate him in front of verybody. Loftus would be watching for rtain. To be seen talking to Loftus ould be a crown set forever. If he did well -morrow he might make his place in the cond secure, and next year —

"I say," a whisper came from the next ed. "I say, Galahad."

He lifted his head from the pillow.

"Hullo, Morton."

"I say, Galahad, aren't you excited?"

Little Morton who liked Tristram al-ost as much as the sunflower he was owing in the jam-pot in the cycle shed, was leaning toward him, his arm on the chair between their beds.

"Not awfully," said Tristram.

"But you must be," came the whisper and then a little wistfully, "I wish *I* could play games."

"Oh, but you're jolly good at garden-ing," said Tristram.

"It isn't quite the same. It's decent of you to say that, Galahad. Perhaps I'll be able to some day, do you think?"

"Oh, rather." Their voices continued in whispers. The rest of the dormitory was sinking into sleep. Between the slats of the Venetian blinds slipped the moon-light, ribbing the floor and coverlets zebra fashion. Outside and below somebody was walking up and down the drive, crunch, crunch, crunch: a comforting, happy sound. Tristram slept badly. His brain was too restless to repose. Dream followed dream, and finally a nightmare awoke him. He sat up in bed. The moonlight was as strong as ever and the house was deep in sleep. Morton's arm was still bare, flung across the pillow above his dark head. Tristram listened. Voices again, whisper-ing, a shuffling in the corridor. He wasn't dreaming now. Something was about to happen: something ghostly, prowling through the night toward him, toward them all. He grew cold. There came the spluttering of a struck match in the pas-sage, a giggle, and then the door opened cautiously, the radiance from a candle wheeling over the ceiling. A second later five pajama-clad figures were in the room.

Tristram dropped back on to his pillow, keeping very still though a fit of trembling ran like a wave from his toes to the base of his spine. He knew what was coming. Number Five Dormitory were out for a rag. Loftus, his tair tumbled over his fore-head, smiling sweetly, led the raiders, candle in hand. Piggy, his face set in a childish determination disgusting in its dull appreciation of the cruelty about to take place, closed the door quietly. In a moment the candle was flickering on the mantlepiece and Loftus was searching in the pockets of his dressing-gown for the apparatus necessary for to-night's recre-ation. He placed three ordinary bottle corks beside the candle. Piggy crossed to the washing-stand that ran down the centre of the room, chose a sponge, filled it with cold water from the can.

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"Not too wet, Piggy."

The nine small boys now lay in bed awaiting what might come to them, hopeless and terrorized. They watched as the boys went from bed to bed, sousing the sponge into faces or squeezing little trickles down unsuspecting necks. Tristram's bed was the last to be served. His eyes followed Piggy with a dull hatred that quickened into anger as the other approached little Morton. The sight of the bare arm was too great a temptation. The sponge was relinquished for more dramatic means. A little finger seized quickly, doubled and pressed into itself can give entertaining results. But the sponge thrust against the open mouth stifled the first notes of a scream.

Once before, the second time a rag had taken place, Tristram in an agony of rage had tried to call and waken the household. The attempt had failed.

"My friend," it was Loftus speaking. He indicated Piggy. "My friend is a very good artist." He mocked the victims with the charm of his smile. "He wants to do a little drawing to-night."

Number Five Dormitory grinned with one accord. Number Two smiled back in a sickly fashion. They had no idea of what was to happen. Amazingly fertile was Piggy's brain.

Loftus took a cork and held it into the candle flame. It caught fire, burned for a second with a bluish flame, then smoldered at the end readily.

"My friend uses burnt cork." He turned to Piggy. "Ready?"

The other nodded quickly. He reached for the cork and took it with shaking, wet fingers. The arm-pits of his pajama jacket were dark with sweat. "We'll begin at this end," he said.

The two of them stepped beside a small boy, who sat up shivering. Loftus whipped the bedclothes off. "Now strip," he said, "and bend over."

A burnt cork smolders for some little time. It met the boy's flesh and stung violently. One mustn't cry, one must endure. To those who cried came a second dose, — and other things. Finally Piggy stepped away to survey his handiwork.

Number Five rocked with laughter to see eyes, nose, and mouth fashioned so cunningly and in so strange a place.

"Stay there till I tell you," said Loftu They passed on to the next bed.

There was a grotesque gallery, lit by t guttering candle, by the time they came Morton. They stayed there longer th with the others because the boy stru gled in panic. Tristram turned his he away.

It was his turn now. He awaited the with calmness because nothing else w possible, and if he could not fight again overwhelming odds, he could at least e dure stoically, till he heard Loftus sayin

"Chuck it now Piggy. The kid's playi to-morrow."

"But — "

"Chuck it, I said."

The picture gallery waited the order release.

"Keep like that till we've gone."

That was half the fun, to leave them the dark with their pajamas muddled a their beds upset.

The lights went out. The doors clos again.

Tristram stared into the sudden dar ness with burning eyes. Yet through h indignation drummed the thought, "Th let me off. They let me off because I' to play to-morrow." Oh, now a thousan fold the promise of release!

The dormitory was full of muffl sounds. Soon it would settle down agai Marks would be washed out, beds remad And then Tristram heard in the bed ne to his the dreadful sound of weeping. I left his own bed, all thought of the morro gone, his heart torn by such sobs, so hop less, so wild and uncontrolled. He knelt b his friend's bed and searched for the sha ing body.

"Morton! Shut up, old chap. Shut u you ass. It's all right. It's all right now. But there came no answer and the tren bling of the other's body seemed to swee into his own like an electric current.

"Don't, Morton. Oh, shut up, yo ass —" his voice broke. He knelt there ti the other had quieted and an arm stol around his neck.

Tristram, his mind dumb and achin with the night's degradation, kept vig beside his friend. And if Morton's miser racked him, that alone was not the enti burden of his own pain. He thought: should have stopped them. I should hav knocked them out, roused the house. Bu

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didn't. I let them do this beastliness. What a rotter I am!

And then almost passionately to himself: I'm not a coward. I'm not afraid of them. I only let them do it because — because they would have done it anyway sooner or later. Because I am helpless against them.

Was it the night air that chilled him, or the dreadful thought that perhaps the recipient of his oath sometimes turned a divine back? Opposition at High Silver, opposition at Mostyn Haven was driving him in self-defense into the haven of his fantasy.

By eleven o'clock the next morning the Barnstaple C.C. arrived in a brake. The day was fine, cloudless, and blue. The pitch was a paler green strip on a verdant cloth. The wickets winked yellow in the sun. In the pavilion members of the school Second Eleven were busy changing, craping bats, putting a finishing touch of whiting to boots.

Tristram was threading new laces, chipping dried earth off the spikes in the soles. He heard from the inside of the pavilion the rattle and stamping of their opponents descending from the brake. The back of his throat went dry. Somebody shouted through the door, "A letter for you, Galahad."

It was in fact a letter-card, from Aunt Erica. She was delighted at his news and wasn't he a clever boy to be so good at cricket? She would be over in the afternoon.

Suddenly he wished he hadn't sent that ridiculous wire to her yesterday. He'd been so pleased at the time, but now, — suppose Grandfather came with her? His alarm was cut short, however. Mr. Brook could be heard calling, "Mostyn Haven Second Eleven."

Tristram thrust his feet into his boots and ran out into the sunshine. Loftus in flannels, magnificent to the eyes of the Juniors, his collar turned up, his scarf folded with a careful casualness about his neck, regarded Tristram with a face as solemn as the occasion and his position demanded, but with a queer mockery in his eyes. Tristram catching his glance felt himself go crimson. After last night . . . to join their ranks would be the best place of safety: once there, very soon it would be his chance of power. And yet, how could he turn traitor to himself? Brooky was reading out places in the field —

"Lauderdale. Square-Leg."

"Yes, sir."

"Keep fairly deep, Lauderdale," Loftus instructed, that shadow of a smile under his eyes again. "Better to be deep and stop them than be close and get bashed." He turned to Brooky. "Don't you think so, sir?"

Tristram could not help a warm flood of gratitude swinging through his blood because Loftus had said that. It was considerate, sensible, encouraging. But the School Captain was staring over his head toward the pitch. A stranger, a short tubby little man in dark clothes and broad clerical hat, was walking toward the wickets. The stranger plodded on steadily, unaware of the holy ground which he was violating.

Loftus held a hand cupped to the side of his mouth. "Do you mind keeping off the pitch, please, sir?"

The stranger stopped short, turned, and began to make his way toward them.

The incident thrilled Tristram. It was no small thing to be able to shout like that to a visitor, to enforce the code. And Loftus had done it with such assurance, without a hint of bravado or self-consciousness. "I'll go and explain," he was saying now to Mr. Brook, and ran toward the law-breaker.

They filed back to the pavilion where the Barnstaple C.C. were waiting. As Tristram passed through the gate to the field he heard a hearty voice, "Well, my man! And how's it with you?"

He swung around to find Mr. Bond, all smiles, hot and happy, with Loftus at his side.

"Oh, hullo!" said Tristram. "How do you do, Mr. Bond."

Mr. Bond chuckled. "You seem surprised. Well, well. I came over to see Mr. Brook. I've been making a dreadful faux pas so this young man tells me." He grinned at the School Captain, seemingly unaware of the enormity of his offense. Tristram went crimson. To call Loftus "this young man"!

But Loftus said, "Not a bit, sir. It's just a custom we keep rather strictly."

"Quite right. Make a century, Tristram," said Mr. Bond, smiling like a

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cherub and thundering across the gravel to Mr. Brook.

By lunch time the Barnstaple C.C. had been dismissed for one hundred and twenty runs. Lunch over, Mostyn Haven prepared for their innings. Tristram was to bat higher in the list than he had expected. He wondered if Loftus had anything to do with this new honor. So far he'd managed to acquit himself fairly creditably. The morning had in no way furthered his advancement or defeat.

Visitors were arriving, mostly parents anxious to see their boys perform. Mr. Bond beckoned to Tristram, and he left the pavilion to sit beside him.

"And how do you like school?" he asked.

Tristram fumbled for words.

"Oh, awfully, thank you," he said at length. There was nothing else to say.

"Mr. Brook tells me you're going to make a cricketer."

"I hope so. You see, Brinton helped me a lot. I'm awfully keen."

Mr. Bond scratched the back of his ear. He was amused. The boy was growing up.

They sat on a form reserved for visitors. Before them on the grass a dozen or more boys were lying. It never occurred to Tristram to notice who they were. Piggy, a piece of grass in his mouth, was watching him through his thick-lensed spectacles. Nor was his regard without malice. Some chaps, he thought, had pretty good cheek. What the hell was Loftus up to anyway, making a favorite out of this kid—?

The first wicket fell with the score at fifteen.

"What happened?" Mr. Bond asked.

Then Tristram made a great mistake. It was entirely excusable. All night, all morning he had lived with his thoughts only. He had been at high tension. Speech was a relief.

"You see," he spoke eagerly and a shade too loudly, "you see, he played back instead of forward. He should have—" He stopped short with sudden horror. Quite distinctly from the group of boys before them sounded a giggle. He looked up to see Piggy whispering. The group, all seriousness, turned and stared at him. They'd heard! They'd heard him airing his knowledge.

"Well?" asked Mr. Bond, unconscious of the situation. But Tristram could not answer. They were whispering and laughing. He heard Piggy's voice:

"Perhaps if we asked him nicely he'd be good enough to coach the First." Subdued laughter and Piggy scowling at him. Tears sprang to Tristram's eyes. He left Mr. Bond and went back to the pavilion. And there Loftus was, apart from the others leaning against a veranda pillar. Loftus would protect him, raise him among his fellows. And the price of that! Oh, he knew well enough. To imitate Loftus, to become as he was, full of beastliness and rotten habits. To scoff at his former friends, to rag little Morton. "All these I will give you if you but follow me."

No! He wouldn't take Grandfather's advice. He wouldn't take the easy way. It wasn't right. "Eat or be eaten," Grandfather had said. He wouldn't do it. It was wrong. "Be kind, be generous, be clean," Mr. Bond had said. "Eat or be eaten. . . ."

Somebody called: "Lauderdale!"

He jumped up.

"Yes."

"You're the next man in."

The strong light was blinding as he stepped out. Piggy and a dozen other boys were gathered about the steps.

"If you make a century, tell us how it's done," said someone.

"Brooky's darling."

He stumbled toward Piggy.

"Look here," he said. "You beastly liar—"

"I'll give you hell for that."

"I don't care what you give me. I'll tell everybody what *you* are, listening to other people's conversation. Dirty sneak."

It was true, a fine shot, and it told. His tormentor's mouth opened, gaped.

"I didn't—"

"You did. You sat and listened to what we were saying." Sudden success inflamed him. They were laughing now at Piggy.

"You're the son of a dirty dentist." Which was true, bar the adjective. "Go and get your father to pull your teeth out so you won't be able to lie about other people. Go and get your ears washed so you can listen better to other people's talk. Go—"

Piggy's eyes, behind the thick lenses of his spectacles, were bright with fury. The tide had turned. There was no answer to this sudden accusation.

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And then at that moment, so supreme and victorious, Erica Rivington appeared. She was hot from the walk from the station; she floundered into the pavilion all aglow with pride and perspiration, a splendid swaying personage in pink muslin. She made straight for Tristram, the boys scattering in her path. In a second Tristram knew what she would do if he let her. She would kiss him! Kiss him before everybody.

He could stop her, he knew that. He could hold out his hand and keep her off. And if he did? How hurt she'd be, how dreadfully hurt!

Which should it be, Aunt Erica or himself? Eat or be eaten? Be kind, be generous.

In that second he made a decision, the first and most irretrievable he had ever made: a decision from which in later years other decisions arose. He knew almost before it was made what it would be. He could not bear to hurt her.

He lifted up his face to be kissed.

Thirty seconds later he was far out in the sunlight, the previous wicket down, taking centre. He could see nothing, could hear nothing but the murmur of laughter that had followed Aunt Erica's kiss. The fielders were white blurred ghosts in a green, swaying world. In the moment of victory he had lost.

He saw the ball for a second as it flashed toward him, hit wildly, and heard simultaneously the click of his scattered bails —

Mr. Bond, his eyes bulging and indignant, caught Erica Rivington by the arm as she stood by the railings. He knew what had happened and he was very angry.

"I say," he exclaimed. "I say, you shouldn't have done that."

It was the first time he had spoken to her for months.

Later in the train with Erica Rivington, Mr. Bond could only console himself with the irrefutable logic that one man's meat is another man's poison. Tristram's downfall had broken reserves. He and Erica were once again friends. Before they had left Mostyn Haven he had spoken to the boy, taking him to one side, saying,

"Bad luck, Tristram. But I think you'll find things easier now. You faced them you know, even if the final result wasn't all that could be desired."

Now sitting beside Erica in the otherwise empty carriage he wondered why the quarrel with her had ever taken place. They had both been too shy to take the first step toward reconciliation. He was surprised to find how glad he was that all was well now. Her embarrassment did not even add to his embarrassment. He thought it charming and suitable.

"I shouldn't bother too much about him," he said. "He'll fight through. He has pluck."

She was still upset.

"But I never thought that kissing him —after all, the other mothers kiss their boys. I've seen them."

"Some of them," he replied, and gazed out the window.

"I suppose it would have been better not to?"

He rubbed his chin with the back of his hand.

"It's the same old question," he replied. "I don't think he ought to have let you do it. He must have known what the effect would be. You see —" She could hear the scratch, scratch of the bristles on his chin against his hand — "You see, if he'd gone in and made some runs you'd have been pleased with him. So pleased, I'm sure, that even if by refusing to kiss you he had in the first place hurt your feelings, with his success you would easily have forgiven him. That would have been the better way, I think."

Erica frowned, puzzled. "I don't quite see. You mean —"

"That to be kind quite often you've got to be cruel. Tristram had the chance to make both you and himself happy. He acted too impetuously. I should have done the same myself, however," he added.

She was not aware of the tears on her cheek till she heard Mr. Bond saying,

"Miss Rivington! I beg of you . . . please, please. It's not anything like as bad as all that."

She faced him, a trembling smile on her stricken face, her eyes brimming.

"You mustn't, Miss Rivington. Come, come."

She bit her lip and then took a handkerchief from her bag and dabbed.

"It's quite all right now," she said, and bobbed her head and smiled bravely.

He seemed most concerned.

"You'll make yourself ill."

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"Nonsense," she said. "Oh, nonsense, Mr. Bond!"

It was just in the same way as she'd said, "Don't be silly, Mr. Bond," when he'd argued about the sixpence over the hedge of High Silver weeks and weeks ago.

They burst out laughing simultaneously.

"Well, I never!" exclaimed Mr. Bond. "Bless my heart. Well, I never!"

He patted the crown of his shining head, his eyes twinkling.

"Sixpence for your thoughts," he shot at her and she went scarlet.

"No, no," she murmured, "that's too bad."

He was enjoying himself; he hadn't had such fun for months.

"I do my own shopping now," he said.

She jerked her face away, toward the window. He oughtn't to refer to that horrid business. It wasn't fair. And she was blushing furiously —

He clapped his hands together with a sudden smack.

"Miss Rivington," he said quite seriously, "let me say that all of that regrettable business was my fault."

She immediately became all protests.

"No! Indeed no."

He gave a chuckle. "So you did it on purpose, eh?"

She'd fallen into the trap.

"Mr. Bond! Please, I must ask you — "

"We shan't quarrel again," he said. "We're both of us too glad to be friends. I am, aren't you?"

"Perhaps I am."

He left it at that. There was a long silence. Both were occupied with their thoughts. A sudden idea came to him. He took out a pencil and an old envelope and began to work out figures. She watched him covertly. Housekeeping, she thought. How ridiculous for him to manage for himself.

"I suppose thrippence is a lot for socks?" he asked.

"For — "

"Oh, I mean washing. You know about these things and I don't. You don't mind my asking?"

"It's a penny too much. A disgraceful amount!"

"But — "

"They ought to be done at home," she said emphatically.

"Well, Elsie — "

"Elsie! She's a lazy good-for-nothing."

"I suppose she is," said Mr. Bond. "I suppose she is." He tore the envelope into tiny fragments, replaced the pencil. They were nearing their destination, so he rose and reached for his hat from the rack. He stood swinging it by the brim in front of him, his mouth twisted into a shy, apologetic smile.

"Miss Rivington," he said, "by October I shall know the full extent of a small legacy left me. It is an uncle, who died. His affairs were not left in very good order, and as yet I do not know what sum may come to me. The solicitors tell me, however, that it should realize at least another hundred a year."

Erica stared up at him.

"Mr. Bond! I am glad. No one deserves it more than you."

He blinked.

"Oh, thank you. I was going to say, Miss Rivington, that in the eventuality of my — er — of my coming into such a sum — that — "

He swung his hat rapidly.

"I suppose," he asked, "you wouldn't marry me?"

She opened her eyes very wide.

"But of course I would."

The train clattered into the station.

It was not until the middle of September that news of the legacy came. It was a Thursday, the day before Tristram was to return to school: a day he never forgot. He rose early and in shorts and jersey ran before breakfast across Emeries, through Little Silver Woods, and into Libsters. The dew soaked his shoes and stockings and the keen air bit through his clothes. The long, slender blue shadows of early morning lay upon the grass, while over the New Moor a gray mist hovered. He perched himself for a while on a gate and let himself sink into the silence about him. He kept very still, becoming almost one with the silver and soundless hour. He felt a curious sense of spiritual elation. He felt as if he could hold out his arms and enclose the entirety of this ghostly morning.

It was a fitting moment for the last day of his holidays, expectant yet melancholy. His first year passed at Mostyn Haven, he no longer dreaded the actual departure. Since the day of the cricket match life had

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become more tolerable. Once beaten Piggy was no longer dreaded, but only occasionally feared. Loftus had left. Materially there was little to worry him. There remained but the consideration of Grandfather's attitude toward him. Grandfather had heard about the fiasco of the cricket match and had asked, with devastating directness, "Why did you let your Aunt make a fool of you?"

"She didn't," Tristram had replied, standing up for her.

The Colonel had shrugged his shoulders.

"It's time," he'd said, "that you learned to be honest with yourself." And with that he had not again referred to the subject.

But thinking over that statement, Tristram had discerned the wisdom of it. It was the old question of eat or be eaten that so constantly occurred. It was bound up irretrievably with his sense of chivalry and his fantasy of Libsters. One thing only disturbed him, and that was the compromise which had always followed his endeavors. In theory black was black and white was white; in practice all was gray. He had not as yet learned the quality of tones. Ideal, for example, told him to have nothing whatsoever to do with Loftus; reality showed how impracticable and how impossible that was. Nor in his heart could he blame Aunt Erica for the stupidity of last term. She had given so much to him that to deny so little would have been wrong. This next term, he thought, he would keep his vows more strongly. Even while taking that resolution he fancied he could hear his Grandfather muttering something about the road to hell being paved with good intentions.

He shook the mood from him. "Anyway, I know I'm right," he thought, and he jumped from the gate.

On the way back he heard distinctly the sound of cantering hoofs and saw a mile or so away four horsemen moving up a far slope. He thought he recognized his Grandfather, mounted on the mare.

At breakfast he said as much to Aunt Erica, the Colonel's place at table being vacant.

"Oh, yes," she replied. "I expect it was. He's out clubbing."

Tristram glanced at her, his mouth full of bread and butter and coffee. He ventured another remark but she seemed preoccupied as she often was these days. He wondered what secret she held.

At the end of the meal she asked suddenly,

"Do you care for your old Aunt as much as ever?"

He wiped his mouth with his napkin and then went to her side.

"Of course I do, Aunt Erica!" What a funny thing to ask. She was being very mysterious.

"Have I done anything?"

She patted his shoulder.

"Gracious no, darling." She looked down at him, smiling. He wriggled away, a little hurt by this implication of secrets unshared by him.

"I say," he cried, "you seem awfully bucked, don't you?"

Aunt Erica actually went pink and laughed again. Golly, she was queer! She had something up her sleeve. Perhaps there was another suit for him or she'd got him a present. She'd been into Torrington with Mr. Bond yesterday.

"I bet you've got something to tell," he said with cunning.

"Perhaps I have: perhaps I haven't," came the astonishing retort.

"Go on, tell me."

"Not yet, dear."

Tristram was quite excited. He approached her again.

"I say, is it nice?"

She nodded.

"Who's it for?"

She paused. "It's for me and somebody else."

He wanted to say, "Is the 'somebody else' me?" but didn't dare.

He could get no more out of her than that. Finally she asked,

"Whereabouts did you see Grandfather?"

Tristram told her, and she left to see about the house.

Within ten minutes he had decided how to pass this last morning of his holidays. He'd play detective and solve this mystery. By keeping close to the hedges he could track his Aunt all the way to Little Appleton in case the secret reposed there. Meanwhile he would search the house. It was going to be fun. First of all he must consider clues. Aunt Erica had been into Torrington the day before. Something for her and somebody else . . . It might

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be grub. He slipped into the pantry and took a look around. No, there wasn't anything particular there.

"Very well," he heard his Aunt say to Emily in the kitchen. "We'll have the rissoles. And don't forget a glass of hot milk for the Colonel about half past ten. He'll be sure to want it after his riding."

He went upstairs to his room where his boxes were pulled out from under the bed, ready for packing. He looked into the trunk, into the portmanteau. Nothing but tissue paper. He glanced into his Aunt's room. Sometimes she left a thrilling brown paper parcel on the table by her bed. There was no sign of anything. He leaned over the banister pondering. She crossed the hall beneath him, her hat on, a basket in her hand prepared to do the morning's shopping. He heard the front door shut. Leaving the landing, he ran downstairs and left the house by the back. He reached the front of the house just as she arrived at the top of the drive and opened the gate. A minute later he was in Barn Park keeping level with her on the outer side of the hedge. By a gap he crouched down and waited for her to pass. She swept by swinging the basket and humming to herself.

So far so good, but by the time she'd progressed beyond the limits of Barn Park and he had climbed the intervening hedge, he was wondering whether after all it was worth while stalking her as far as the village. As he paused, he heard in the Lane running footsteps.

Tristram ran ahead again and peered over the high bank. Chasing his Aunt, waving a paper in his hand was Mr. Bond. Aunt Erica stopped at once, then went toward him.

Even from that distance Tristram heard the other's greeting:

"I've heard this morning."

They bent over what appeared to be a letter and both started talking at once, an unintelligible gabble. Golly, the scent was red-hot! His Aunt and Mr. Bond were now going back toward High Silver. He'd have to be quick if he wanted to get into ear-shot; and on that realization he decided that such an attempt on his part would not be honorable. It was sickening! But perhaps the secret after all was only some tosh about the Visiting or a Bazaar. He let them go and crossed Barn Park slowly, disappointed with the too rapid conclusion of his game. As he heard High Silver gate swing to once more, another idea came to him. If he ran he could still get to the house first, enter the drawing-room by means of the window, hide behind the curtains. Then when they entered he could dart out at them. It wouldn't be as good, of course, as discovering the actual secret, but he could tell them how he'd tracked them all the way and outwitted them. He'd tell them too that he hadn't meant to hear anything. He started to run —

The curtains hid him completely, and he pressed himself flat against the wall, with "Boo!" ready on his lips. There — they were in the hall, the door-knob rattled. He'd let them get inside and then —

"You're certain, Erica?"

That was Mr. Bond's voice. *Erica!* Holy Smoke, Mr. Bond calling Aunt Erica *Erica.*

Tristram felt all empty inside, winded.

And now Aunt Erica was saying,

"Certain? Oh, a hundred times more than ever. You see —" her voice was shaky and almost indifferent, "you see, when one's waited a long time — years and years —"

Tristram couldn't imagine what was going on in the room. Mr. Bond was talking very softly, murmuring. He thought: I don't suppose all detectives discover plots so quickly. It's easy. But, Golly, I wish I hadn't.

It was impossible to get out. If he scrambled over the window he'd be sure to give himself away; if he said "Boo" now, they'd know he'd been there all the time. He hadn't meant to listen. Was ever a chap in such a rotten hole?

"Now how are we going to put it?" asked Mr. Bond.

There was a pause before Aunt Erica answered, "It'll be so difficult."

Mr. Bond grunted.

"I'll tackle him, Erica; he's bound to let you go. He can't keep you. There's no earthly reason why you should be tied."

"I've been with him so long —"

"Yes. But he can get a housekeeper. He's fit enough and strong."

Tristram behind the curtain opened his mouth with astonishment. "Get a housekeeper?" Who? What? Was Aunt Erica

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going to leave Grandfather? And then he heard,

"Tristram's at school, Erica. You've done your duty by him. The boy'll be glad to know you're happy. I think you will be happy, Erica."

"Oh, yes, yes."

"Then my dear, why worry? When the Colonel comes in I'll tell him. It's now September. We can get married, say, in December; that will give you time to put everything in order, won't it?"

So that was it! How awful, how simply awful. Mr. Bond was going to take Aunt Erica away from High Silver. He was going to steal her away, *marry* her! All the boy's childish jealousy was aroused. What should he do without Aunt Erica? Why hadn't he been told before? Forgotten now was his unhappy position, his eavesdropping. Tears choked him. She mustn't go away; she mustn't.

But when Mr. Bond had asked, "I think you'll be happy?" Aunt Erica had replied, "Oh, yes, yes." There was no denying the intensity of the words. She would be happy. She'd said so.

"Tristram won't mind," Mr. Bond was saying. "He's away most of the year. He's a good little lad. If you tell him, I know he'll rejoice with us."

Rejoice indeed! Dirty old Glossy-top! Aunt Erica couldn't want him, could she?

"I'll do what you say, Cyril. He'll mind at first —"

So it was inevitable then. She did want Mr. Bond. She did, she did. Well, if that was the case there was nothing to be done. He wondered if he'd ever see her again. Would they go miles away?

"We'll have to do up the Vicarage, Erica," and Mr. Bond chuckled.

Perhaps then it wasn't so bad. They would live only just across the road. If Aunt Erica wanted this, then maybe he too ought to want it for her. The first pang passed. He was still trembling with the shock but inwardly he was calmer. Dear Aunt Erica was pleased, and he was glad. He would try to be glad for her sake. Grandfather would never be able to rag her any more. She'd be free. She'd be ever so happy.

"He ought to be back by now," Erica said.

"Then we'll wait," said Mr. Bond.

A long silence settled in the room. The morning breeze flirted with the curtains. The sun was up, hot and brilliant. The clock on the mantlepiece ticked steadily, bringing them all second by second to the moment of Stuart Rivington's return. A strange last day to the holidays, so unexpected, so bewildering. How quickly things happened, how quickly changed. What would they say at Mostyn Haven when he told them? It would be rather a rag. If they got married before next holidays he'd be able to get away for a couple of days or so. He'd never been to a wedding. He'd buy a bag of rice and let Mr. Bond have it good and proper. If he stung him up, it would be quite all right; nobody would complain because it was the correct thing to do. He'd get a bit of his own back that way.

The clock struck the hour, ten ringing chimes in the sunny drawing-room. Grandfather would be here soon. There'd be a shindy then, he'd bet. Perhaps Mr. Bond would lose his temper and lay Grandfather out! That would be ripping. On the other hand —

Suddenly from the front of the house came the crunch of people crossing the drive. The front door bell clanged tremendously. Erica rose from her seat by Mr. Bond. Tristram half emerged from his hiding place. The echo of the bell still rang in their ears, a sinister, alarming tumult. As if the same dread encompassed them all, regardless of one another they stared at the drawing-room door. The short silence in the room was intense and fearful. Then from the front door came a hideous cry, so full of terror and pity that they could hardly believe that it sprang from Emily. The door crashed open. Arms outstretched, her lips apart, Emily confronted them. She waved her hands, beating the air:

"The Colonel! Miss! God help us, the Colonel!"

For one dreadful moment none of them moved, fascinated by some extreme horror that had caught them up, held them all poised in midconsciousness. Then they were through the doorway, into the hall.

Brinton and four other men bareheaded stood in the conservatory. On the floor, on a hurdle lay Stuart Rivington, his legs twisted curiously together, his blue venomous eyes blazing up at them all in hatred and the agony of his injured back.

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One of the men broke into speech:

" . . . over the hedge by Ermeries, Miss . . . too high for her . . . topped it, Miss, threw him, came right down atop of him, Miss . . ."

Somebody else swinging into the group, scattering them. The doctor, breathless and curt.

Stand back you. Can you move your arms, Colonel? Try. Yes, yes. Your head, lift it. Yes. Can you feel this? No? Nor this?"

He sprang to his feet.

"Take him upstairs. Get him to bed. Quickly now."

He was the only one present who seemed to realize what had happened, what might happen. At the far end of the hall Emily was moaning, wringing her hands. The noise made Tristram want to giggle.

They were carrying Grandfather upstairs, taking out of sight those bitter, pain-brilliant eyes. He made no sound. As he passed Erica he inclined his head and the wicked old smile curved for a second on his lips, as if to say: "I'm still stronger than death. I mock you all."

They were clumping up the stairs, they were across the landing, his bedroom door was open.

But of all this Tristram could only remember afterwards one thing clearly: Aunt Erica staring straight before her with blind, agonized eyes, saying in a whisper to nobody in particular,

"I can't leave him now. I can't leave him now."

Standing in a patch of yellow sunlight, with her arms straight down by her side and the scent of the cooking rissoles blowing in through the open kitchen door; her face upheld in the sunlight, whispering those hopeless words, whispering her hopes away.

TO BE CONTINUED

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The editors will be glad to publish brief letters from readers relating to topics discussed by contributors, or to any view expressed in these FORUM *columns*

Nailing Down Americanism

Dr. Hart, professor of education, lecturer at the New School of Social Research, and one of the editors of "The Survey", makes this comment on THE FORUM'S *Definition Contest:*

Editor of THE FORUM:

Of course what THE FORUM wants is the moon with a fence around it. No word has ever been nailed down to a specific denotation and a no less specific series of connotations. A few words in physics, — like pound or inch, — may have been caught and impounded by means of a Government bureau and the expenditure of millions to maintain standard temperatures, etc. Dr. Leach can nail Americanism down in the same way if he'll build a wall around America and a roof over it and arrange for a standard temperature to be permanently maintained. But the moment he lets anything start growing inside the fence, the word will begin to change. He might begin his accurate thinking by some accurate thinking about accurate thinking.

JOSEPH KINMONT HART.

New York.

Mixed Marriages

In April William Power discussed marriage between Protestants and Catholics, and its chances for success. Comment has been various:

Editor of THE FORUM:

In "When I Married a Catholic", the writer gave some light on discussed opinions, but he fails to state, in smoothing over the agreeableness of himself and Catholic wife over their opposite religions, that in binding them together in loving matrimony, it was made necessary by the Roman hierarchy that he, the husband, agree that any children born to the union must become communicants and mental slaves of Catholicism. On the other hand, did the Protestants demand the reverse? Who is bigoted here, — those "persecuting Protestant Nordics" or some persecuted (?) "Irish" Father?

HERB LEWIS.

Los Angeles, Calif.

Editor of THE FORUM:

This self-styled "heathen" cites the ill-treatment accorded his wife's sister, a graduate of the state normal, when she went to fill an engagement to teach in a small village. He says no one would board her because she was a Catholic.

Right here let me ask him what chance a non-Catholic teacher would have if she tried to get a position in a Catholic school? Not only would she find no Catholic ready to board her, but she'd find no position in the school. And how indignant the good Catholics would be that a heretic presumed to be competent to teach their children!

H. D. EASTLY.

Kennebec, S. D.

Editor of THE FORUM:

The article by William Power in the April FORUM is, in my humble opinion,

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one of the best things that could appear. I take exception to his opinion, however, that marriage between Catholics and Protestants would be for the betterment of society. The exception in his case does not prove the rule. The Church has learned this lesson of mixed marriages from 1900 years' experience.

As a rule mixed marriages lead to neglect of faith, and eventually to the abandonment of religion. The children, if any, seldom practise any religion.

"Help me to stop mixed marriages," said Cardinal Gibbons, "and I will convert America."

RICHARD E. DELANEY.

Oakland, Calif.

Editor of THE FORUM:

Mr. Power has a parallel in G. K. Chesterton who claims that the whole world is wrong and the only perfections are found in the Roman Church. This change of heart took place in G. K. C. after he married Hilaire Belloc's sister. Another case of too much Punch and Judy. Judy predominating. Intolerance indeed! The truth is, American Protestants are digging their own graves with leniency, over-indulgence, and over-tolerance and they will wake up, I fear, when it is too late.

JOHN RUSSELL COREY.

Boston, Mass.

Short Skirts

The shortness of skirts, after all, may have nothing to do with morals.

Editor of THE FORUM:

Mr. Hugh A. Studdert Kennedy in his pleasant little article "Short Skirts" realizes that their shortness doesn't mean that we, of the feminine sex, are depraved! But oh dear me, Mr. Kennedy, it doesn't mean that we aren't depraved, either! (Of course we aren't, I hasten to add, but —)

When you gentlemen of a past age relinquished your perukes and your jabots and your skirted coats and all the furbelows that must have made you stunning to look upon, wasn't it, perhaps, because you learned, — as we have after you, — to hurry?

And what if some of us to-day began approving of you for keeping your calves hid within loose tubular structures, and bewailing the indecency of the affairs you wore *ostensibly* for golf? And if others of us expressed our gratification that the masculine calf had at last emerged from the "mystery" of shapeless casings?

Oh Mr. Kennedy, I could swear that never, even in our bygone days of idleness, were "we" as preoccupied with our own "modesty" as "you" were for us. And, alas, with what quaint solemnity do "you" maintain that lopsided ratio!

ELIZABETH TROTTER.

Philadelphia, Pa.

Editor of THE FORUM:

Being controversially minded, I hasten to object to some of the conclusions in Mr. Kennedy's article on "Short Skirts". The incidents which he adduces seem to me quite insufficient to augur "the glory of a new era", unless, indeed, we grant that a new era of some kind is always dawning. Any new era, however, will include multitudes of people who insist on being shocked. If a girl in all seriousness were to appear on Fifth Avenue to-day in hoopskirts, doubtless before she had gone fifty yards she would attract a crowd of far more than fifty people. In a street car she would find many a youth to simper at her. No, the short skirts are merely an adjustment for the present, essentially neither better nor worse than the fashions of the past.

Personally, in the far west I should like to wear South African "shorts" for mountain hiking; but I know they would shock the natives because of their unusualness. Even knickers, which are undoubtedly comfortable, arouse contempt in many natives of, say, Nevada.

Short skirts are moral to-day, because they are usual, customary. "Shorts" on Fifth Avenue would be immoral because they would be uncustomary. In one sense, hoopskirts would be immoral there for the same reason.

Surely the interest in sex runs as high as ever. Hordes of girls wear short skirts to heighten this interest. Other hordes wear them merely because they are customary. To generalize and say that they indicate the glory of a new era is to eliminate numerous factors which determine the fashion, such as advertising, stocking interests, and so on.

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Yet, for all my objections, Mr. Kennedy as written a fine, fervent, stimulating rticle, defending what can rightly be efended on many other grounds.

SWIFT PAINE.

New York.

Did You Know That —

(1) *There has been established in New ork an office to study scientifically the exeriences of this nation on post-Volstead ractice? Dr. Emerson, of the College of hysicians and Surgeons, Columbia, has is to say:*

ditor of THE FORUM:

Knowing that there is not available uch information as you have agreed hould be published upon the effect of rohibition on efficiency and productivity f the working man, a small group here i New York has initiated requests for unds which are now available, looking owards a complete review of the expeience in this country with pre-Volstead nd post-Volstead practice, — economic ocial, financial, and health, — and to this nd an office has recently been set up dequately financed to search for sources f reliable information which can be tudied and will probably need to be tudied for a period of *three or four years* efore any reliable statement can be ounted on.

At present the prohibition situation is narked by expressions of opinion rather han relation of facts. I am mortified that his should be so but believe little will be ained at present by offering undigested alf-truths to the public and there is ttle else of real value to say.

HAVEN EMERSON.

New York.

(2) *And that Anti-evolution Laws quietly ontinue to be passed.*

At the close of 1925 Tennessee was he only State which had an actual antivolution law upon its statute books. n Oklahoma, Kentucky, and North Carolina, session laws similar to that of ennessee were repealed in 1925, or bills imilar in content were defeated. An effort was made in July, 1925, to have the California Board of Education go on record against the teaching of the theory of evolution in the public schools, but such action was not taken.

Texas approached the matter from another angle. On October 25, 1925, the State Text Book Commission adopted a resolution providing that "it be the sense of this Commission that all objectionable features be revised or eliminated to the satisfaction of the revision committee in all text-books, and that these adoptions shall not take effect until such revisions, including additions and eliminations, have been made."

The 1926 session of the Mississippi legislature on February 8 passed an anti-evolution law which was signed by the Governor on March 12. This law provides in Section 1, "That it shall be unlawful for any teacher or other instructor in any university, college, normal, public school, or other institution of the State . . . supported in whole or in part from public funds derived by State or local taxation, to teach that mankind ascended or descended from a lower order of animals, and also it shall be unlawful for any teacher, text-book commission, or other authority exercising the power to select text-books for above mentioned educational institutions to adopt or use in any such institution a text-book that teaches the doctrine that mankind ascended or descended from the lower order of animals."

Section 2 provides that any one found guilty of violation of any of the foregoing provisions shall upon conviction be fined an amount not to exceed five hundred dollars and "shall vacate the position thus held in any educational institution of the character above mentioned or any commission of which he may then be a member."

In Kentucky, a similar bill was introduced which was defeated in the lower house in February, as was the measure proposed last year. The Virginia legislature had before it for a month an anti-evolution bill which was withdrawn in March.

The Atlanta, Georgia, Board of Education in February adopted a resolution condemning the teaching of evolution in the public schools and appointing an investigating committee to report the names of "guilty" teachers in order that the Board might take "proper action".

In Washington, D. C., the clause in the

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District of Columbia appropriations bill forbidding the teaching of "partisan politics, disrespect for the Bible, and that ours is an inferior form of Government", which has been carried in the bill for the past two years, was killed in committee this year.

FEDERAL COUNCIL OF THE CHURCHES OF CHRIST IN AMERICA.

New York.

Shocks Across the Sea

Editorial writers and novelists have leaped delightedly at J. B. Priestley's article "Revolt and American Literature" in the May issue.

Editor of THE FORUM:

Mr. Priestley's brilliant essay pulls me two ways, — his way when he says revolt has nothing to do with art; when he deplores the preoccupation of American writers with background rather than with the individual soul; when he rails against the literary rubber-stamp radical who writes to shock Aune Jane. Yet reservations rend me: his *theory* is dead right. But has he all the facts? After all, which of our writers are aiming at Aunt Jane? Of course Aunt Jane must be shocked. She insists upon it. But mostly she goes to the British for her thrills, — she got the habit from Oscar Wilde, and straight down the years she has depended on Shaw and Lawrence and Wells and other English novelists, — lately, Margaret Kennedy, and Aldous Huxley, or still more recently, that naughty Michael Arlen. Aunt Jane wants only the best imported shock. Sherwood Anderson and others of his ilk may satisfy her nephew in Greenwich village. Shocks-across-the-seas for her. Of course there is always Mr. Mencken, our bright bad boy, but after all, his shoutings are so constant and rapid, that they have almost lost their capacity to shock, and are now mere vibrations. Anyhow, he doesn't write novels. And somehow it's nicer — more lady-like — to be shocked by fiction than by opinion.

It's a bit difficult to answer Mr. Priestley, for he mentions only three novelists, and those by way of exception to what he sees as the American writer's habit of shocking Aunt Jane. Perhaps there are more writers than I can at the moment recall who are out to shock. But it seems to me Mr. Priestley is judging the America *reader*, rather than the American writer Perhaps a reason for this is that automati cally the American literary material whicl comes before his excellent open mind, ha already been sifted through the strainer o success. After all, a British critic canno read everything. He must depend on ou reviews, to some extent, and on th British publishers' judgment as to whicl American books will "go" in England. don't mean that he would be led astray by our Harold Bell Wrights, — England ha its own best sellers. But the Better Books which our Serious-Minded Club wome like, — those which combine an earnes literary aim with a measure of financia success, are naturally forced upon his at tention. Some books are produced in thi country to-day, which I think might clain Mr. Priestley's admiration. Has he rea *Porgy*, I wonder? It is more likely tha Dubose Heyward's remarkable book ha not sold enough copies in the Unite States to have come to England's atten tion. Another good book which occurs t me at this moment is *Mrs. Mason's Daugh ters* by Mathilde Eicher. I shan't attemp a long list, — perhaps I couldn't make on if I did try. But there are a few, kind sir The one thing I do claim is that nothing s slight as a desire to shock Aunt Jane, – or even more fiery and serious rebellion, – is responsible for our small quantity o great literature.

All the same, Mr. Priestley says muc that is wise and true in his essay, and I wish he might write another "impuden orgy of good advice"!

VIOLA PARADISE.

New York.

The Farmer's Wife

Far be it from a mere editor to "point th moral or adorn the tale" except to state tha this writer, a graduate of Smith College, be longs to a profession rapidly diminishing i the East. She is a real "dirt farmer".

Regardless of general opinion and early sabbatical instruction, I am firmly con vinced that the world's first recorded farm er was named Steve Brodie, who thereby became the grandfather of all gamblers. To my mind, hardly worthy of the nam of gambler are those who cluster abou the wheels of fortune at Monte Carlo. For

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after all, their chances for gain or loss are gauged with a mathematical precision well known to them beforehand. Scarcely more worthy are the devotees of the fatal ticker-tape. They are but voluntary sheep for the shearing, — many of whom I strongly suspect of having previously tempered their financial wind, that it may conform (without divine aid) to their prospective shorn condition. And anyway, why waste sympathy or lavish admiration upon those who at best but strive to *reap where they have not sown?*

But with the tiller of the soil conditions are far different. He knows right well that there is no such thing as something for nothing, — yet, obeying a lure more potent than dice, or wheel, or ticker-tape, he must forever stake his time and toil and wealth against a varying fractional chance of success. Here, surely, we have the very prince of gamblers, though I will admit he is much less spectacular.

When a novice, who should be content, in her literary aspirations, to jog along on Old Dobbin, seizes the wings of Pegasus and strives to moralize in a rarified atmosphere — it's dollars to doughnuts that the pronoun "I" lurks just around the corner to "point the moral and adorn the tale" with personal experience and concrete example. So in this case, having assigned a high place to my select coterie of gamblers, I will modestly assert that I am a charter member! For I am descended from a long line of gamblers, — *desperate* gamblers. For more than three hundred years my forbears in this country have been farmers who took a chance with wind and weather, the frosts and falling markets, the cut-worms and the crows, — and attempted, by scratching the stony ribs of old New England, to wrest a reluctant living from the soil. Some of them succeeded and some didn't, but you can see that I was only running true to type when at the very first opportunity and only a few months out of college, I married me a farmer husband and began to plan for a farm of our own.

It is not my purpose, however, to regale you with a story of our successes, — they are too few and far between, — but rather to demonstrate how sweet are the uses of adversity and the compensations of defeat. For these, after all, are by far the most important, and but for them, few would be the farmers of to-day.

Our farm is just a little place; we make no pretensions about it whatever. There are a million like it scattered over the country, — no better, no worse. It is an awfully easy place in which to get into a rut. Nothing ever surely comes our way save death and taxes. Town water stops a mile below our place; electric lights stop a mile above. The very house is literally rooted to the spot, having risen from the ground some one hundred sixty years ago, made of bricks from the clay-fields which surround it. It's architecture is — well, sort of Queen Anne in front and Mary Ann behind!

It is here, then, eleven years ago that we settled down to become dirt farmers. Now my idea of a dirt farmer is one who gets right down and digs instead of telling George to do it. If this theory is correct, I think I may be said to have qualified, — at any rate I'd awfully hate to think I'd have to be any *dirtier* one.

Our place is cut out by nature for general farming which means that you raise a little bit of everything and not enough of anything to be profitable. Of course this calls for a great assortment of equipment none of which is used anywhere near to capacity. Theoretically, this type of farming offers a safe and sane opportunity for making a livelihood, — as the saying is, "Don't put all your eggs in one basket." The theory is all right, but it must have slipped a cog somewhere, probably it is in the prohibitive overhead for *baskets!* However, it all makes for a very full and exciting life and is admirably calculated to keep one out of mischief.

Of course the spring of 1914 was an unpropitious time in which to embark on our adventure, but this we were to learn later. And when the war came we certainly made the old farm hum and every acre do its best. For he who holds tillable land in war-time holds a sacred trust. Probably the less said of war-time help, the better — it has become a hackneyed subject. Suffice it to say that ours adhered religiously to an eight-hour schedule of mild activity. We ourselves followed the regular proprietor schedule for several seasons, which differs from that of the help in the rapidity of its recurrence, — eight hours before dinner and eight more after.

Some of our land takes kindly to the culture of the onion, and so we made not

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only two onions to grow where none had grown before, but lo! a thousand bushel! Then the onion panic hit our valley, — you couldn't even *give* onions away much less sell them. Of course we had taken to heart the slogan "Food will win the war; don't waste it", — and I *do* hope Mr. Hoover has forgiven me for that thousand bushel of onions that I tried so hard to eat up to keep them from going to waste, for human capacity has its limitations and that spring nine hundred ninety odd bushels had to be thrown away!

Naturally, after a time we began to realize that we were getting nowhere very fast. Indeed it seemed almost incredible that such a stupendous amount of activity could be productive of such small financial results. Finally we awoke to the fact that we were dead broke. So my husband after a few well-chosen remarks replete with fact to the exclusion of poetic sentiment, said that this farming business was all right of course, but that it had become painfully evident to him that if it was to continue it would be necessary to obtain some lucrative occupation. So he goes to teaching up at Aggie college and it seems to have solved the worst of our difficulties. You see our farm had become our task-master. But now that we have ceased to take it quite so seriously it seems to like us better than it did, and sort of comes around sometimes to see what it can do for us. I can even regard our onion débâcle now with a certain degree of perspective.

Just at present there is a sort of inter-regnum on our farm. There is so much doing in the wake of my baby daughter that all other occupations languish until she gets a little bigger, — but even so there is enough going on.

To little children, a small farm is a sort of Garden of Eden and Wild West Show combined, for the number and variety of pets is restricted only by one's ability to care for them. At our place even the trees have names, from old "Merlin" the great white oak on the hill, "Queen Guinevere," the deceptively beautiful elm-tree by the brook, down through the big hickories to poor old "King Lot", who got crippled in the great storm. And the names of the animal pets are legion, — running the gamut from the spotted horse, the littlest calf, the Airedale pup, innumerable rabbits and cats, down to Old "Dan'l Webster", the big hop-toad who lives under the back steps and comes out at dusk to massacre insects with his wonderful flaming sword.

My small son is a stanch believer in the theory that all cats born on the place have an inalienable right to live out their nine-lived destinies, and any attempt to curtail their careers by even a few of those lives is equivalent to a declaration of war. So when people ask me "Why do you keep so many cats?" I can only remind them that in the dairy business a steady outlet for one's product is considered a very desirable asset, and that cats have always proved my steadiest customers. Then they give me one of those long queer looks that people the world over reserve for the mentally feeble. I suppose we *do* keep more unprofitable live stock than any other place in town, but it's lots of fun!

One learns, on a farm, to do almost everything in the course of time. More than one young man has taken his first lessons in plowing with me at the helm, so to speak, — and one at least I *tried* to teach to use a scythe. But he was hopeless material and could mow off his own toes as well when I finished with him as when I began. One becomes accustomed, also, to accept responsibilities, — and I am supposed to know where every tool and article is and to be able to produce it at once. Every time I hear the words "Do you know where?" — I get all set either to deliver the goods or an effective alibi. So when my young son accosted me with his sledge-hammer directness "Do you know where the seven-branched candlestick is?" from force of habit I said I hadn't had it and delved for my alibi into a murky historical past and dragged out the first Roman Emperor I happened to hit as the guilty party. But Sonny waived both me and the Roman Emperor aside with scorn and said, "Well, *I* know where it is. They've got it in Sears & Roebuck!"

Shortly after the war there seemed to be a general exodus of the original population near us, and their farms were all bought up by Polish people. So that now, although we have lived here only eleven years yet we can be classed as one of the "old families". My new neighbors are very interesting people, they have taught me much, and their ability to stamp their

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personality upon their environment is nothing short of amazing; they seem to be able to make all others to become as they. For example: a man came into our yard one day and shouted something to me which was clearly intended to be interrogative, so I said "What?" at him. He repeated, — still it failed to get across, but something in the contour of the man's face made it seem relatively safe for me to venture "Me no Polska."

"Hump! You no Polska? Oh, French, eh?"

"No, not even that."

Another explosive "Hump!" Then he struck an attitude: "What difference kind of people you be?" So then, in the interests of science, I told him that I was one of those rare and nearly extinct birds known as a New England Yankee, and that, moreover, if he cared to talk United States I thought we might be able to do business. He acted upon my advice in this wise: "What you call 'um kind of cheekin mak it noise lak hell?"

"Oh, guineas," I said.

"Dat's it. Dat's it! Me want to buy a buck and two shees!"

So I sold him what is more politely known as a trio, and we parted the richer for our experience. But since that day I have never been quite so sure of myself; a lingering doubt assails me, — perhaps I *am* Polska, after all!

Confession has long been said to be good for the soul, else I would be ashamed to tell you this, — for far from being an uplift to the women of foreign birth in my community I fear I have been a very millstone. *You*, who have other standards, would be astonished to know that I, in spite of my sketchy housekeeping, am considered a model wife, because, forsooth, I work out of doors. When a Polish man fails to make good on his farm, some one of his friends is pretty sure to say, "Dat fella, she no have de good luck, — she got it a poor wife." And upon investigation it will prove that his wife is so designated not because lacking in the usual womanly virtues, but because she is too delicate to stand the gaff of the onion and tobacco fields. There *was* one, though, who was just plain lazy, — she wouldn't even help her husband in the garden, so then her lord and master delivered his ultimatum: "Meesis Tare does it, I guess you can!" And she did!

Just think, — what a record for welfare work is mine! And yet, I hope when my last field lies harrowed, my last row hoed, and my last sheaf is bound, that someone will be kind enough to say,

"Dat Tare voman over de Salt Amherst, — he bin a good wife."

Jessie V. Thayer.

Amherst, Mass.

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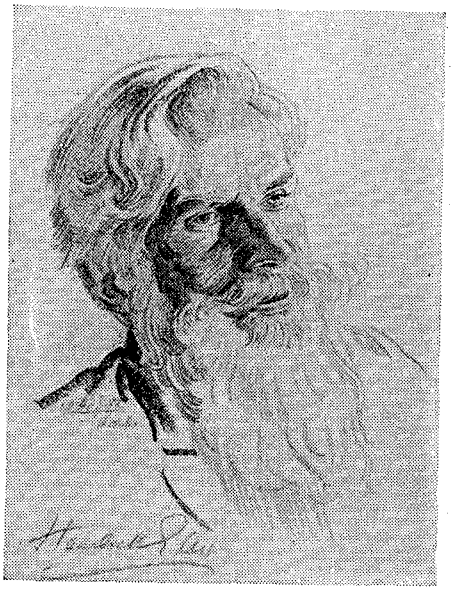
A Tribute to Freud

HAVELOCK ELLIS



HAVELOCK ELLIS
From a Drawing by Walter Tittle

AT the present day it may fairly be said that there is no science so fascinating, alike to the student and the man in the street, as psychology. "A science," Professor McDougall is to-day able to say of psychology, "which is destined to be recognized as fundamental to all human sciences." It has taken a long time to reach that enviable position. Man began scientific study as far as possible from himself. He seems to have taken himself for granted and he started his science, in the infancy of the world, at the stars. It was obviously an elevating way to begin science, as well as practically useful. Since then, during thousands of years, man has been slowly bringing the world into the sphere of science, and in so doing slowly drawing near to himself. But the tradition of the early age still remained. In approaching the study of minds it has been Man's tendency to regard them in the abstract, much as though they were stars. Even a century ago it may be said that psychology was almost, or quite, a metaphysical study, that is to say, a study even more remote from exact science than astronomy.

Only within the last fifty years has the advance of science, in any genuine sense of the word, at last reached the human mind. Anthropology, the study of external man in an exact manner, began at the end of the eighteenth century; psychology, the study of internal man, cannot be dated so precisely, but it was only after the middle of the nineteenth century had been passed that its data and its problems began to be presented in any clear and unprejudiced fashion. Even then the man of science was sometimes shocked at his own daring in laying cool hands on so intimate and sacred a subject ("besides which, it is rude," the public growled), nor can it be said that yet we have come nearer than to a presentation of the matter. There is still room for a diversity of conclusions, and there is no general agreement to be found even when we turn to those students of this vast and obscure region most qualified to conclude.

Among those students there is none to-day better qualified to pronounce an opinion, and perhaps none whose opinions are more influential, than Professor William McDougall, formerly of Cambridge and Oxford Universities and now of Harvard. We are not called upon to accept his conclusions as the final utterance of truth in these matters, and he is careful to tell us that he does not himself so put them forward. In the *Outline of Psychology*, — of which the new volume he now presents, he remarks, should be regarded as Part II, — he states that, however dogmatically he may write, "I know that my conclusions are only working hypotheses, which may be far more wrong than right." That is fortunate, for even one who admires the breadth and sanity of Dr. McDougall's outlook, and sympathizes with the general drift of his main conclusions, must be allowed to criticize the occasional looseness of statement at some places in his copious writings and to differ from him decisively in many points of detail. But, however critical one is dis-

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posed to be, it is necessary to recognize here an investigator who represents whatever is best and most open-minded in academic psychology, and one rarely qualified to reach a sound judgment on the problems of the mind viewed in the widest sense. Beginning with a training in medicine which is really indispensable for a real grasp of the problems of abnormal psychology, and early distinguishing himself in the field of physiological psychology which is almost of equal value in approaching other aspects, actively exercised in the study of the peculiar psychic phenomena presented by the mental victims of the great war, and throughout deliberately desiring to occupy, above all, the standpoint of the student of human nature and to cherish a faith in "common sense",—there could be no better preparation. Nearly twenty years ago Dr. McDougall, in his *Introduction to Social Psychology*, put forward an almost revolutionary little book which, in its insistence on the fundamental place of the instincts in psychology, has had a far-reaching influence. The opinion may perhaps be hazarded that, of all the books he has published since, none is of greater value than the latest, *Outline of Abnormal Psychology* (Scribner's, $4.00).

Its value is not, like that of the earlier book, in its originality. Indeed Professor McDougall here almost ostentatiously disclaims originality. His object, he says, is to bring together in an eclectic way what seems to him soundest in the teaching of various schools, and especially in the teaching of Freud who, he boldly declares, "has done more for the advancement of psychology than any student since Aristotle." He desires, above all, to be a mediator between Freud and a still largely hostile world.

This is an aim with which the present writer (though not associated with academic psychology) can sympathize because it is an aim of his own, towards which, in a more humble fashion, he has long been working. Indeed I might perhaps say that it is an aim which has been mine ever since the publication of Freud's first book with Breuer, ten years before Professor McDougall began to interest himself in psychoanalysis, and the summary of the conclusions of that first book in the second volume of my *Studies in the Psychology of Sex* may possibly have been the first sympathetic account of Freud's doctrines, — then far from their later development, — which appeared in English. It led to a friendly relationship with Freud by letter which has continued ever since. He has never regarded me as a disciple and I have always exercised towards him a critical discrimination which would be out of place in the adherent of a sect. For it has been the unfortunate fact that at an early period Freud became the head of a sect, on the model of those religious sects to which the Jewish mind has a ready tendency to lend itself, as the whole Christian world exists to bear evidence. It is, doubtless, a noble and precious aptitude which we are not called upon to question. But it fails to lend itself to scientific ends.

The results in the Freudian school were painful to all concerned and unedifying to the world. An intimate narrative of some of the associated episodes has lately been written by Dr. Stekel, with all his profuse and complacent candor, and it is a distressing narrative. Almost from the first all those adherents of Freud who, following the example of the master, displayed original vigor and personal initiative in development were, one by one, compelled to leave the sect, when they were not actually kicked out. Those that to-day in Austria and Germany remain faithful and humble followers of Freud are likely to continue so, for, — since the lamented death of Karl Abraham, whose rare abilities marked him clearly out as the personal successor to Freud in the leadership of a school, — they will never be pioneers; the chief of them indeed have not even had a medical training and would be unfitted to strike out any paths for themselves; they are just admirable and enthusiastic workers who may be trusted to follow strictly Freudian lines, and sometimes perhaps reduce them to absurdity. For no man has ever had more reason than Freud to pray to be delivered from his friends. No man was ever less fitted to be the head of a sect. He is far too genuine a man of science, far too much an artist, — like all the greatest men of science, — to be pegged down in a chapel and tied to a creed. He is in perpetual vital movement. His standpoint to-day is not where it was yesterday, and to-morrow it will not be where it is to-day.

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He has always been rather indifferent to what previous workers have found, and thereby perhaps an undue degree of originality has sometimes been attached to his discoveries, but he might well say, with Hobbes: "If I had read as much as other people I should know as little as other people." It is by his freedom from tradition, and his indifference to it, — however, in some aspects, that may be a disadvantage, — that he has acquired his pioneering freshness of vision, that child-like quality by which alone the Kingdom of Science, like the Kingdom of Heaven, may be entered. It is by that freedom that he is perpetually enabled to move on from point to point, without ever lingering on the lower height once it is conquered.

The Freudians, we may be sure, will soon pass away. But Freud will not pass away. Like the hero of Ibsen's *An Enemy of the People*, he testifies to the great truth that the strong man is the figure who stands alone. And when Dr. McDougall declares that the figure of Freud joins hands across the ages with Aristotle, that is not altogether to be dismissed as a rhetorical gesture. One who has studied Freud's work, in an often critical spirit, during thirty years may be allowed to agree that it is not easy to overrate the importance of Freud. And that importance will remain even if all the doctrines specially associated with Freud's name should pass away or become, — as indeed they constantly are becoming even in his own hands, — transformed into other shapes.

The value and significance of this very substantial *Outline* (there are nearly six hundred pages of it) is that a distinguished and influential professor of psychology (although he disclaims any merely academic attitude) here makes the most imposing effort which has yet been made to do what others of us have been seeking to do on a smaller scale: to introduce the work of Freud, in shapes that may be acceptable, into the current of the world's psychological thought. Even the most devoted Freudian, in his most ecstatic moments, can scarcely have supposed that the world's psychology could ever be accommodated in the Freudian chapel. The movement must be in the opposite direction. It is the world's psychology which must take in Freud.

As he himself seems to recognize, Dr McDougall is helped to perform the important function he here undertakes, not only by his training but by certain coincidences of attitude and disposition. He shares Freud's views of the fundamental dynamic function of the instincts, and like Freud, one may add, his natural tendency is to disregard what other workers have done. We see that, indeed, in the delay which took place in his recognition of Freud's existence, and even yet notwithstanding the attention he claims to have given to psychoanalytic literature, one notes certain extraordinary omissions, so that there is, for instance, only one passing reference to the castration complex which Freudians rate so highly. And we see it again in his meek acceptance of the assumption that before 1900 dreaming was regarded as merely "a chaotic rumbling of the brain-cells, of no interest to science." A ludicrous notion when we recall all the attempts to study dreaming, both from the points of view of science and of psychological medicine, before that time! That Freud has put them into the shade we may all admit. But on one point Dr. McDougall owns to a disqualification to which he perhaps attaches undue importance. He regrets that (except as regards his dreams) he has never been psychoanalyzed. But Freud himself is in the like case. The objection, therefore, can hardly be fatal. It may also be remarked that the instructive results of analysis are usually but small for persons of a critical and introspective temperament, — as we may assume psychologists to be, — and such persons are apt to prove rebellious to analysis.

It must not be supposed that this book of Dr. McDougall's is all concerned with Freud and the Freudians. It discusses the attitude of other psychoanalysts, — especially and sympathetically Jung, — and it extends still further to all the great divisions of abnormal psychology, to the questions of psychological types, to the chief forms of insanity, to double personality, thereby bringing in Dr. Morton Prince, Dr. Healy, and other eminent psychological analysts. But it is Freud who chiefly dominates the book, and it is clear that Dr. McDougall intends that it should be so.

To go over the whole field here pre-

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sented to us, whether with a view to exposition or to criticism, would be out of place, even if space permitted. It must suffice to say that every reader who is at all interested in the fascinating problems involved will find it an absorbing task to follow this discussion, whether or not he always agrees with Dr. McDougall's conclusions. The present writer, I may add, is much more often than not disposed to agree.

To certain tendencies of Dr. McDougall's mind it is, indeed, possible to be rebellious. He still seems to have a prejudice against the intellect. But the intellect is merely the elaborate manifestation of the instinct to reason, which in its simple forms is one of the most fundamental of the instincts, and one of the most important, for the time has surely now gone by when prejudiced observation refused to see reason in the actions of animals, an elementary reason, it may be, yet how elementary the action of reason often is even in human beings! And he still has a little phobia with regard to the use of the word "mechanism"; he prefers "process". But, as the dictionary shows, "mechanism" merely means "an arrangement to apply power to a useful purpose" and process "a series of motions". Both words are harmless. Freud, whose standpoint as regards impulses Dr. McDougall tells us is his own, often talks of the mental apparatus; in speaking, for instance, of such a process as sublimation the mechanical analogy can hardly be avoided for it lies in the word itself; and providing we remember, — as we can scarcely fail to do when we are concerned with the psychic organism, — that we are using an "as if", this verbal phobia seems useless.

But there is no need to dwell on small points for possible criticism. It is enough here to welcome the courage and skill which Professor McDougall has displayed in this notable book. He has opened the doors of academic psychology just wide enough to admit some of the most fruitful conceptions of our time.

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They swayed about upon a rocking-horse, and thought it Pegasus.— *Keats*

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If Jefferson Came Back

It hardly needed the statement of Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, made two years before the Scopes case came up, to the effect that "the teachings of Thomas Jefferson were more necessary to America than they were in his own life time", to impress on Americans that the old obloquies proceeding from the sectarian bigots, who still view him, as did their congeners of his own day, as an "impious philosopher" and "atheist", must give way to a realization that no greater American in his distinguished lines ever existed. If, according to Carlyle, Benjamin Franklin was the "Father of all the Yankees", and, according to the belief of the world at large, Washington an example of all that a founder of a new State should be, Jefferson is being set out now as that type of the inquiring mind which is not afraid to study, if not "to justify", the ways of God to man, and, indeed, is not afraid to discuss the very existence of gods, or God himself, and a most brilliant example of the unterrified intellect.

It is, however, one of the paradoxes in these days, when the name of Jefferson shines with a greater lustre than ever before, that that section of the country that celebrated his one hundred and eighty-third birthday anniversary on April 13th, and which is looking forward to monopolizing the one hundredth anniversary of his death, on July 4th, is only approximately in tune with his politics and wholly out of tune with his attitude toward the Church and State and Religion and Science. To think of Jefferson as a Bryan, ready to stampede the country in the name of obscurantism and ignorance, and anxious "to put God into the Constitution" as well as Biblical dogma into the schools, is to conceive of an impossibility. And one only has to read over the leading volumes, which are setting our Jefferson in the clearest light these days, to know that he would be standing with the evolutionists and rationalists, and if he came back would be referring to Bryan very much as he referred to the ante-types of Bryan, when he wrote to Dr. Rush from Monticello in 1800 and said that certain of the clergy had a "very favorite hope of obtaining an establishment of a particular form of Christianity throughout the United States.

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They believe that any portion of power confided to me will be exerted in opposition to their schemes, and they believe rightly for I have sworn upon the Altar of God, *eternal hostility against every form of tyranny over the minds of man.*"

This sentiment was natural to a man who was sending a frigate to bring back Thomas Paine to his adopted country, and who, in 1785, had secured the passage of the Virginia Statute of Religious Liberty of which Francis W. Hirst, the distinguished English economist, in his very stimulating LIFE AND LETTERS OF THOMAS JEFFERSON (Macmillan, $6.00) says: "It is for its contents that this act claims immortality among human ordinances. The first law ever passed by a popular assembly giving perfect freedom of conscience places its author among the great liberators of mankind." This Virginia ordinance was natural to a man who was frank in saying that whether a person "believed in twenty gods or no god" did no one any harm, and whose religious views are set forth most delightfully in the CORRESPONDENCE OF JOHN ADAMS AND THOMAS JEFFERSON — 1812–1826 (Bobbs, Merrill, $2.75) selected by Paul Wilstach, which Hirst calls "the most precious morsels of correspondence in American literature," and which reveal the octogenarian and the nonogenarian, as they were on their common death day, July 4, 1826, writing freely to each other and rejecting permanent orthodoxy in favor of what was a rationalistic unitarianism with the Deity, however, written rather small when Jefferson got warmed up to the iniquities of the perversions of the various religions of conduct in favor of superstitious beliefs in the sanctions of Divinity.

It was these frank views which would classify him with the Huxleys and Darwins and Leidys and Marshes of this day, since Jefferson was essentially a true naturalist, a botanist, a zoölogist, and paleontologist, that make this work of Wilstach's so significant, at a time when one can get all the preliminaries of what Jefferson meant politically from the ECONOMIC ORIGINS OF THE JEFFERSONIAN DEMOCRACY by Charles A. Beard (Macmillan, $3.25) and the amazingly picturesque details of his public life from the absorbing JEFFERSON AND HAMILTON — THE STRUGGLE FOR AMERICAN DEMOCRACY by Charles G. Powers (Houghton, Mifflin, $5.00) which gives you the calm and judicial British point of view, conceived, however, from the angle of an intense admirer of the statesman and humanitarian. Then too, Fiske Kimball's THOMAS JEFFERSON AS AN ARCHITECT (Massachusetts Historical Society) — and Wilstach's JEFFERSON AND MONTICELLO (Doubleday, Page, $5.00) reveal the cultural amenities of a man who set up good taste in public and private architecture, help to round out the picture but still leave *The Letters of John Adams and Thomas Jefferson* on philosophy and religion as the type of the kind of discussion needed to-day to stem the growing tide of Fundamentalist obscurantism.

Dr. Butler was more right than perhaps he meant as to the need of Jefferson to-day since the man who could collate "The Life and Morals of Jesus of Nazareth, — The Philosophy of Jesus of Nazareth, extracted from the account of his life and doctrines as given by Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John" and who in his famous syllabus on his belief sent to Dr. Benjamin Rush in advance of these excerpts, the so-called "Jefferson Bible" made it clear as he did in his correspondence with Rush and Priestly and Adams that he did not believe in the claims of divinity for Jesus of Nazareth and in fact was skeptical as to most claims of and for divinity, was one who was not afraid of the clamor of the day that proclaimed him, along with Thomas Paine, an "infidel" since his intellectual position was that of a Huxleyan agnostic, bitterly opposed to those who "discountenanced the advancement of science as dangerous innovations and endeavored to render philosophy and republicanism terms of reproach."

For those tied up to Bryan, the Jefferson celebrations in this year of grace, 1926 will be as wormwood and gall, but if the celebrations will only present the real thinking, clear-eyed Jefferson as revealed in these books, the country will be well served indeed.

HARVEY M. WATTS.

Mainly Style

Any one seeking in Guedalla's FATHERS OF THE REVOLUTION (Putnam, $5.00) some new or novel light upon that struggle

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or its causes will be disappointed. The author has merely set himself to the task of painting portraits of some of the leaders on both sides. One feels that perhaps a more lasting impression of the portraits would have resulted had not the artist insisted on personally conducting us through his gallery as guide, philosopher, and friend. He talks so incessantly and brilliantly in cynical epigrams that the glare of these rhetorical pyrotechnics rather blurs the vision for the pictures. The talker is more fascinating than the painter; he diverts attention from his work to himself, and we emerge from his gallery with a vague idea of the portraits and a vivid memory of the painter's personality and eloquence. Somehow we feel that Guedalla has merely raked up some antequated skeletons on which to hang the decorations of his rhetoric.

Even so, he retains his genius for illuminating a character with a phrase. "That profoundly British country gentleman" who has "been deprived of his identity by his grateful children," — and we have Washington. "Unbelievably American," "wholly un-European," a throwback to the seventeenth century or an anticipation of the nineteenth, — and we have Franklin. Why Lord Bute? He "drifts into . . . history in a shower of rain, which stopped a cricket match near Richmond and drove the Prince's father to the dismal expedient of whist in a tent. Bute made a fourth at the card table." The King? "George learned that he should be a King; it was his tragedy that no one taught him how to be one." A really charming picture, this of the King, an idealized copy from the original of Fanny Burney. Just occasionally does the artist touch the old boy up a bit too much, as when he asserts that after the war George "stifled all resentment" to be gracious to John Adams!

Then we have Lord North, a whimsical, charming fellow explained in a stroke: "The King was thirty-two and knew his mind; the Minister was thirty-eight and knew his place." Then Chatham, in the last phase, on his crutch, "an Elizabethan Minister astray in the eighteenth century"; and Burke "the disaster to whose fame lies in the fact that he is equally quotable on both sides" and who "when all is said was a style".

If Guedalla is generous to the Americans he takes it out on their French allies. Lafayette is pretty sadly besmeared by the painter's brush, and Louis XVI appears "to lumber through a world of pirouettes, and in an age of general urbanity he has a rustic air." So precipitately does the author hurry the French from the American alliance to the guillotine that one gets the impression that God's wrath moved with lightning swiftness. Old Franklin hovering over the Queen's chair on the signing of the treaty; and then, the day when "among the fading autumn flowers of Trianon", she received from the "scared boy" the summons to her troubles, and "turned for the last time toward the white house among the trees where the leaves had fallen".

Just why Hamilton, who played a very minor part in the making of the Revolution has been dragged in, and Jefferson whose rôle was quite well known to the King and North and Burke, should have been left out, is the author's secret. A book, this, with all the brilliancy, cynicism, charm, and eloquence that is Guedalla.

CLAUDE G. BOWERS.

An Epoch-making Volume

THE NEW NEGRO (Edited by Alain Locke, A. & C. Boni, $5.00) is a book of double significance. Its contents render it an important contribution to contemporaneous American literature, but more than that, by reason of itself as an accomplished fact, it definitely ushers in the third distinct phase of Negro culture.

Negro primitive culture, which had its origin in the obscurity of the African continent, and left its record in a highly stylized sculpture, found its expression in America in the "spiritual". The folk music of the new land showed the same primitive beauty that had characterized the African sculpture. Both attained great art because they expressed the unselfconscious aspirations of a race.

The close of the Civil War initiated the transformation of the primitive, racial, creative artist into the clever and facile interpretative practitioner. This sprang from two causes, the first, an inevitable reaction from bondage and all of its associations; the second, the effort to adopt

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as quickly as possible an alien civilization. The Negro of this period made it his aim to give what was expected of him. His art became that of the minstrel show, the dance hall platform, and at its highest, the conventionalized settings of "spirituals", and the lovely, but racially timid lyricism of Paul Lawrence Dunbar.

Now suddenly, through the bringing together in a single volume of the work of an important group of Negro intellectuals, we witness the emergence of the third phase. At risk of appearing hyperbolic, it must be stated that the volume is one of epoch-making significance. Coming as it has with dramatic suddenness, it will be a revelation to many who have little idea of the forces that have been at work in the field that it covers.

Including in its sweep the wide range from sociology to poetry the book is, nevertheless, bound together by a rhythm that makes it a unit. There is a distinct flavor about it. It is inherently racial. There is passion in the prose of Jean Toomer and W. E. Burghardt DuBois, as well as in much of the other writing; the primitive power of folk expression, but controlled by a new intellectual restraint.

The poetry in the volume is notable: Claude McKay, James Weldon Johnson, Langston Hughes, Countee Cullen, and William Stanley Braithwaite being among those represented. In fiction we find Eric Walrond, Jean Toomer, and others. There are sections on "Music", "The Negro Digs Up His Past," and "Drama", which includes an interesting article by Jessie Fauset. A brilliant and comprehensive survey of "The New Negro in the New World" completes the contents. Among the contributors are Charles S. Johnson, Walter F. White, Paul Robeson, Paul U. Kellogg, and Alain Locke.

The volume is decorated, and contains color portraits of unusual interest by Winold Reiss, and the publishers have added to the distinction of the contents the dignity of a beautiful format.

DuBose Heyward.

Three Kingdoms

There can be no half-heartedness about any one's reactions to Three Kingdoms by Storm Jameson, (Knopf, $2.50). It is the kind of book which bludgeons you, — but it attacks the mind and not the tear-ducts. It is concerned with exactly the same theme as *This Freedom*, — the problem of wifehood and motherhood and a job, — and yet it has no more of the soppy, easy-flowing-tear atmosphere of that piece of meretricious fiction than an honest moonbeam has of the effulgence of a movie fadeout. It is a compellingly veracious document, as well as an intensely interesting novel with a theme which would have been impossible twenty years ago. And because of its veracity it wins its adherents and denouncers in passionate numbers.

The most amusing overtones of the reception of *Three Kingdoms* are the voices of the women, modern and "old-fashioned". The "old-fashioned" ones can't bear the picture of a Laurence Storm leaving her child part of the time (as she does), not living with her husband (as she doesn't), having a lover (who never quite persuades her to love him wholly), and doing a man's job as well if not better than the man who preceded her. They glow with joy, however, at the dénouement of the story, at the heroine's realization that if she loves her man she cannot be a wife to him, a mother to his child, and an independent working woman. The moderns look upon Laurence as a fine and impressive picture of what woman can do in the way of independence if she only has enough will power. They feel that at last a truly modern woman has been pictured with feeling and kindly accuracy. But wherever three of four of them are gathered together there is violent denunciation of the "compromise" which the heroine had to make with life. They not only say, they proclaim, that any woman with Laurence's convictions could never do as she did in the end of the book.

And there you have the best proof that *Three Kingdoms* is a novel of more than the usual accuracy and insight, and as you read it yourself you will have a growing conviction that the author has probably written the great book, so far, on one of the greatest problems of modern life, the problem of the working wife and mother. You will feel that any other adjustment which Laurence might have made would never have been a real adjustment, only a shifting of unhappinesses. And most of all you will unconsciously

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realize the truth which all really great fiction tells, — that nothing is perfect in life, that character is not a matter of will, but a matter of compromise, that the most fragile of circumstances, the gentlest breaths of fate, and the instincts of mankind (sometimes) are stronger than man and all of his soap-box orations, both mental and social.

I speak so at length about the theme of *Three Kingdoms* because it is for its theme that most readers will take up the book. Allured by that they will find themselves deep in a really fine novel, much the best thing that Storm Jameson has ever done, excellent work hidden under the bushel of its somewhat sensational theme.

If you read *Some Do Not* and *No More Parades* intelligently you were terribly and beautifully conscious of a certain national veracity in them. Tietjens is a character whose roots could never have been in any other soil than that of England, who is a perfect product of a typically English culture (not the only one, but an important one). He is one of the most fundamentally decent characters in fiction. There has been much to-do lately about gesturings. The popularity of Iris in *The Green Hat* was entirely a matter of gestures on the heroine's part. It is that essential difference of reality and falseness, the difference between Tietjens and Iris that is so evident in *Three Kingdoms*. Laurence Storm has the uncompromising decency, the really spiritual decency of Tietjens and not a whit of the false grand gesticulating of the "Green Hat" lady.

That quality of decency is so rare in a character in modern fiction as to make a book memorable for itself alone. It is not a quality which is easy to describe. It is something like the old definition of a conscience which we used to be given when we were children, a still small voice which tells us what we ought to do. It is a quality of having convictions and living up to them, despite what it costs, — and anyone who says that anything is bought in life at a bargain is simply not facing facts, — and of being fundamentally honest with one's own self no matter what eventuates, and of being no prig about one's accomplishments or one's convictions, and finally of paying generously and ungrudgingly when the payments are due. Laurence Storm has that quality. And that leaves us, as we began, talking about the idea and the characters of the book instead of its technique, which only proves that the book is so well done as to present itself as a matter of controversy rather than as a technical feat.

Three Kingdoms leaves no one cold. It fires its readers with either rage or with enthusiasm.

FANNY BUTCHER.

The Next War

Mr. John Bakeless has written an exceedingly interesting book, THE ORIGIN OF THE NEXT WAR (The Viking Press $2.00), covering a vast area, multitudinous questions, and yet so simply and directly told as to be readable from the first page to the last. He has dealt exhaustively with such questions as trade routes, raw materials, access to the sea, population and expansion, the Mediterranean and the Dardanelles, in order to show that the same sort of causes, — "deep rooted conflicts of national interests", — that led to the last war are once more at work, are likely to lead to the next war, and are the true origins of all war.

Yet, curiously enough, the last paragraph in the book is an avowal that this survey of all these external facts does not get at the heart of the matter. That paragraph is as follows:

> The solution of the whole problem is simple enough, — so simple and so evident that there is little hope anyone will pay the least heed to it . . . Given an intelligent comprehension of the issues at stake plus ordinary good-will, we should be rid of most of our difficulties; but intelligence and good-will are unhappily not qualities likely to be allowed any very extended part in the affairs of our planet for some centuries to come.

Concerning which one is obliged to say that if it is as simple as all that, then the causes of war are not deep-rooted conflicts of vital interests (because in that case they would not be simple), but conflicts which, despite the absence of real opposition of interest, are made difficult by stupidity and ill-will. But if that is the case, the practical question becomes: why is it that struggles wherein the conflict of real interest is trifling are made to appear vital, irrepressible? Why, if ordinary intelligence and good-will really would

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solve the problem, cannot these things be applied? Men have been able to apply, not merely ordinary intelligence and goodwill, but vast labor and heroic self-sacrifice, to such things as the conquest and management of matter, to scientific research, and even to the prosecution of war itself. Why cannot intelligence in this degree be applied to what is, when all is said and done, the greatest scourge which now curses mankind? Why, if we make such tremendous advances in science, the management of matter, do we so fail in the management of society, in improving human relationships?

In other words, the difficulty is much more subjective than objective. Mr. Bakeless stresses the conflict of economic interest, the pressure of mouths upon available subsistence, as the fundamental cause of war. Yet it is about as plain as anything could be that Europe (for instance) will be very much poorer, find the economic pressure very much intensified by the financial disorders, inflations, depreciated currencies, unpayable debts, uncollectable indemnities, ruined middle classes, disorganized industries, enormous unemployment, servile revolutions which the last war involved, and which there is not the faintest prospect that the next war on a similar scale will be able to avoid. Indeed, the economic case against war goes deeper than that. As compared with America, Europe is poor, not merely because the latter is war-ridden, but because she has not so far managed to do for her thirty-five States what a happier history has done for America's forty-eight: wipe away political (mainly Customs) barriers and so permit the large-scale production, advantageous geographical division of labor, and effective economic combination that is possible within the American Union. The alternatives for Europe are very plain: if she wants to be richer and reduce the pressure of population upon subsistence, she must have greater political unity. That unity would abolish most of the economic causes of war. The probability is that Europe will choose poverty and war rather than wealth and peace. But the fundamental cause of that choice can hardly be described as economic need! The nationalist basis of Europe's political organization, — which makes war between the nations, — is due to the conception of nationality which has not been produced by "nature" but by men, — historians, poets, orators, and writers, — causing us to think of the ultimate sovereignty of society as being embodied in our nation: as the influence of earlier writers or teachers caused men to think that way of the Church, and provoked them to fight even more passionately about dogma and such things as the Real Presence than they now fight about corridors and access to the sea.

That nationalist way of thinking leads straight to illusions which make conflict appear where no real conflict exists; to thinking, for instance, of international trade as being carried on by a number of rival and competing corporations, of "Britain" as competing with "Germany", the fact being something like this: a planter in Brazil, with money obtained by selling coffee in New York, buys an electric motor in Westphalia, the proceeds being expended upon the purchase of foodstuffs in Argentina, those proceeds going to buy cutlery in Sheffield, whence the money so obtained goes to purchase currants in Greece, thence to the purchase of a gown in Paris. Is that Brazilian, American, German, Argentinian, British, Greek, or French trade? "Britain" or "Germany" as trading corporations do not exist. Yet nineteen-twentieths of the writing about international trade, — including, one must add, books like that of Mr. Bakeless, — implies that there are such corporations. And that is but one of a round score of similar misconceptions which, so long as they last, make peace, the organization of an international society, impossible.

The notion that a country can "own" colonies is another; and even Mr. Bakeless writes as though the British colonies and India were estates worked by their owners: as though Britain's trade with them depended upon her political "ownership". Whereas, fiscally, — and now that is true of India as well as of the Dominions, — they are independent States, and Britain has no more economic control over Canada than she has over Argentina or the United States. Any fiscal preferences (and the actual fiscal preferences are of extremely dubious commercial advantage) are matters of bargain between the two independent States. England's trade with India does not depend upon the political reten-

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tion of India. That trade would go on, if India became politically as well as fiscally independent. Conceivably, even, it would go on in greater degree (and even rubber combines operate as effectively, or ineffectively). This does not mean that things like the route to India may not still be the cause of war; but it does mean that we should be much more likely to avoid war about those things if their real character were better understood, if we had clarified our minds as to what precisely it is that political authority and domination can and cannot do in the matter of ensuring economic advantage, and incidentally that clarification would be aided by a better grasp of the forces that underlie the steady evolution of the British Empire into a loose congeries of independent States; about which Mr. Bakeless has nothing to tell us in his review of forces at work. If that measure of good-will which Mr. Bakeless tells us will suffice for getting rid of most of our difficulties is to operate, then misunderstandings like those touched upon must be cleared up. The ill-will arises from the misunderstanding; in the misunderstanding of the facts, not in the facts themselves, lies the origin of the next war.

NORMAN ANGELL.

Looking at Life

A latter-day, bewildered Marius wandering from his home in Suburbia to college, to Europe, and eventually (at twenty-eight) into the publishing business is the clothes model upon which is hung this series of brilliant essays by Irwin Edman, RICHARD KANE LOOKS AT LIFE (Houghton Mifflin, $2.50). Of course, Kane is not a character; he is a composite photograph with the series of shadowy ears and chins of the other well disposed but perplexed young men Mr. Edman has known. Now he is a foil, now a mouthpiece for his creator, as are also some of his friends of divers callings who foregather at his home on Sunday evenings to talk things through.

On this frame, then, hang the interesting viewpoints, the apt quotations, the cleverly turned phrases, and the satirical thrusts of which Edman is master. The chapter on the news is the least inspired, and that on education is uninformed and inadequate, though it contains a few such priceless lines as "those furtive little lectures on social hygiene given in the physical education course". Indeed, it is a temptation to essay other quotations such as the remark of "the most brilliant man in Baliol" that he was "always glad to meet an American; he made a hobby of America". In looking at art, Richard saw "dozens of puny, little neurotics trying to imitate Whitman's roaring freedom".

Richard Kane has the orthodox antipathies of the twentieth century federalists. In college these are fraternities, "activities", and professors (all but two or three). In the world outside they are tourists, school teachers, ministers, serious-minded uplifters, Babbittism, the Middle West, and aesthetics. Nauseated by these, Kane seeks intermittently for the life of reason and of beauty, of which during college, he had caught faint glimmerings. He looks at morals, marriage, art, and politics. And he hunts for God.

Undergraduates and others will enjoy accompanying him on his quest, for at least they will realize that their cosmic questionings are not peculiar to themselves. Then, too, the book has a happy ending. Though things look dark for a time, Richard is at last able to accept the universe.

WILLIAM CLARK TROW.

The Right Word

Even the best educated men and women are sometimes at a loss for the right word to express some delicate shade of meaning. Knowing what you want to say, but not knowing how to say it, is a problem which probably has embarrassed most of us. It must have been some such predicament which induced Professor Francis Andrew March, some years ago, to take pity on us lesser mortals and prepare his monumental work MARCH'S THESAURUS DICTIONARY. The new amplified edition (Historical Publishing Company, Philadelphia, $9.00) serves a double purpose, acting both as dictionary and book of synonyms.

It took Professor March some eighteen years to prepare it, which indicates quite a saving in time for those who depend on him. The simplicity in arrangement and completeness of information cannot be too highly praised.

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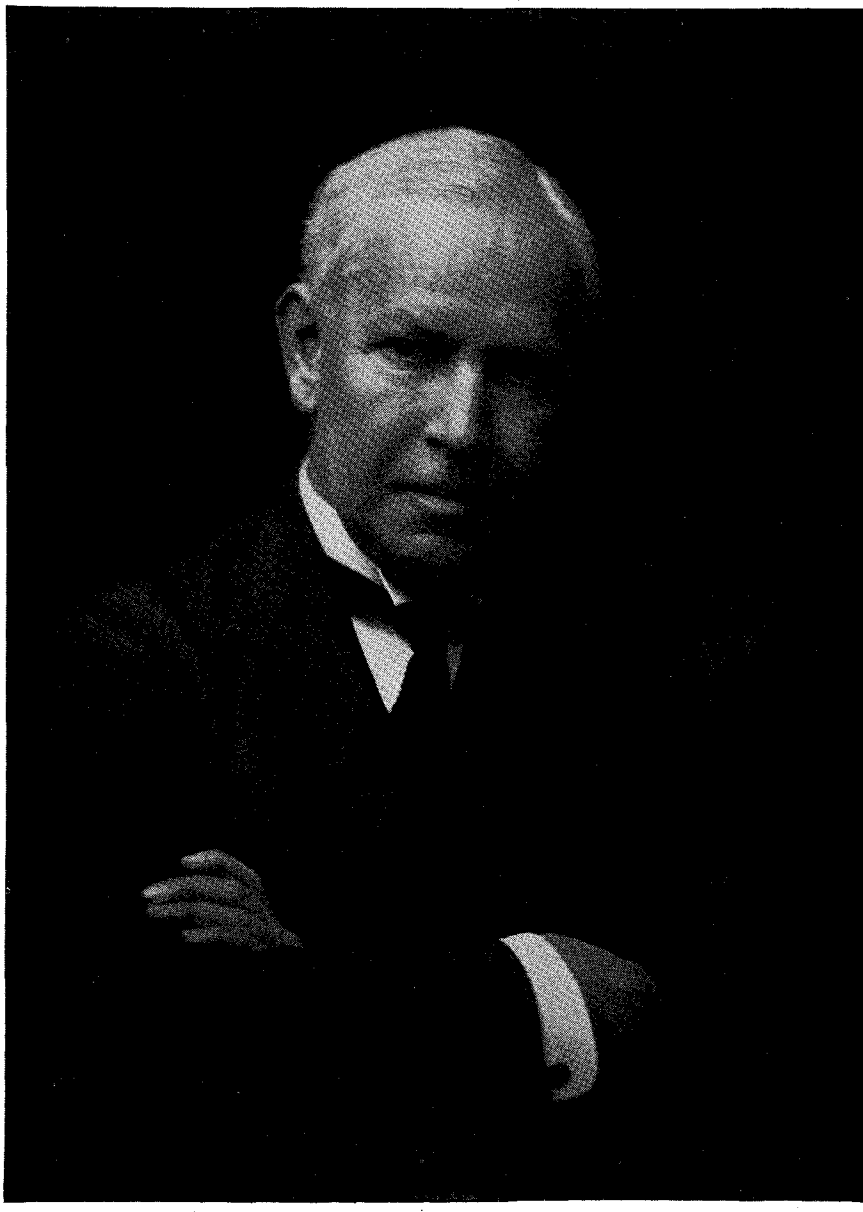

G. Elliot Smith

England's foremost anatomist, who maintains, against Dr. Malinowski, that all civilizations (including that of America) originated in Egypt

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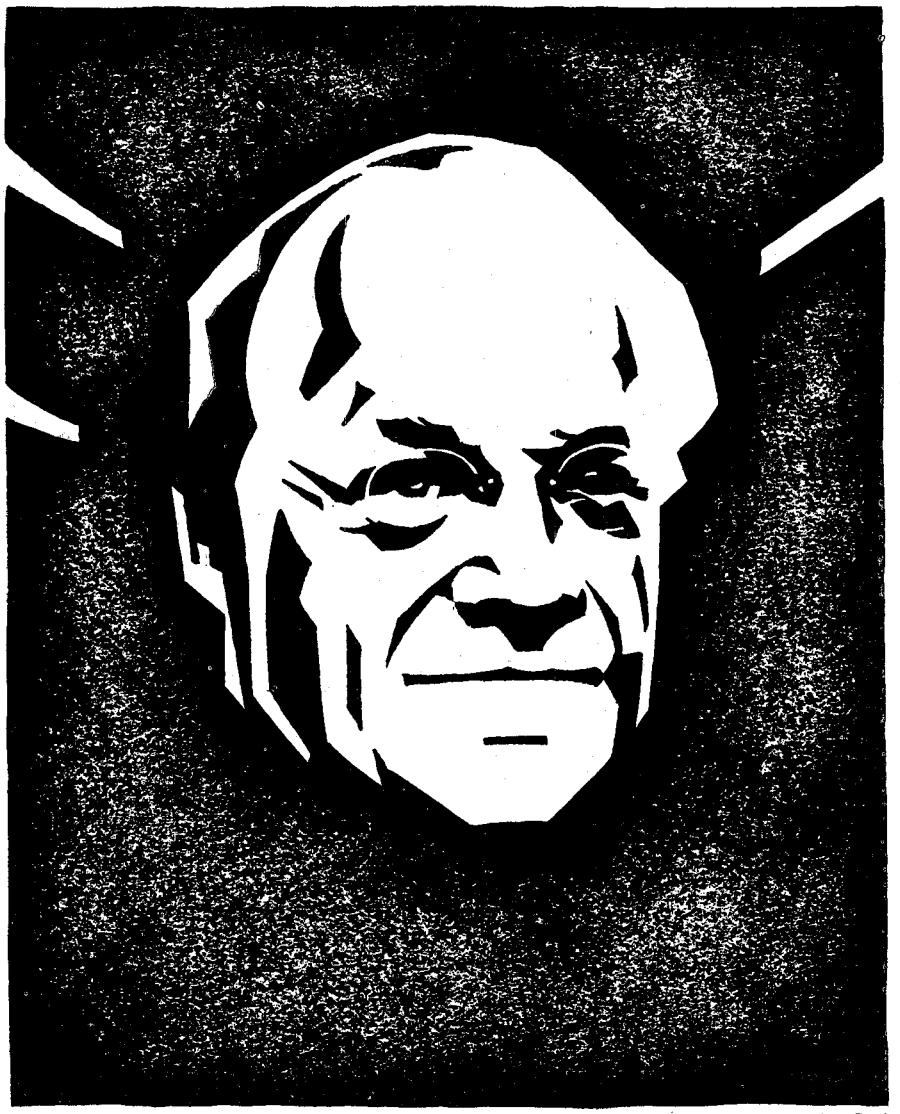

From a drawing by Johan Bull

JOHN MARTIN

Editor, Poet, and Interpreter of Childhood

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From a drawing by Johan Bull

ARTHUR TRAIN

Man of Law and Man of Letters, who denies that popular authors write down to their public

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Illustrated Section XXIII

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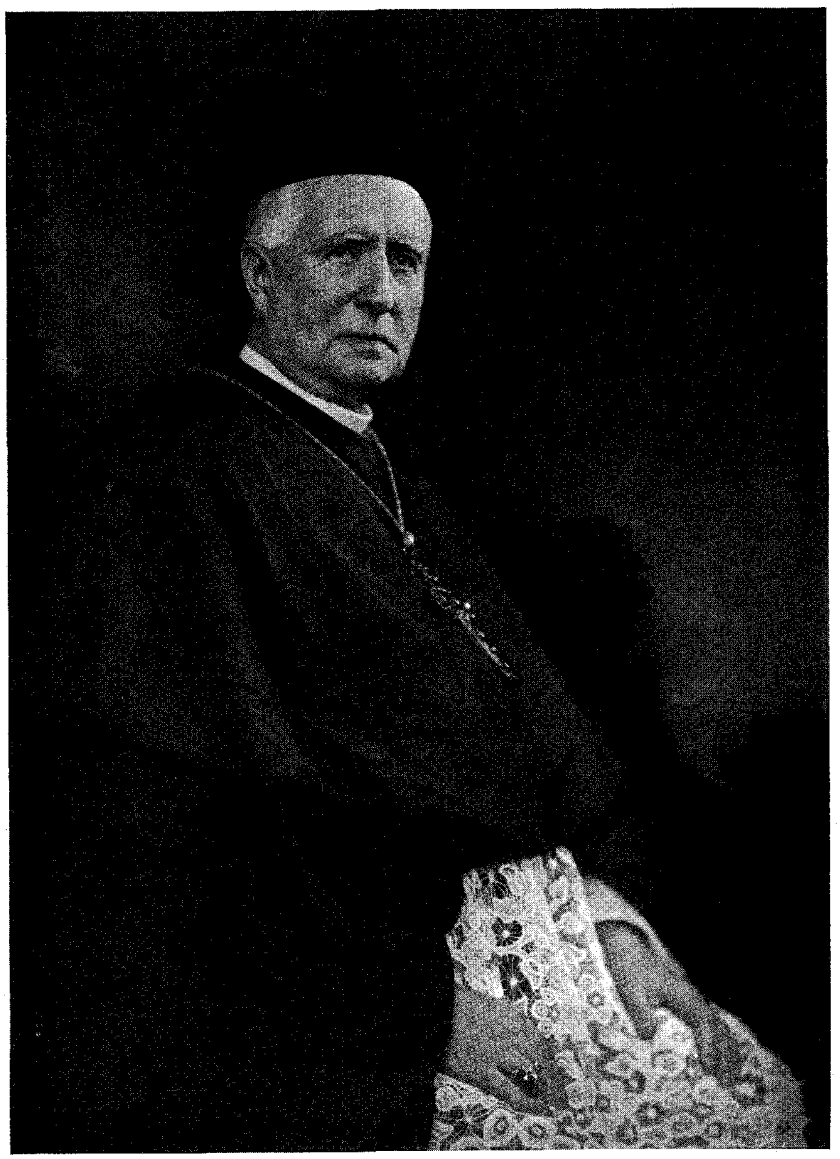

CARDINAL GASQUET

Dean of the College of Cardinals and Librarian of the Holy Roman Church, under whose supervision the work of revising the Latin Bible is now going forward

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